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# Eclectic Magazine

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }  
Vol. LII., No. 2. }

AUGUST, 1890.

Old Series com-  
plete in 63 vols.

### THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN HYPNOTISM.

BY DR. J. LUYB, MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE AND PHYSICIAN TO LA CHARITÉ HOSPITAL.

#### THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SUBJECT.

##### I.

THE history of hypnotism forms part of the history of the marvellous in human existence. Any one may satisfy himself of this by reading the special books on the subject; the scope of this article does not allow me to lay any further stress upon it. In reality, hypnotism is found under different names at all periods of history, from the incantations of the ancient Egyptian magicians down to the fascinations of Mesmer and the investigations of Braid. These two persons began to separate the wheat from the chaff, and went far to show what there was that was real and truly scientific in that series of fanciful practices, bordering on witchcraft, which, under the most varied aspects,

have troubled the minds of the credulous who are always prone to swallow marvels.

Modern hypnotism owes its name and its appearance in the realm of science to the investigations made by Braid. He is its true creator; he made it what it is; and above all, he gave emphasis to the experimental truth by means of which he proved that, when hypnotic phenomena are called into play, they are wholly independent of any supposed influence of the hypnotist upon the hypnotized, and that the hypnotized person simply reacts upon himself by reason of latent capacities in him which are artificially developed.

Braid demonstrated that, in this series of remarkable phenomena, hypnotism, acting upon a human subject as upon a fallow field, merely set in motion a string of silent faculties which only needed its assistance to reach their development.

Here we obviously have a new idea and a phenomenon of the first importance, which constitutes one of the most interesting axioms of the question.

In this field of new research Braid had further the opportunity of evincing his clear-sightedness in many other particulars, and it may be said of him that from the outset he foresaw the different stages of hypnotism, just as they have been since defined in France. He perceived their different manifestations, and he thus laid the first foundation of the structure which has been so fortunately developed by workers in different countries, and which for the future constitutes an entirely new chapter in general neurology.

In order to produce these new conditions which have attracted attention in so unexpected a manner, Braid conceived the idea of physical action upon the eye, producing, by the use of some bright material held at a distance of ten to sixteen inches off, a definite condition of fatigue in the retina and the ocular muscles; and this fatigue of itself induces a kind of pseudo-sleep, marked by peculiar characteristics which make up the different phases of hypnotism. By the help of this simple process, applied to suitable persons, Braid managed to evolve a series of nerve phenomena which, though isolated and disconnected, nevertheless constitute the fundamental types, so admirably arranged and thoroughly understood, which we now have. Moreover, he had a vague conception that they had something to do with an evolutionary process. "Hypnotism," he says, "does not comprise only one condition, it is rather a series of different points, capable of infinite variety, extending from the lightest dream, in which the natural functions are intensified, to the profoundest state of coma, from which the conscience and the will are completely absent." In another place he speaks with more detail about hypnotic coma. We are right, therefore, in saying that he foresaw and described the different phases of hypnotic phenomena, both the lethargy, which he calls coma, and the state of catalepsy and of somnambulism, which he has described in very clear language. He also perceived the infinitesimal effect of a current of air passed over the surface of the skin of persons experimented upon during the period of catalepsy, and their gradual passage from a state of somnambulism to

a state of awakening. Moreover he points out that by tickling the subject—the equivalent in his mind of passing a current of air over the skin—he succeeded in causing the underlying muscles to move, and that by this means he could make a person bend his hand or lift his arm; and then, by influencing the opposite muscles, make him stretch out his hand and fingers and drop his arm. He also made the discovery of the remarkable fact, that when one set of muscles has been set in motion by a given influence, and has remained for some lapse of time in the same posture, the application of apparently the same exciting cause will produce the opposite result. "If a muscle is at rest, it moves; if it is moving, it becomes inactive, and that, too, when the same cause is applied." This is a fact which is well known to any one of us in daily practice, when, for instance, by a slight touch applied to the surface of the forearm, and the help of a gleam of light from a piece of gold or silver, we cause the subjacent primary muscles of a hypnotized patient to contract. Thus, too, as experience increases, we find out that a contraction caused by a piece of gold is not destroyed by the presentation of a piece of silver to the opposite muscles, and that the exciting cause which acts specifically in producing the contraction must be of the same nature in order to release it.

The question of "suggestions," which, thanks to the labors of Bernheim, has recently played so important a part in France, had also a considerable amount of attention from Braid. He recognized the co-existence of dissimilar conditions in the different states of hypnotism, from complete insensibility and catalepsy up to the most delicate sensitiveness. "Some of these changes," he writes, "may be reproduced by suggestions of sound or of touch, for the patients display an exaggerated sensitiveness or insensibility, an incredible muscular strength or the utter loss of their will, according to the impressions produced upon them at the moment. These impressions are produced as the result of suggestions of sound conveyed through a person's voice. Such patients can be played upon as if they were a musical instrument, and can be made to take the dreams of their imagination for solid reality. They are full of such ideas; they are possessed by them, and act in accord-



ance with them, however wild they may be." We shall see how nearly this view of "suggestion" approaches our own conception of it, and how this distinguished man embraced within the circle of his studies the greater part of the phenomena which modern observers have collected, and which they have clothed in their own livery and paraded as their own inventions.

There is one more point to which Braid directed his mind in a special degree, namely, the adaptation of his own discoveries in neurology, not only to the healing of nerve diseases, but further of a whole group of different diseases in which the nerves play a more or less visible part, and to which he usefully applied his new processes. This is one of many points of similarity in which I am pleased to find myself at one with him.

I am anxious, therefore, to introduce the English public to the deeply interesting labors of an original thinker whose discoveries have been widely followed up in France and in Europe generally. It is a pleasure to me to pay this tribute to his memory, to point out the part of initiator which Braid took in this new realm of neurology, and to show how large a portion in the general work belongs to him. His sudden death, in 1860, deprived him of the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of his discoveries. Public opinion in England was ill prepared to receive him; people were indifferent, and even uneasy when they saw the investigations of scientists penetrate into the inmost recesses of personal feeling, and for a time remained silent and sceptical. Yet one ray of light had illumined the field of neurology, and this ray, in its turn, had inspired across the Channel a certain number of chosen spirits who had perceived the truth and the originality of Braid. They, in their turn, were able to keep the spark alive, and to kindle from it, as we shall see further on, a sacred fire which produced many new scientific discoveries. The impetus had been given and, thanks to the combined action of certain curious minds that did not shrink from confronting the scepticism and the dulness of their contemporaries, the domain of hypnotic studies was rapidly enlarged and enriched by theoretical and practical discoveries. Thus, too, in France, the labors of Azam, Broca, Voisneau, Damarquis, and more recently of the Salpêtrière school and the

school of Nancy, have contributed to popularize these discoveries. Braid's work was indeed especially prized in France, thanks to the action of Professor Charcot, who made a profound study of these interesting problems. He had the honor of establishing and of defining by indisputable marks the different phases of hypnotism, by assigning to them a special science of their symptoms and distinguishing them sharply from each other. Thanks to his powerful influence investigation has gone on continuously; and when we look at discovery after discovery, when we see the boundaries of hypnotism extended more and more widely in the region of internal pathology properly so called, and the number of subjects subordinate to hypnotism increasing from day to day, we may well wonder at what point the limits of its expanding force will be reached.

All the labors of which I have spoken have combined to make up what is known as the higher hypnotism, such as it is actually described in France and, above all, in Paris. But the matter does not stop there. In this special realm we have seen ideas not yet made public, and new phenomena arise which bear a genuine family likeness to those of the higher hypnotism, but still are distinguished from it by peculiar tokens which show them to be really original. I refer to those mixed or compound conditions known as fascinations which have often been exemplified of late years by the interesting writings of Dr. Brémont.

#### THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HYPNOTIC PHENOMENA.

Great surprise is caused in the study of the phenomena of hypnotism, on the one hand by the rapidity of its manifestations and on the other by the sudden disturbances which supervene on many activities of the nervous system, by reason of which we see them fade away before our eyes, disappear, and rise again elsewhere. Thus, if we remark that sensitiveness disappears at a given moment—in the lethargic stage—from the surface of the skin and the mucous membranes, we see that by a sort of compensation the optic nerves become extremely sensitive, while muscular development presents phenomena of extraordinary hyper-excitability. In the region of psychical action properly so called, if

the operations of conscious activity are annihilated, the manifestations on the other hand of the emotional region rise to a pitch of marvellous intensity. We say then that the chief characteristic of a state of hypnotism is that the nerve currents lose their normal equilibrium. Just when the nervous forces appear to be extinct they spring up elsewhere with an extra-physiological intensity, and the experimentalist develops thereby new conditions and unwonted relations between the different regions of the nervous system, and reduces the patient to a condition which is known as the extra-physiologically morbid.

With regard to the instantaneousness of hypnotic manifestations nothing is more striking than that which occurs daily in our hospitals when the patients are sufficiently overcome. A patient arrives full of life, in complete contact with the external world: he talks and laughs gaily; but if we only make him fix his eye on a definite object, lay our fingers lightly on the balls of his eyes, gently press the lobe of his ear, and make him hear a slight noise, we at once bring him to a state of utter annihilation both as regards his faculties and his motive power. He falls on the floor in a state of coma, thunder-struck, so to speak, and simply lies there like an inert, flabby, senseless mass, utterly dead to the touch of the external world. He is no longer his own master and is at the mercy of the hypnotizer who controls him. This is perhaps the most striking picture which comes across us in these studies and which proves the genuineness of the manifestations.

To proceed: let me now point out how the nerve currents lose their equilibrium. What will happen to this patient whom we have just seen stricken down in an utter lethargy? We open his eyelids, we cause a flashing light to penetrate right into his eyes; the light passes into his brain and proceeds to cause special kinds of activity and to illuminate certain special departments of the brain. A new condition is now produced, the condition of catalepsy. This condition is marked by the pre-eminence of optical impressions which exercise absolute sway over all those activities of the nervous system which are aroused. The patient's eyes are wide open, fixed and motionless; the pupil is especially affected. His excessive power

of sight reaches such an extraordinary pitch of acuteness that if we cover his eyelids with a layer of cotton wool and then put a newspaper in front of his eyes, we are amazed to see that he can read it, no doubt through some tiny cracks imperceptible to us. Suppose we show to him, behind a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch thick, balls of colored glass, calculated by their colors to arouse in him different emotions; the usual faculty is so super-perceptive that the patient feels through the screen the different vibrations of light and reacts correlatively. Show him, for example, behind this screen a blue ball, he will exhibit signs of sadness; show him a yellow one, and he will be all gayety and hilarity, and so on. And at the same time with this extra-physiological development of his optic nerves, we remark that the movements of the cutaneous teguments and of the mucous membranes are utterly paralyzed. On the one side we have riches, on the other poverty and complete loss of balance, experimentally produced in the distribution of sensitive nerve currents under the influence of hypnotization. If we carry our investigations into the region of psychical action we find again disturbances of the same kind, the exaltation of certain faculties on the one side, and their extinction on the other. The same laws of repression and expansion which govern the evolution of these phenomena are to be found everywhere. In the period of catalepsy which follows the foregoing stage, if the sensitive nerves of the skin are in a state of absolute anaesthesia, on the other hand the emotional regions are proportionately liable to extraordinary excitement under the influence of various causes. If the patient sees a sketch of a merry face, he assumes a look of merriment, his features expand and he laughs heartily. If he sees a gloomy picture, he becomes gloomy and sullen and even bursts into tears. Colored rays of light produce different kinds of feelings; so too do different substances when brought into contact with certain superficial nerves: and by this we recognize that some persons, endowed with a peculiar sensitiveness, are liable to develop in the sensorium emotional activities of a special kind, the principal types of which I have already reproduced by the help of photographs, in one of my works.

The somnambulist phase which follows

the two preceding presents again the same phenomena of loss of balance. In this condition, by the aid of a mechanical artifice, the patient has had the faculty of hearing bestowed upon him. So he speaks, he answers questions; his eyes being open, he appears to be in his normal condition; and yet here, too, he is utterly off his balance. While the realm of his consciousness and of his psychic personality is still torpid and dulled, other portions of his mental activity which we are accustomed to regard as the most characteristic sign of the presence of the mind—the faculty of speech, of reply, of converse with one's equals—reach a pitch of exaggerated exaltation. Memory and imagination display a wealth which no one ever suspected in the patient while in his normal condition. I once heard a young married lady who had listened to one of my lectures repeat the lecture several months afterward in a state of somnambulism with the utmost accuracy, reproducing like a phonograph the very tones of my voice, using every gesture that I used, and adapting, too, in a remarkable way, her words to her subject. A year afterward this lady had still the same capacity, and displayed it every time she was put into a state of somnambulism. And, extraordinary as it may seem, when once awakened she was utterly unable to repeat to me a single word of the lecture. She said she did not listen to it, she understood not a word of it, and could not say a single line.

Again, as a very curious fact in these hypnotic conditions, we may note the utter oblivion, the absolute lack of consciousness which the patients exhibit on awakening. They have not felt anything of the shock that has been given to their nervous system; and though they may have remained in the most tiring positions during the cataleptic period, though they have been made to take part as principals in robberies, murders, or arson, though all kinds of troublous feelings have been aroused in them, though they have been made to write, to give all sorts of fictitious presents, to make wills, sell goods, etc.—once they recover consciousness they have no recollection of what has gone by. Their consciousness has been absolutely arrested, and all that they have done has been simply the result of automatic action.

#### OF THE SEQUENCE OF HYPNOTIC STATES.

Our next inquiry is as to the order in which the phenomena of hypnotism are arranged. Must they be regarded as bare conditions of the nervous system with no union or cohesion between them? or, on the other hand, as a succession of physiological acts that follow each other methodically? The special inquiries that have been made in this branch lead to the adoption of the latter hypothesis, and thus these phenomena are looked upon as a series of connected acts, and as forming part of a genuine process in evolution. In reality, hypnotism effects a double movement. In the one, its evolution may be compared to a man going straight down a deep mine, gradually leaving the outside world, and reaching, at a greater or less depth, the bottom of the mine—that is, at the lethargic period which represents the most complete condition of utter exhaustion. In the other movement which the patient goes through, he may be regarded as performing an opposite process, tending to climb up again toward the light, and to come back to the point that he started from—the condition of waking. Thus the patient who leaves the outside world, and reaches the period of lethargy which is the real zenith and perfection of unconsciousness, and afterward is restored to the world, traverses a perfect circle, since he touches during his ascent one after another at the very same halting-places where he stopped in his descent. In the latter process he first experiences a slight slumber, while the outside world becomes misty to him. By degrees this mistiness becomes more complete, and he passes to the somnambulist stage, preserving at first his faculty of hearing and of speech: we call this the period of lucid somnambulism. Next, his faculties are overwhelmed, his articulating capacities disappear, while his power of sight alone continues. This is the beginning of the cataleptic stage. At last, in the third stage, this power also disappears in its turn, and the patient in the lethargy, with all his sensorial motors anesthetized, becomes an inert mass, absolutely cut off from any influences of the world around him. He is now in the profoundest period of annihilation that a human being can be in, and by the withdrawal of the life of the brain, he merely lives by the

automatic activities of his spinal marrow, which still go on providing for the play of his chief organic functions—breathing and the circulation of the blood.

In the second half of the circle, the hypnotized person goes through the opposite phases. He advances slowly toward a period of awakening by recovering at each halting-place the faculties which have been temporarily suspended. Thus, by raising the eyelids the vibrations of light are brought to the retina—this or that portion of the brain is illuminated. The catalepsy of re-awakening is then developing. Presently, by means of a slight friction applied to the forehead, we develop a reflexive action, which, by acting on certain subjacent parts of the brain, awakens the faculty of hearing, and after that the faculty of speech. The period of the somnambulism of awakening is now arrived at. A slight current of air on the eyes soon sets a new reflexive action in operation, and this releases and sets in motion the regions of conscious perception of the external world.

In this general outline we have the really physiological manner in which the phenomena of hypnotism are understood to act. These phases of somnambulism, catalepsy, and lethargy being only different degrees of intensity of the same process, they are the result of degrees of partial somnolence which successively affect the brain, and bring about different conditions which are strictly connected with each other. Their various manifestations and their apparent divergencies, as a rule, depend only on the strength or the weakness of certain peculiarities; but, on the whole, my opinion is, that we may now regard them as representing a true chain of actions successively disposed along a curve, with a starting point, a culminating point, and a final goal, and that their apparent manifestations are based upon the natural laws of the physiology of the brain. I may now give the following definition of hypnotism:—

“Hypnotism is an experimental extra-physiological condition of the nervous system, a pseudo-sleep into which a patient with an aptitude for it can be made to fall, and during which he loses for the time being all consciousness of his individual existence and of the external world.”

#### GENERAL ETIOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS.

*Frequency. Predisposition.* The frequency of tendencies to hypnotism is one of the most obscure points of these studies, inasmuch as we are not yet furnished with sufficiently precise statistics. Judging from the progress already made, and with the help of the new methods which we have before us, it is probable that in a given population the number of hypnotic patients may go on increasing in direct ratio with the variety and the efficacy of the new means and processes brought into operation. To quote only one instance, I had in my service a young hospital nurse whom I had no reason to suspect of being liable to hypnotism; nothing in her ways, her manners, or her character disclosed latent capacity; imagine then my surprise, while attending to a sick patient, when I saw this nurse, who was moving to and fro in the room, suddenly stop as though transfixed, and remain motionless in a complete catalepsy. In a list of thirty young female patients from the ages of eighteen to thirty years, I found fourteen liable to be fascinated, and of these fourteen, after two or three sances, five exhibited in perfect distinctness the phenomena of genuine hypnotism. Last year out of thirty-one male patients, suffering from different diseases, and ranging from seventeen to sixty years of age, I found eleven liable to fascination, and after a few sittings two of them were found able to present all the symptoms of genuine hypnotism. Sex, therefore, may be taken to exert a marked influence; in fact, it is among women that most of the subjects liable to fascination are found, though practice shows us that the number of males gifted with the same capacities is larger than is generally supposed. I know several young men who live in the ordinary fashion, earn their livelihood by honest toil, and have all the external symptoms of clear-headedness, and still have within them a fundamental modification of their nervous system, by reason of which they are liable to be fascinated even by a simple glance or a gesture of command. Age must also be taken into consideration. Most subjects of hypnotism are found between eighteen and thirty years of age. We have no accurate documentary evidence as regards the aptitude of young persons under the age of eighteen; in the



adult period hypnotization and, above all, fascination, are liable to be evoked, principally in persons whose nervous system is already troubled by organic injuries. For instance, I had in my service a patient fifty-five years of age, who was paraplegic, and a woman forty eight years of age who was hemiplegic, who could be very easily fascinated by the use of revolving mirrors. They found themselves greatly relieved, and, thanks to this system of cure, they recovered the power of natural sleep.

Heredity also plays a conspicuous part in the development of aptitudes for hypnotism. In one word, hypnotics inherit from their parents a special neuropathic tendency, and it is this condition which makes them simply like a fallow field only awaiting the influence from without which is to affect them. Thus, by the study of the mental condition of the parents of hypnotic patients, we discover in the father or the mother unusual brain conditions. Sometimes the mother has transmitted to her children an excessive impressionability to which she was herself subject; sometimes the source of the mischief is found on the father's side; possibly the father is alcoholized or paralytic, or irregular in his mental capacity, or perhaps one of the parents has had a puny or stunted constitution. As an instance of hereditary influence, I have just received a visit from a mother and her daughter. The daughter is actually cured of her hysterical epileptic fits, which have been successfully treated by repeated hypnotizations; she comes regularly once or twice a month to undergo hypnotization in order to keep up her cure, and, strange to say, her mother, who is a humble working-woman, earning her livelihood very honorably by hard work, comes to be hypnotized together with her daughter in order to soothe a condition of nervous excitability which is part of her normal constitution and, so to speak, an inherited patrimony.

#### THE PROCESSES EMPLOYED TO PRODUCE HYPNOTISM.

Since the discoveries of Braid, who exercised the power of hypnotization by the help of a bright substance presented to the eyes, all subsequent authors have in greater or less degree followed the same lines. They have all dealt with the sensitiveness

of the optic nerve, either by tiring it with a dazzling light, or by compressing it by a slight pressure upon the ball of the eye. Attempt has also been made to act upon the region of hearing; some patients are sent off into a state of hypnотism by a regular striking of the notes of the scale.

The sensitiveness of certain special nerves can also be laid under contribution. For instance, in certain hysterical persons who possess hysteria-producing nerves, one needs only to apply a slight touch to one of these nerves in order to induce a hypnotic state which usually is that of lethargy. In fact, we need only pinch lightly the lobe of the ear or the breast with our fingers, and we shall see the patients straightway stop talking, close their eyes, and sink back exhausted in a state of lethargy.

A suggestion made to one perfectly awake is also a process commonly employed in dealing with persons who have a tendency to hypnotism; the experimenter says to the patient, "You and I will count together up to six, and when we reach four you will be asleep." The effect follows the cause, and the experiment, if carefully managed, always succeeds. When the number four is reached the patient closes his eyes, sinks back on his chair, and falls into a state of lethargy. All these methods can be indifferently applied when we have to do with persons who are overpowered, and are especially disposed to yield to the experiments of hypnotism, for it cannot be too frequently repeated that hypnotism does not control every one; on the part of the patient to be treated there must be a special receptivity and a particular condition of his nervous system to allow him to undergo the treatment which is applied to him. Above all, he must yield readily, and submit voluntarily to the treatment of the experimenter.

*My own Process.*—In view of the uncertainty and the frequent failures which accompany the use of brilliant substances, and particularly, too, of the sustained attention and the fatigue required to develop hypnotism in new patients, I conceived the idea of presenting the brilliant substance mechanically, instead of holding it in my own hands, giving it at the same time a rotatory motion in order to increase its influence. A patient required to keep his eyes fixed on bright particles which

are revolving before him feels a sense of weariness after one or two minutes; he is insensibly fascinated, and to one's surprise one sees him gradually close his eyes and lie back in his chair, like a person falling fast asleep; he is then in the state of lethargy. Since I took to using revolving mirrors in order to produce hypnotic sleep I have never failed to be satisfied with the results. After two or three minutes patients of either sex who are operated on show themselves equally quick in feeling the effect, the young and the old alike. It can also be shown that this sleep mechanically produced is not, as might be expected, a natural sleep, but, on the contrary, it is a peculiar kind of sleep, for which I suggest the term mechanical sleep. It brings about in the nervous system a very special condition, which is distinguished by a general anaesthesia of the integuments, a catalepsy of the muscles, and a tendency to act upon any suggestions made. The importance of the practical results of this new method, which brings about hypnotization without fatigue and of prolonged duration, while it also enables one to subject several patients at once to the influence of hypnotism, is easily comprehended. Every day by its application I can have eight or ten patients in my laboratory, who are all hypnotized together by the influence of a single revolving mirror placed in the centre of them. There is also an extremely interesting point to be deduced from the use of this method, viz., that by being thus able to produce without difficulty a state of trance in a number of patients, the patients are brought to a special condition of the nerves, by means of which they become ready to accept other influences and to undergo therapeutic influence. By this means I have been enabled to bring about a series of valuable practical results, such as the stopping of sharp pains, the restoration of sleep to persons tortured by prolonged insomnia, the renewal of the powers of locomotion in paralytics, and in short, a number of improvements of very distinct character and of long duration. Besides, I may say this in favor of the new methods which I have adopted, that out of two hundred patients actually brought under my notice, I have never observed a single accident. The process, therefore, is perfectly harmless, and when employed with skill and prudence, I am thoroughly con-

vinced that it can produce no harmful effects in the persons experimented upon.

#### METHODS FOR PUTTING AN END TO A STATE OF HYPNOTISM.

It is not always easy to awaken patients at the right moment. Indeed, to know how to do this is one of the most delicate portions of the science, and at the present time inexperienced persons often find themselves in grave perplexity. It is absolutely necessary to know whether the patient at the close of an experiment is restored to his senses without the hypnotist being aware that he is not perfectly conscious of what he is doing, for the patient might run the risk of finding himself amenable to the law. If indeed the patient only half awakened is sent back in this condition to his daily life, he has only a half consciousness of the nature of his acts. He may walk straight on without knowing where he is going, or collide with persons passing by, he may knock them down, steal articles exposed in shops, commit all kinds of offences, even outrages on decency, and this unconscious person, whom the public and the magistrates regard as in possession of all his senses, may find himself the object of undeserved punishment. I cannot therefore too earnestly warn young experimenters against the serious consequences of an incompletely effected awakening. Usually, a slight puff of air upon the opened eyes of the patient is enough; for, once the reflex action on the brain is set up, he rubs his eyelids just like a person awakening from real sleep. He looks around him, he takes in surrounding circumstances, and the tone of his voice also resumes its ordinary character. He says that he knows where he is, and mentions the name of the person to whom he is speaking. Personally I do not approve of this practice. I think it best not to act hastily, and to use for the purpose of awakening the patient methods which are more physiological; for instance, such as saying to the patient, by way of suggestion, "You will be awake in a minute." The verbal impulse thus fixed in his brain works slowly and calmly, and to the surprise of many the patient opens his eyes quite naturally at the end of the minute and regains consciousness of his surroundings. When this is accomplished, then by way of verifying his

condition, you ask, "Where are you? Do you recognize me?" And if he replies correctly to these two questions you may be sure that he is conscious and perfectly awake.

There is another very important point of practice that concerns hypnotic persons, and above all that class of persons who are easily put into a trance simply by holding up one's finger before their eyes. It is this: Before waking them you should suggest to them not to allow themselves to be sent to sleep by any one except by yourself or by some other doctor selected by you. This is a really kindly measure which I beg all experimenters to keep in their mind, in order to save these easily entranced persons from being sent off to sleep by any casual operator who wishes to abuse their condition. This kind of suggestion is, as a rule, quite successful.

These preliminaries being established, I pass on to set out briefly the principal conditions of the higher hypnotism, lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism. Afterward I will touch on minor hypnotism or the state of trance. Finally, I will refer to those points of medical jurisprudence which raise interesting problems, and in conclusion I will explain the new therapeutic uses which these new discoveries may offer to the science of nerve disease.

#### LETHARGY.

Lethargy is the most clearly defined phase of all the hypnotic states; it is equivalent to a complete annihilation of all organic sensitiveness, together with an utter darkening of the mental faculties. The individual in a period of lethargy is utterly unstrung; his muscular forces are absolutely powerless, his integuments and mucous membranes are completely anesthetized, and he lies there an inert flaccid mass, incapable of resistance or of reaction: it is simply a state of experimental coma. Let us now consider the physiological peculiarities which the patient presents to the observer. One fact at the outset strikes us, the utter disarrangement of the balance of the nerve forces which has been already alluded to. Annihilated in certain regions, they are over-excited in others, and exhibit a mixture of anæsthesia with hyperæsthesia, of torpidity and over-excitement combined. The patient in this state feels absolutely nothing; you may test the

sensitiveness of his skin with a pin, a needle, or a pair of pincers, and you will find no movement on his part. It is the same with his mucous membranes—in the nose, for instance, in which you can make incisions with impunity. In most patients the loss of sensitiveness to touch, to tickling, to pain, or to an electric shock is immediate and complete, and curiously enough this abolition of the faculties of sense is brought about in a moment, the instant that the person experimented on has been reduced to the state of lethargy. If we pass now to examine phenomena of the intensifying of other nerve centres, we again find remarkably interesting revelations. In one of my female patients when in complete lethargy and in a state of general anæsthesia, the capacity of feeling was preserved and concentrated in the expansion of the optic nerve to such an extent that when I placed before her closed eyes an ordinary cork cut into strips with a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch in thickness between the cork and her eyes, she felt the vibration of light, and at once she was seen to open her eyes enormously wide with a startled look, not uttering a word, like a person in a state of violent terror; the removal of the cork restored her to calmness, and sent her back to her state of lethargy. Does this imply a transposition of the nervous activities passing from certain parts to the eyes? Are the currents that disappear from one part of the system directed elsewhere in it? I must leave the consideration of such points to those who will follow up the inquiry. Hypnotized patients, once placed in a lethargic state, have their muscular system completely unstrung:—you lift their arm and it falls lifeless at their side; their legs are equally powerless. If the patient is seated he has a tendency to slip down; throughout we find the same condition of flaccidity and of strengthlessness in the muscles. But side by side with this complete nervelessness a new phenomenon appears which may be regarded as the genuine test of the lethargic state, and this phenomenon, of which Professor Charcot has made a special study under the name of *nervo-muscular hyper-excitability*, exhibits itself especially in certain groups of muscles, for instance, in those of the forearm. If you just graze lightly the skin of the forearm in a patient in the lethargic state, or lightly squeeze the cubital nerve

where it joins the elbow, you see the hand move immediately, the arm begin to bend, and that too with a dynamic force which must be felt to be appreciated. The forearm is so powerfully bent that it cannot be unbent without dragging with it the whole body of the patient; an absolute dynamo-producer has been roused in these muscles by the fact of the transition to the lethargic stage. To convince oneself of this, the following experiment is applied: Before hypnotizing the patient, his arm is bent and a dynamometer attached to his wrist, when you find that it requires a force of twenty-two to twenty-five pounds to unbend the forearm. If the patient is in a lethargy, an extraordinary phenomenon is then to be seen, a sudden genuine dislodging of muscular strength, which is, so to speak, doubled on the spot, inasmuch as by the help of a force of fifty-five pounds the muscles cannot be released from their contraction. Further, these powerful contractions can be instantly destroyed, not, as might be supposed, by making use of an increasing strain, but by infinitesimal forces judiciously applied; in fact, a slight friction of the muscles of the opposite parts of the extensors of the arm and of the forearm will make this muscular spasm cease at once and restore the flaccid state of the limb. These facts have been found out by pure experiment; nor is there any satisfactory explanation of their physiological causes. Still, for diagnosing the state of lethargy they are of indisputable value. Besides, these phenomena of muscular hyper-excitability are spread over all the muscles of the organism; they can be evoked in all the muscles of the lower extremities. The diaphragm can be separately dealt with, and its experimental contraction is proved by the sudden swelling of the stomach and the prominence of the intestinal organs. All the facial muscles can be made to acquire an over-activity and to contract under the influence either of a light touch on the skin, or of breathing, or of an exceedingly slight current of air. With some patients feelings of joy and of sorrow are thus brought into play at will, according as this or that muscular group is set in motion. In others, I have under certain circumstances been enabled to develop very palpable movements in certain groups of muscles which probably are never contracted at all in human beings—I mean

certain muscles in the ear whose rise and fall I have shown plainly to persons who were watching my experiments.

In the sphere of mental activity it is curious to note that these phenomena of disarrangement of the balance of nervous forces, the reality of which has been already pointed out, reappear with the same symptoms. While we see lethargic persons utterly lose consciousness of the external world, and remark that the psychical elements are in a state of suspension, during which the personality is asleep, we see on the other side other departments flash with unwonted brilliance and acquire new energy and intensity by the hypnotic impulse. Under these circumstances the emotional elements rise above their ordinary condition, and compensate by their excitable activity for the temporary overclouding of the consciousness. This new exaltation of the emotional faculties may be brought to light in an absolutely automatic manner by the presence of material agents of different kinds—by the luminous vibrations of different colors, by the magnetic attraction of a loadstone, and by solid, liquid, or gaseous substances held before them in tubes and placed in contact with the skin of the patients experimented on.

The lethargic patient being thus in a period of abandonment and general anaesthesia, if we set before him glass balls of various colors we see the strange spectacle of the man apparently dead coming suddenly back to life; he opens his eyes, and if the ball placed before him has a color which pleases him he exhibits an appropriate recognition of it: his eyes dilate, his face expands, he becomes animated, and by his general demeanor displays the satisfaction of his whole being. If the ball is of a color which produces an unpleasant effect upon him his physiognomy darkens, his general demeanor becomes repellent, and his whole being shows that painful emotions are passing through him. The scope of this article does not allow me to sufficiently develop the question of arousing emotions in patients who are hypnotized by means of different substances placed in tubes, and I must refer the reader to my special examination of this subject in other writings.

The period of lethargy may be of long or short duration; its length is not yet



accurately determined. I have had one patient who declared that she remained for thirty-three days in a state of lethargy, and that during all this time she was artificially fed by injection; on awakening she had no consciousness of the treatment which she had undergone. I have experimentally kept a young hysterical woman in a state of lethargy for twenty-four hours; she awoke of her own accord, as the result of an internal chill, though I had taken care to place bowls of hot water around her while asleep. This indeed is what ordinarily happens in proportion as the lethargic state is prolonged; the circulation slackens, the arterial pulsations become slower, the respiratory action is less frequent, and the patient gradually loses his color. This state, therefore, if left to itself can last for a variable time, according to the character of the patients; they wake of their own accord, and usually complain of a sensation of intense cold. In order to put an end to the lethargic state, and to awaken the patient, the proper course is to produce the cataleptic condition which borders upon it. All that need be done is to lift up the patient's upper eyelids. The light catches the retina and, acting on the brain, effects an instantaneous change in the nervous activities. Then follows the cataleptic stage, which I will now describe with its various phases.

#### CATALEPSY.

This stage touches on the one side the state of lethargy, on the other the state of somnambulism. In the series of halting-places through which the subject passes in order to get back to the state of awakening, the cataleptic stage marks the first efforts of the organism to emerge from the profound darkness into which it had sunk during the lethargic period. The essential characteristics of catalepsy are a special motionlessness of the muscles and a rigidity of posture. If, for instance, you take the arm of a cataleptic patient and lift it up it remains for an indefinite time in the position in which it has been placed. If you bend the body in this or that direction it remains bent. The muscles raised are flexible and easy; they arrange themselves harmoniously in any attitude assigned to them. The face, too, has a peculiar aspect; the eyes are wide open and set, and the features are moveless; the

whole physiognomy is thus peculiarly impassive and silent. The skin and the mucous membranes are alike impervious to sensation. This condition can be produced at the outset by any sharp impression, a shock striking on the auditory nerves; for instance, the blow of a gong, a shrill whistle, or even by the monotonous tick of a watch, or, again, by the presence of a bright light, a ray of sun caught in a mirror, or especially by rotatory mirrors which I have arranged for this purpose. An electric discharge, a clap of thunder, has often brought about catalepsy in patients caught in a storm. It is a well known fact that numbers of persons who have been struck by lightning have been found in attitudes expressive of catalepsy, which came on them at the moment they were struck. It can also be brought about by a suggestion made to the patient. If he is in the state of somnambulism, you tell him to pass into the cataleptic stage, and he passes of his own accord by some mysterious action of which we do not possess the physiological explanation.

In the series of phenomena of the higher hypnotism, catalepsy follows the state of lethargy. To produce it one has only to throw a ray of light on to the retina while raising the eyelids; the light passes thence to the brain, and the new condition known as catalepsy follows. At this stage a very interesting and delicate experiment may be made, which shows how it is possible to double the nerve-unit throughout the organism. The patient being, for example, in a state of lethargy, instead of opening both his eyelids at once, suppose that we lift up only one eyelid, the effect of the light introduced will then only reach one side of the brain, and we observe that the patient is not the same on the left side as on the right. On the one side the raised arm maintains the cataleptic posture and remains elevated, while on the other, which has not been affected by the rays of light, it remains in the lethargic stage, and this can also be demonstrated by the persistence of the nervo-muscular over-excitability on this side. These conditions are termed *hemi-catalepsy* and *hemi-lethargy*.

In the cataleptic stage appear certain clearly-marked manifestations which make it the best defined of all hypnotic processes. It is specially marked by peculiar

mannerisms which arise in the muscular movements and by a correspondingly excessive exaltation of the organs of sight. Thus the muscles maintain, just like the limbs of a puppet, the poses given to them. The arms remain folded, the hands outstretched, the patient may be bent in any direction, and remains motionless in that position; he has no sensation, and his face shows no sign of fatigue. The faculty of balancing is raised to an extraordinary pitch of exaltation. Stand him on one leg, bend his body forward or backward, his equilibrium still maintains itself. Bend his spinal column while making him throw his head back and his stomach forward, and still he maintains his equilibrium. Finally, there is one decisive experiment, namely, to lift the patient up horizontally and place his head on the back of one chair and his feet on the back of another. He is still as stiff as a plank of wood, and he remains in that horizontal posture, supported by his extremities. The dynamic force of his muscles is so great that a heavy weight can be placed on his body without overcoming their resistance. This extraordinary muscular contraction, which no one can produce in his natural condition, can be maintained for several consecutive minutes; and if the muscular system of a cataleptic person is set in motion it develops extraordinary force. In fact, the man becomes a machine with springs wound up to produce any kind of movement, and, once started, he may be seen to repeat a series of actions connected with his ordinary habits. Thus, to a patient who is accustomed to knit, without saying a word, you hand the needles and the ball of worsted, and he sets to work at once like a genuine machine, and knits without stopping for a moment, and without the slightest distraction, and can go on in the same way for six hours consecutively, even forgetting the times for meals. By reason of the same mechanical force, the cataleptic patient goes through a whole series of acts which he accomplishes unconsciously, but with perfect regularity. Give him a knife and a piece of bread, he cuts the bread; an umbrella, he opens it; a ladder, he climbs up it; a comb, he raises it to his head and combs his hair; a cigar and a match, and he strikes the match to light the cigar.

Besides the influence of touch, the in-

fluence of light and of sound is equally calculated to bring about acts which the patient repeats as by an irresistible impulse without any sign of fatigue. Thus, if you place yourself in the patient's line of vision and go through a performance of raising and lowering your arm, he repeats the same motion at once; if you twist your arms one around the other he replies similarly, being carried away by an irresistible impulse like a turning machine which it is impossible to stop. This stage of catalepsy also presents from the psychical point of view some interesting phenomena which show how the emotions are brought into play in a manner that is perfectly methodical. Here, too, we can trace modifications of the nervous system analogous to those which have been noticed in lethargy. We have the insensibility of the integuments, that is, the torpidity of the personal consciousness displayed in an extraordinary degree, while the optic nerves and the emotional faculties are marvelously developed in power. The patient may be handled like soft wax and allows his limbs to be put into any posture without reaction on his part; in fact, he is absolutely impassive; while on the other hand some faculties are in a state of peculiar excitement, and his emotional capacity is like an electrical apparatus ready to discharge its electricity whenever required to do so. Hence we can produce all manner of different emotions in him by the medium of sight, of hearing, of the state of muscular fibre, or of various chemical substances which have a special tendency to produce this or that emotion in a patient. He can be made glad or melancholy without a word by simply putting in his line of vision a sketch of happy faces; the patient grasps the subject, he fixes it in his brain, he is saturated with it, his features expand, a smile overspreads them, and by degrees the hilarity goes on increasing until he breaks out into a loud laugh. Conversely, a sketch of gloomy-looking persons fills him with sadness, and he will go so far as to burst into sobs. Similarly, too, colored rays of different hue produce different states of emotion in the cataleptic. A white light reflected on a polished glass, or a silvered reflecting mirror keeps a cataleptic patient in a state of misty darkness; blue raises emotions of sorrow and gestures of eager repulsion; yellow or red excites joy and delight;

green and orange, which are intermediate tints, have different effects varying according to the receptivity of the patient. In practical experiments, I generally use colored glass balls of the size of an orange. I show them in rapid succession to the patient and produce in rapid succession the emotions peculiar to each color. Further, we have this curious fact, that the reagent emotions are in direct proportion to the amount of the surface of these balls which is shown to the patient. A yellow ball as big as an orange produces moderate satisfaction, but one of the same color, as large as a melon, for instance, produces hilarity and extreme jubilation with appropriate signs of approval. Again, while a cataleptic may be deaf to questions put to him and may merely repeat like an echo the words that strike his ear, his sense of hearing being then dull on one side, on the other it will be extremely curious to note how susceptible he is to certain other noises, and how some central regions seem to catch musical sounds and to develop emotions appropriate to them. If you produce to a cataleptic patient chords of music of various characters, some joyful, others gloomy, the very man who cannot reply to a question addressed to him will display a remarkable power of distinguishing the waves of sound, and his sensorium will vibrate in harmony with them. If he hears a rapid movement played in perfect time, a waltz tune for instance, he begins to stand up, to turn round alone in rhythmic dance with a smile on his face; a funeral march with its notes of sorrow casts him down into a profound melancholy. One patient whom I saw myself settled his face and behaved just as if he were taking part in the funeral. The sound of the *Marseillaise* played directly after the funeral march caused an altogether different state of things; the patient felt himself a new man; he strode about, and by an expressive pantomime showed plainly that he was eager to march boldly to the front. The emotional faculties may also be developed by special conditions, applied experimentally to the muscular system. In one's ordinary state emotions are shown by certain sympathetic external movements: irritation or passion is seen in the arm outstretched with the fist clenched. An affectionate sentiment may be known by the hand touching the lips and wafting a kiss. So there is a pre-

established harmony between the emotion in the brain and the gesture that expresses it. This is a centrifugal action of the nerves. In the state of lethargy the same harmonious actions can be set in motion and united by an inverse method of procedure. If the patient is at rest, you take his arm, clench his fist, say not a word but put his fist in a threatening posture, and little by little, by a centripetal reaction, the emotional faculties set themselves automatically in harmony and an expression of anger follows. So if one takes a patient's right hand and puts it in the attitude of throwing a kiss, one sees his face express delight and pleasure: thus various emotions have been artificially produced in him.

Besides these manifestations I must not omit to treat of the peculiar phenomenon which is known everywhere by the term *prise du regard*. The sensitiveness of the optic nerves is, as we have seen, raised to an extraordinary pitch in a state of catalepsy. If then the patient's eye catches yours, there is straightway a bond of sympathetic union formed between you and him; he looks fixedly at you and wherever you move he follows you just as a needle follows a magnet. You turn your head and he turns his in the same way so as not to lose sight of your eyes; and if you put your hands like a screen in front of your eyes he pulls them down with an extraordinary energy, in order to catch your eyes, which he is yearning to behold. The human eye, however, is not alone in being able to produce these phenomena of fascination in cataleptic patients; any bright object, a metal button or a colored rosette, may exercise the same fascination, and I have seen persons remain with their eyes fixed on some such object for more than 10 or 15 minutes. To put an end to this fixity of gaze you need only place your fingers over the patient's eyes and direct his look up to the ceiling. He follows your fingers and remains motionless with his eyes looking straight upward. The action of a magnet or of other metals often produces upon cataleptic persons a peculiar receptivity whereby phenomena of attraction or repulsion, of contraction or expansion of different nerves are to be seen in them. In my experiments with magnets and metals I used at first a tiny magnetic bar capable of lifting only a weight of 2 dwts.,

and afterward a rectilinear bar 8 inches in length, able to hold a weight of 9 or 10 ounces, finally large magnets with double ends like a horseshoe, of considerably greater capacity. Usually I have noticed that patients in a state of hypnotism have a tendency to show the influence of a magnet to an extraordinary degree of susceptibility, although in their normal state it has no effect. Thus, with a screen of wood before the patient's eyes, I placed the tiny magnet at a distance of 12 yards in front of his forearm and at once saw the muscles begin to contract. I caused these muscles to fall just in the same way as in the lethargic state by acting on the opposite muscles at the same distance. Again, this magnetic influence displayed itself at twice the distance off. Gold, silver, and non-magnetic iron I have seen produce similar effects, bringing about specific contractions of muscles at distances of 10 to 12 yards, with this special feature that the contraction caused by each can only be got rid of by operating with the same agent on the opposite muscles. These are perfectly new phenomena, and their connection with physical laws is very obscure, varying as it does according to the receptive capacity of each patient. I am merely pointing out the principal points which are to be noticed in the study of hypnotism. The larger magnetic bars have more powerful and more speedy effects on the patient. Placing before him the same screen of wood to prevent him seeing the magnet, after a few seconds he would open his eyes, get up from his seat, and, if the magnet were some distance from him, he would slowly step forward toward it. If, at this moment, an assistant takes another magnet and holds it behind the patient, carefully presenting to him the pole opposite to that of the first magnet, the patient, between these two antagonistic forces, remains motionless and ceases to advance, and then if the first magnet is removed, he remains under the influence of the second, which draws him backward and forces him to sit down again in the place he has just left, exactly like the toys that children draw about on water by the use of a magnet. The use of large magnets with five ends produces phenomena of the same kind with varied effects, provided that the patient has first gone through a magnetization. For instance, if a patient is first put into a state of lethargy

and a magnet with five ends is placed near him, no apparent effect is at first produced, but this curious phenomenon is witnessed: the patient becomes gradually magnetized, he becomes charged with the magnetic influence like a Leyden jar being charged with electricity. If the magnet is unexpectedly removed and carefully concealed in a room close by under several coverings, the patient who has passed to the cataleptic stage retains the traces of this magnetic influence with a tenacity that is inconceivable. He opens his eyes widely, rises without uttering a word, and step by step moves on, tracking the magnet with absolute precision until he reaches the place where it has been placed. If obstacles are put in his way, if a person stands in front of him, he pushes him violently away; if you close a door he forces it open, and once in the room he walks in the direction where the magnet is and throws aside all that covers it. Once he sights it, he either remains in dumb contemplation of it in front of its two poles, which possibly have some strange light for him which others cannot see, or else he lays his hands on both of the poles with a kind of profound satisfaction. Usually contact with a magnet produces contractions in the muscles of the arms; these contractions spread over the system and the patients fall back quite stiff and sink into the period of lethargy. These experiments with magnets seem to tire the patients excessively and bring about a state of exhaustion, the effects of which are felt as soon as they wake. Magnetic influence also assists in producing what is known as the "transfer" of conditions, that is, the transferring of a posture or of a muscular condition from one side to the other of the patient. The patient being in a state of catalepsy, you lift his arm up and set a large magnet by his side, and after a few seconds his arm drops and the other arm rises in the air. That is the transfer of an attitude or posture. A number of variations of this power of transfer can be produced, but space forbids me to treat of them at present.

#### SOMNAMBULISM.

In the natural sequence of hypnotic phenomena the somnambulist stage is the last effort that the human organism makes to get back to the waking state. It comes



therefore in the ascending scale between the cataleptic stage and the awakening. When the patient is in a state of catalepsy, in order to produce the state of somnambulism in him he need only be lightly touched on the forehead, or on the upper portion of the head. A reflex action then takes place in the network of the sympathetic nerves which unite the circulation of the hair-covered skin with that of the underlying region of the brain, a circulatory modification of infinitesimal amount is thus produced, and the patient assumes the appearance of one just waking from a profound slumber, he opens his eyes and begins to talk either spontaneously or in answer to questions. This is the somnambulist stage. It can also be produced by the action of revolving mirrors; it then exists conjointly with the state of entrancement of which it becomes one of the component parts.

The previous stages as described have only dealt with silent phenomena, proceeding like the movement of a mechanical apparatus that works without the slightest noise from any of its parts. The patient could not catch the sounds of the voice; he did not respond to words spoken; he was dumb because he was deaf. In somnambulism, quite a different series of phenomena appears. This is life, or at any rate, life manipulated by speech. Memory exists, with a certain amount of imagination which comes automatically into play, and gives to the lucid somnambulist his unusual and positively surprising appearance. With eyes open, words on his lips, and accurate gestures, the patient reproduces in a striking manner the gestures and the language of his normal state. A moment ago he was a dumb statue in motion; now the same statue takes life and thinks and seems to be in his natural relations with his surroundings. A further distinction between this and the other stages of hypnotism is that it lends itself to the artificial reproduction of phenomena that belong to mental pathology. Somnambulism, in fact, is a thoroughly prepared soil in which we can call up hallucinations and illusions of the senses, and of the muscles, crazy fancies and fixed ideas which become irresistible, and which may last even until the state of awakening. Once in the somnambulist period, the patient, who is as it were born again to physiological activity,

experiences the necessity of expending his stores of nerve force. He talks and expresses his feelings, and if the slightest indication is given to him, he follows the point of departure and accepts all that is said to him. He is found to be in a state of utter credulity toward everything that is suggested to him. He accepts without the slightest reflection the most absurd phrases addressed to him; his courteousness is perfect. If we say to him, "You must be thirsty, or hungry," and touch his hand and say, "Here is a glass of water, drink it; here is some bread, eat it," he accepts what we say, and makes pretence to drink or to eat his imaginary water or bread. If I say to him some absurd phrase like this, "Look at me, I have a silver nose," he looks at me, appears to think, and after a few seconds he agrees, and says, "Your nose is very pretty, it shines brightly." I say to him, "It is very cold to-day." "Yes," he says, "I want a fur cloak." Immediately after, I say, "It is frightfully hot, I am stifling," and he replies, "It is hot; I will change my clothes, and put on a summer suit." I point to the floor and say, "Look, look, there is a stream of water." "Oh, I'll take care not to get wet," he says, and he steps across the imaginary stream. In this there is an absolute, sincere and profound acquiescence on the part of the somnambulist patient who thus accepts the different scenes which the experimenter causes to pass before him one after the other. His brain is in a sort of plastic condition, by reason of which he agrees without hesitation or surprise to the most extravagant things laid before him. He is imbued with them, and appears to have lost the sense of the ridiculous. In considering this condition of utter credulity, this malleability of the mind, we naturally recognize in such docility and acquiescence something like the special condition of the muscular fibres in catalepsy, when also every movement that is given to the patient, even though extra-physiological, is accepted with absolute docility and without the expression of any discomfort or dislike. This somnambulist credulity is therefore a psychological fact of the highest interest. To characterize this state of peculiar malleability of mind, which is only the ordinary credulousness carried to an extra-physiological pitch, the term *crédulité* has been invent-

ed. It is a principal characteristic of the somnambulistic stage.

There are other disturbances of the ordinary faculties which occur in this stage, and it is of the highest value to examine these which tend to make us advance a step or two in the obscure region of mental power. Take first the sense of sight, and let us see what happens. The patient certainly has his eyes open; his attitude, his replies, even his physiognomy, certainly express the state of an ordinary person, and yet this is not really the case. For note, if he has his eyes open for the perception of material things, if he has a special aptitude for the effect of rays of light, he has all the same lost his *mental vision*, this special faculty which associates with a special object a series of old memories. He does not see what surrounds him. Ask him where he is, he cannot reply. Ask him who it is who is speaking to him, whom he knows perfectly well, he is wholly unable to say, and yet if you tell him he is in a drawing-room, or a garden, he will agree. Hand him a penholder and ask him what it is, he does not know; tell him it is barley sugar and he will put it in his mouth. Hand him a looking-glass, he cannot recognize his own face in it: he has lost the notion of his own personality, he has forgotten his acquired ideas of the reflection of light, and believing that there is another person behind the glass, he begins to converse with him. The same phenomena occur in relation to the sense of hearing. The somnambulist hears all sounds very distinctly, even delicate tones at a distance from his ear. He answers questions plainly, but all this is purely physical hearing; mental hearing is absolutely extinct. Put to him a simple question which calls up old recollections, and you find he cannot answer it. Ask him if he knows the questioner's voice, and he will tell you yes, but only as a sound without conscious recollection of the speaker; he absolutely cannot say to whom it belongs. Thus, the phonetic links which exist between old memories and his conscious personality are destroyed by the phenomenon of hypnotism. Simply because this consciousness is silent and put to sleep, the patient has in a moment lost all connection with it and has utterly forgotten its existence. He is no longer himself, nor connected with any of his old ties; he is released from his past and

dissevered from his surroundings; he passively submits to any external impulses and willingly accepts the most utter absurdities. He will even abdicate his own personality and clothe himself in the borrowed personality of any person just as the experimenter bids him; he may be told that he is no longer himself, that he has changed his sex, that he is transformed into a general, a priest, a professor, or any kind of creature, and, extraordinary as it may seem, and contrary to our notions of psychology, he submits to all, agrees with a good grace, however absurd the statements, adapts himself to the new situation imposed on him, and takes in real earnest his borrowed character, and expresses it by appropriate gestures. These are new phenomena, described daily in hypnology under the term of *Tendency to change one's personality*. But it is not peculiar to hypnotism; it is to be found either permanently or in a transitory condition in the annals of mental pathology. In fact, all specialists in lunacy know that many of their patients are influenced by the same kind of delusion, and believe that their personality has undergone new transformations; persons with paralyzed brains imagine themselves important personages, emperors, kings, presidents of a republic, and completely forget their previous life.

The bodily peculiarities which are found in lucid somnambulism are also exhibited in the region of sensitiveness and of movement. The peculiarities of sensitiveness, a complete anaesthesia, reappear in a consistent fashion. You can stick a pin with impunity into the skin of the patient, nip him with pincers, burn him with a hot cauterizer, and still he has no sensation and remains utterly unaware of what is going on. He continues to talk if questions are put to him. His mucous membranes are similarly deadened. This general lack of sensation is a physical symptom of the highest importance for distinguishing the state of somnambulism in a person who speaks fluently, has his eyes open, and appears to be in his ordinary condition—for instance, in a person summoned before a magistrate. One has merely to pinch his arm or flesh anywhere to find out if he is in a state of somnambulism or awake.

The states of *nervo-muscular over-excitability* which we have seen in lethargy reappear in somnambulism, and though less

distinct, are still perfectly similar to those which we have already described. You touch lightly the surface of the patient's forearm, in order to produce a contraction of the underlying muscles. Thus you can render motionless the hand of a patient when lying on a table, by causing a contraction of the muscles of the forearm with a slight breath of air on its surface. The patient can be left motionless on the floor by applying the same process to the muscles of the lower limbs. Strange scenes are thus produced. The patient's hand is laid on the arm of a person who is present; with a slight breath of wind the hand of the patient gradually contracts on the other person's arm and grips it tighter and tighter until it is impossible to release it. This is a purely automatic process which the patient cannot prevent; he remains contracted in the place where his hand was laid, and a slight touch or breath of wind on the opposing muscles will put an end to this state of violent contraction.

This state of muscular over-excitability is of such a character that in certain patients it can be aroused by the most infinitesimal provocation. I have known it produced by a slight breath of wind ten yards away. There is also a peculiar symptom in this over-excitability, which makes it impossible to be stimulated, and allows us to recognize the genuineness of the somnambulist stage. The changes effected in the patient's tone of voice are also important signs of the somnambulist stage. His speech is very plainly modified; it comes out clumsily, inasmuch as the mental hearing which governs its variations has disappeared. Besides, as the

patient does not know the person to whom he is speaking, he usually addresses him with the familiar "thou." Finally an examination of the state of the eye supplies accurate information for one diagnosing the somnambulist stage. The modifications of the circulation at the base of the eye are almost the same as in the cataleptic stage. The red of the pupil is less marked than in the preceding stage, but it is always more intense than in the normal state of the patient.

The experimental somnambulist period may be prolonged for an indefinite time by taking care to keep before the patient a constantly operating agent; for instance, rays of light, continuous sounds, a weak magnet, any active substance contained in a tube and applied to the skin of the patient, etc. As for the spontaneous somnambulism, which is developed in certain patients who have a predisposition toward it, we have no data wherewith to fix with accuracy its commencement and its end.

Obviously these periods of unconsciousness must give rise in many persons to a number of acts which come within the province of medical jurisprudence, acts in which the patient's responsibility must clearly be regarded as nil. The termination of the somnambulist state is brought about by the return to the waking state. To produce this transition, a puff of air on the patient's eyes suffices, or better still the awakening of the patient by suggestion, saying to him in a whisper: "In a minute you will wake up."—*Fortnightly Review*.

(To be continued.)

## MUTE WITNESSES OF THE REVOLUTION.

### A WALK THROUGH THE HISTORICAL EXHIBITION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

THE Society for promoting Historical Research into the Revolution and its Causes, have sought in their Exhibition to correct, by a series of visible objects, the written accounts of that event. Truth, and nothing but the truth, was their aim. To get at the whole truth was impossible. Their belief in the salutary nature of that great event, or series of events, moved

them to receive every kind of evidence which bore upon the Revolution. The imagery expressing the enthusiasm which the sweeping movement called out, the caricatures which were meant to sting and injure those who held the handle of the besom, the touching relics of the Temple prison, the picture of the Dauphin in the ill condition in which the cobbler Simon

kept him, are all impartially displayed. Louis XVI., the Girondins and Jacobins, the Mountain and Plain, Danton and Robespierre, Charlotte Corday and Marat, are equally in view. This exhibition, arranged with chronological sequence, shows first the precursors, and then the actors, in the period embraced between the opening of the States-General in 1789 and the creation in 1804 of the Empire, which arose in tawdry showiness and ended in depletion and national disaster.

Everything is full of suggestion in the material evidence thus collected and classified. One sees what the Monarchy was before the storm burst which brought it down, the rapidity of its fall, and the spontaneously evolved agencies which forced France into a Republic. That the Revolution was to be, and could not but be, is the conclusion forced upon the thoughtful visitor who has been prepared by previous study to seize the points furnished by the mute witnesses of which I speak. Human design had but a small part in directing the general current of events, which imparted to commonplace men and women who took part in them an astonishing grandeur. Others of the actors, who had evil passions, became prodigiously terrible. Most were as if under the influence of possession. Some were possessed by noble, some by ferocious spirits, and all, consciously or unconsciously, aided in transforming the oldest and most powerful Monarchy of Europe into a Republic. It is shown in the hall devoted to the precursors of the Revolution that the tempest had its birthplace in North America, and that Washington, not less than Voltaire and Rousseau, helped to furnish the momentum.

Montgolfier the balloonist, and Galvani, are classed as precursors, though the scientists had but a small place among those who prepared the way for the Revolution. Galvani in reanimating dead frogs and Franklin in flying his kite had an intuition that much was to come of what they were doing. But they could not have known that they were beginning to give a nervous system to the planet.

Irony was the great intellectual power of the eighteenth century. Its reign began in England, having its origin as far back as the reign of Charles II.; and that reign was extended through Voltaire to Paris and Berlin, where Frederick sought

in it an intellectual pastime. The wits were masters of the age. Ribaldry and raillery filled its literature, and held the first place in letters and in the conversation of the great. Voltaire towered above them all, because he had a burning hatred of injustice and of those legal iniquities which were giants in his time. What wit before him ever elected to be an exile for the best part of his life rather than cease attacking inhuman laws and customs? There was no such reforming purpose in Bolingbroke, Sterne, or Fielding, whatever there may have been by fits and starts in Swift.

It is therefore due to Voltaire to place his bust by Houdon at the entrance to the hall of the precursors. Rousseau's faces it. The one came to destroy through intellectual action, the other to set right the world, which he found out of joint, through the action of the heart and sensibilities. Rousseau was the father of Socialism, and found his gospel in the New Testament. It was brought home to him by a life of misery too great for words to utter. Louis Blanc was his descendant in the spiritual order, and Lassalle, Karl Marx and the German Socialists borrowed largely of Louis Blanc. Rousseau was the teacher of the blessings of inwardness. His effigy is indicative of painful chronic disease, from the misery of which he could only escape by retiring to a dreamland within himself. There he found the eloquence which enabled him to give old truths the freshness of a spring bloom. His eyes, as if drawn in from behind, have the look which we find in a cholera patient who is past recovery. There is also a querulous expression which, if it robs the head of dignity, testifies to the sculptor's veracity.

On a panel facing the door kept by these two illustrious janitors, we find proof that tradespeople made use of the events of the Revolution to make business hits. A piece of printed Jouy cotton is stretched on the panel; the prints are in red, brown, and gray, on a white ground, and illustrate the rejoicings at the fall of the Bastille. That prison fortress is all but demolished, and the rubbish is being cleared away. No cotton printer of our time would pack such a variety of designs into a space of a few yards square. Parties of pleasure visit the ruins, cross a drawbridge, unfurl flags, dance, embrace, drink coffee, and read gazettes at little tables. Elegantly dressed



ladies wheel rubbish away in barrows. A fever of demolition has taken hold of men who tear down walls. Costumes mark the date 1790. The Marie Antoinette style is not yet out, but it is going, going, and soon will be gone.

This Jony cotton was intended as a substitute for tapestry. A treaty of commerce was concluded between France and England a few years before the Revolution. The competition of English cottons and pottery had already put the French upon their mettle. It was complained that, while France bought largely these wares of England, England bought but little Sèvres, Bourg la Reine, Nevers, or Rouen porcelain and faience, because they were too dear. A means of taking the wind out of the English sails was hit upon by French potters in the Revolution. It was to give the interest of actuality to vessels in coarse clays, which would be within the reach of persons of small means. They carried out their idea, and a great number of pictorial plates, dishes, salad-bowls and barber's dishes frame the square of Jouay cotton, and help to illustrate episodes of the Revolution. They belong to the famous Champfleury collection.

Voltaire and Rousseau occupy the largest space in Precursors' Hall. Both great men are in many subject-pictures. Fancy has no part in those of Voltaire, who often gave hospitality to artists. One of them did for him from life a picture of the Colas family, which is here. But imagination runs riot in most of the subject-pictures about Rousseau. There are cursory sketches of Voltaire in pen and ink worth close study. Obviously they were also done from life, and perhaps he was not aware when the artists' pencil was busy setting down his traits that he was being sketched. His visage is worn away, his mouth sunken from want of teeth, and the body attenuated and bent. A few lines mark the contour of jaw, strong cheek-bones, nose, forehead, and goggle eyes, which are still watchful, bright, and eager, and, it may surprise many to hear, strangely and beautifully soft. Indeed, all the harshness lies around the mouth. In another sketch he is writing, and looks as though he knew that vitriol flowed from his pen. A portrait of him in pastels of singular charm was done when he was a young man. The limner caught and fixed a bright fugitive expression. Another in

the same style, done by La Tour as a study for a portrait in oils, brings Voltaire at the age of forty-two vividly before us. He must have been then a man of rare fascination, and had the beauty of an interesting and highly intellectual physiognomy. The smile has not yet become the harsh rictus with which we are familiar, and shows amiability. Joseph Vernet's pencil enables us to form a lively idea of Voltaire's reception at the Academy a few days before his death, and that of Moreau the Younger, of the ovation given him at the Théâtre Français (now the Odéon) on March 16, 1778.

"Irène" has just been played, and the drop-curtain lifted. All the company are on the stage, the actors dressed as Kemble used to be in "Coriolanus," and the actresses in long-waisted stomachers and wide hooped skirts, highly ornate in their trimmings. They advance with interminable garlands, to twine them round the pedestal on which Voltaire's bust stands, and by their pretty gestures, and their glances, try in vain to divert some attention to themselves from the lion of the evening. The whole house (and what a brilliant house it is!) gaze in a state of rapture on the stage-box in the second tier. An old man, in a furled dressing-gown and wig, leans over, and salutes with hand and head. Madame Denis, his niece (la bonne et la belle), and the Villettes, whom he adopted, are behind him. The mortal illness which brought the message that his soul was required of him, came on the following day.

Of Madame Denis there is a delightful oil portrait. She was châtelaine of her uncle's house at Ferney, and dispensed hospitality with affable composure. Certain lines and dimples near her mouth are Voltairean: otherwise, she is unlike her uncle. She has not much of a nose, but what there is, is straight, and must have been pretty in youth. Her attentive and reading brown eyes do not peer; the neatly-turned back hair is powdered, and a point-lace cap, not high or elaborate, is placed on it. A pearl necklace, applied on a ribbon, encircles a short, plump neck, and a posey is stuck in a semi-low corsage. Madame Denis was a *maitresse femme*, and ruled her uncle—for his good.

One realizes well at this exhibition how the eighteenth century felt Rousseau, and how he opened French eyes to a percep-

tion of nature. Woods and forests, infested with wolves and robbers, were objects of horror to our remote forefathers. The dislike became hereditary. Then, the country was not a place to wear elegant clothes in, or high-heeled shoes. It was very well at a distance, seen through the eyes of Watteau and Boucher, who were by no means realists, for outside Holland and Hogarth's studio there were then no realistic artists. People were astonished to find from Rousseau that nature was so lovely. He called forth a different sort of admiration from that commanded by Voltaire, and it extended over a far wider sphere. Cheap woodcuts of him—the art lisplings of an epoch that was coming in—were issued in a constant flow. From the continuity and artlessness, we may infer the demand in the lower strata of the bourgeois class. Connoisseurs would have scorned such pictorial effusions. Nevertheless, this cult was an answering of deep to deep. Rousseau appealed to the heart and sensibilities of his time, and exalted natural duties. An affectionate response came back to him from all who could read his works. Women pitied and loved him, and to fall in with his ideas began (when they were *ladies*) to nurse their children. Good portraits of Rousseau are few, and there are many bad ones. But the subject-pictures establish that, as he got older and poorer, his reputation rose, and he was held in greater and more general affection. It may be said of him that he was the first national idol who did not occupy the throne of France. Modern criticism has shown that he never had children to send to the Foundling Hospital.

Of Rousseau's industry as a copyist of music, the specimens exhibited are as easy to read as print. Here is a part of the manuscript score of his "*Devin du Village*." The autographs of Voltaire and Rousseau comprise specimens of their penmanship from their prime to old age. Voltaire's in early life was plain and well formed, with decided down strokes, and singularly bold terminal tails and turned-in d's. A change came over it from the day of Madame de Chatillon's death, when it got scratchy, and so remained. Rousseau's hand is fairly strong, flowing, refined, and that of a man who writes a great deal. His MSS. have few erasures or even interlineations. Obviously, the pen ran on at a good pace. Yet he com-

plained of the extreme trouble it gave him to shape his thoughts, when engaged in authorship. Perhaps this was because he was more emotional than thoughtful, and so preferred copying music to literary work, when it became a labor.

There are two authentic busts and three portraits of Diderot at this Exhibition. The most life-like is in pastels. It gives him a strong aquiline nose and a coarse, heavy under face. In the oil-painting he has the visage of a well-fed and epicurean canon. To study these portraits aids one to understand Diderot's writings. He blazed up high and freely, but, like bituminous coal, gave out as much smoke as flame. The "go" which the other encyclopædists wanted, Diderot supplied; in trying to reform the world he took it as he found it, and died a pensioner of the Empress Catherine. Her munificent patronage was granted with a delicacy of feeling that bound him to her, even after he had refused, though poor, to be her pensioner. She heard he wanted to sell his library—bought it, and begged of him to be her librarian, for a salary which she named. How refuse! Diderot accepted. His books are now at the Hermitage Palace. He must have had devoted lady-friends, to judge from the knick-knacks they gave him. Among these objects we find a portfolio with vellum leaves within, and green silk without. A miniature of himself of rare beauty, too, is painted on one of the leaves. *Sauvage pinxit*. A garland of flowers serves to frame the head: they are in the trim style of the day, by Madame Vallayer Coster, the donor. The Precursors of the Revolution owed much to the sympathy of women.

Cagliostro ranks as a Precursor. He was certainly a dissolving ferment in French society just before the Revolution, and strikes one as a powerfully blatant impostor. Cagliostro was the Mirabeau of charlatanism. His portrait is like Mirabeau's.

Lafayette is handed down to us in an engraving by Paon, "war painter to his Highness the Prince of Condé," as he may have wished himself to be shown to posterity, and as the *bourgeoisie* of Paris expected to see him when he was "camp marshal to the king, and commander of the national guard." Lafayette, a finical, natty person, stands before a neighing war-horse (which is held by a negro man-

servant) in an American Volunteer uniform and the feathered hat of a French nobleman. His wide brim is thatched all round with ostrich feathers, the ends of which droop over the brim. The general points toward an army which marches in the direction of a bay filled with transport-vessels, but his eyes look in an opposite direction. The letterpress tells us that—

"L'Amérique était asservie  
Ce héros vint briser ses fers  
Son succès au delà des mers  
Préparait ceux de la Patrie."

Near to Lafayette is a picture of the last *lit* (i.e., lecture or reading) of justice. (Carlyle, by-the-by, translates *lit de justice*, "bed of justice," as he translated *serviettes*—i.e., portfolios of the judges and councillors of the Parliament of Paris—"towels.") Louis is perched up on a throne in a corner, on a lofty, and, to modern eyes, grotesque scaffolding covered with *fleur-de-lys* cloth. There is no access, save from behind, to his perch. One of his brothers sits on a step at the edge of the scaffolding. The position is an uneasy one, there being no baluster, and the top of the last step being, perhaps, seven feet from the ground. The Duc d'Orléans protests, with the judges, against the king's order to register what has been read in his name. They are drawing down thunderbolts upon themselves and on the monarchy with light hearts, not knowing what they do.

And so we come to Washington as a young colonel of the United States Militia, and also as a soldier under Braddock in the service of King George, whose weakness he learned when serving him against the French in Ohio. I deem it a piece of good luck to have had my former impressions of Washington corrected by this portrait. By the time he was raised to the dignity of Father of his Country, his countenance was spoiled by an ill-fitting set of false teeth (American dentistry not yet existing). We have him among the mute witnesses in a large oval water-color miniature, done on rough paper, and in the French style of the time. Washington, under Braddock, took a good many French prisoners. It is possible that there was one among them who knew how to paint a good portrait. The American patriot in this miniature is a young man, and ought to be a man of strong impulses and passions, held well in hand.

There is no constrained set expression in the under part of the face, and there is manly beauty and dignity in the whole head. You get at once into sympathetic feeling with the Colonel, who must be as courageous as he is thoughtful and judicious. The hazel eyes, accustomed to watch for ambushes of French and Indians in a wild country, have an eagle glance that scours the horizon. Washington was an eager as well as a judicious man. He shrank from no responsibility when once he saw his way to do a daring thing which it was well to venture upon. The hair is less carefully brushed than in most of Washington's portraits, and grows from the scalp, though young men wore wigs when he was sent to Fort Ohio. There is a slight dust of powder on it. George, the founder of the United States, followed the gentlemanly modes of his time at a distance. Possibly he might have evolved into George the First of the Kingdom of America, if about the time he sat for this sketchy likeness he had not been jilted. We may assume that his lady-love was insensible to those qualities which make him to our eyes the greatest political man of his century and the idol of the Americans. Mrs. Martha Custis, when he married her, had gone through a sobering experience of life, and learned wisdom in that school. Her head was as solid as her husband's, and she was appreciative of the quiet happiness of her lot as the wife of a Virginian planter of mental and moral worth, and in the enjoyment of a fair opulence. We do not hear enough of Mrs. Washington. No vestige of her is to be found among the relics with which I deal.

Franklin, according to Greuze, is also widely different from the prosaic patriarch of the United States postage-stamps and from most of his other portraits. In him and Washington there is a characteristic expression that I do not find in a single great Frenchman of their time. They were both weighted by a sense of their responsibilities, purposeful, patient, and self-reliant, and Washington was high hearted. All this told in their physiognomies. Madame Roland truly said that the tyranny of the Monarchy for eleven centuries left no place for steadfastness in the French character. Wit and quick apprehension were the paramount qualities, and wit too often was degraded to ribaldry. She attributed the crimes of the Revolution to

want of moral courage. The upper classes lacked backbone. Franklin, as he looked to Grenze, had an interesting and strong countenance. A thoughtful habit is shown in deep-set, brown eyes. His face explains better than his writings why he was so successful a negotiator, and made his way so far in a society which, if corrupt and light-headed, was quick to perceive and penetrate.

"Scenes from the War of Independence," in another square piece of Jouy cotton, are placed near a grisaille representing a marble bust of Washington as Father of his Country. The bust is supported by a spread eagle, and belonged to Lafayette. The scenes are fanciful, but give insight into French consciousness on the subject of America. It was then pictured as a tropical paradise, inhabited by planters, elegant ladies, and joyous negro slaves, all of whom Lafayette and his troops released from British tyranny.

How far away in the past seems a letter of the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who drew down with flippant levity the first thunderbolt which fell upon the monarchy. This document relates to the ceremonial to be observed at the Assembly of Notables, held in the Palace of Versailles in 1787 and in 1788. Discontent was fast rising in the provinces in those years. Side by side with Dreux Brézé's letter, a seditious placard hangs on the wall. It was stuck on a pillar of the wheat-market at Pamiers, on December 5, 1787, to stir up that burg to revolt against capitalists and high officials accused of being engaged in forestalling operations in cereals (*a pacte de famine*). Paris was in a similar mood, and a mob burned the guard-house of the Place Dauphine. Ladies' fans in that year were turned into arms against the Court, and hinted at the revelations of Madame de la Motte which had come out in London. There is a fan decorated with a too-transparent allegory, making the Queen out to be the associate of a gang of knaves engaged in the diamond-necklace swindle. Truth absolves Cardinal de Rohan of complicity in robbing the jewellers Boerner and Bossange. How tongues must have dealt in *scan. mag.* when that fan was fluted! Pictorial squibs, more or less ribald, are to be found in the hall of the Precursors of the Revolution. Some are clever, some far-fetch-

ed, some stupid, and all done on coarse paper. Voltaire and Rousseau are exalted, and the episcopacy, whose members are wealthy and corrupt, are lampooned, but with constraint, for fear of consequences. There is a wide difference between the turgid allusions of the lampoons of 1787 and the straight hits of Marat's *l'Ami du Peuple* of three years later, or the direct hammering of *le Père Duchêne*, whose editor had studied the vices of the aristocracy as a valet. In one of the "precursor" squibs, "La sottise humaine est citée au tribunal de Démocrite par l'ennemi du sang et l'ami du bon sens." Another is, "Une Allégorie de la Raison représentant la grande guerre contre les aréopotes [the clergy] ou les marchands de l'air qui sacrifient le Dieu de la Nature au Dieu de l'École. Voltaire et Rousseau, grands Évangélistes de la Religion éternelle, qui, suivant Jésus lui-même, consiste dans l'amour de Dieu et des hommes, voyant l'Église bati sur la pointe d'une aiguille la poussent de leurs plumes et la font chanceler." Later on there is a consultation between a bishop and a notary; the bishop, in return for some millions that he wants to enjoy, offers a mortgage on an estate in another world. "C'est une garantie insuffisante," says the notary; "I must advise my clients not to lend the money."

Mrs. Partington keeping out the tide with a mop was hardly more unreasonable than the Lady Artists of Paris, who, in the hope of covering the public deficit, carried their trinkets and silver spoons to the Altar of the Country, or, in plain language, to the Bureau of the National Assembly. Les Dames Artistes are in elegant apparel. Some of them mount the bureau with their offerings. Deputies on the floor hasten to set armchairs on which the ladies may sit while the President harangues them: the galleries are packed with spectators, who applaud. The gifts are childish in their slenderness, and perhaps merely an occasion for the givers to win a little prominence. All seem to play a part in an elegant comedy. The Furies had not yet banished Thalia from the scene.

We mount the stairs, and find at the top Mirabeau on an "Altar of the Country." Altars of the country sprang up in the public places between 1789 and 1794, when the Revolutionary tide began to ebb.



Mirabeau appears as he was, a blusterer of genius and an arrant posturer. He was only ballasted by love of money. His clumsily-shaped body was the incarnation of the tempest. When he was popular, his roughly blocked-out head was made to serve for decorating pottery statuettes, and busts of him were made in Sèvres biscuit, plaster, bronze, marble, Rouen delf and terra cotta. These objects are displayed on the Altar of the Country. The cast (there also) of his seamed face, taken after death, was regarded as a sacred object, but, on the discovery of his "grand treason," was flung aside as recalling one whose memory deserved to rot. I know of nothing in pictorial art so bombastic as "The Death of Mirabeau," which is too elaborately engraved not to have been intended for rich *bourgeois*. I assume it was for them, because the aristocracy did not like bombast. There is a perfect Olympus of Allegorical figures which are not trusted to explain themselves. This is what is said for them :—

"La France" (who wears a royal crown and a mantle studded with fleurs de lys) "en pleurs témoigne ses regrets, et semble faire des efforts pour arracher au tripos l'homme célèbre qu'on voit représenté sur le lit de mort" (a flag on the top of steps), "mais l'heure fatale est sonnée et la Parque obéit au Destin. Mirabeau indique en mourant les coupables auteurs des troubles qui agitent le royaume, et la vérité, soulevant un coin du voile laisse apercevoir une horde de factieux se disputant les débris du Trône qu'ils s'efforcent de renverser ; mais la foudre éclate et vient frapper les perfides ennemis des lois et de la félicité publique." Death is behind weeping France : Fame wipes away a tear and prepares to blow her trumpet. Time crowned with stars points to a tablet which is as if about to fall from Mirabeau's hands. Thereon is written his declaration, made when he had taken a bribe from the Court :—"Je combattrai les factieux de quelque parti qu'ils soient, de quelque côté qu'ils se trouvent." Amoretti weep as this resonant phrase falls from the orator's mouth.

Mirabeau's was the first of a series of political funerals carried on through a period of a hundred years. This kind of apotheosis was unknown in France before his death. David, then struggling up, was the initiator of the grand theatrical

funeral for which the streets of Paris have so often served as a stage.

A triumphant Liberty, belonging to the Rheims Museum, overshadows the Altar of the Country. The room next to the lobby is devoted to the royal victims offered thereupon—namely, Louis XVI. and his family. Of these royal personages there is a variety of portraits, autographs, and other relics. Nearly every one has seen busts of Marie Antoinette. A particular one at this Exhibition betrays just a touch of silliness which I have not noticed in any other. Yet, what nobility in her mien ! Her husband's bust is idealized ; but one feels as if really in his presence when one stands before a portrait of him by Greuze, who makes him obese, homely, kindly, with pale-blue eyes (in the corner of which there is the ghost of a sly twinkle), and gives him a vast expanse of sunburned fleshy face. A brown print, in which he wears a red cap of liberty and a cockade excites pity—he is so resigned and good-natured. "Monsieur," his brother, wearing the Order of the Holy Ghost, is of a cynical countenance. His sister, Madame Elizabeth, whose stiffly-erect and slender neck is to pass under the axe of the guillotine, has the duck-bill retroussé nose of her grandmother, Marie Leczenska, and generally resembles her, but on a small pattern. She is upright in carriage, and of an ordinary intellect, but is about the most heroic character of the Revolution, and certainly the most simple in her submission to duty, and to the dictates of sisterly affection. The hair of this princess is dressed high. Madame Royale, a girl of nine, and the image of her mother (who treated her with severity), is in the family group. Later in life, her contour took an expression of masculine harshness, and her voice became a rough and deep bass. A toy-house, built in dark-gray cardboard, and having windows of wire net-work, stands nearer, and suggests prison gloom. The King and Dauphin made it for the amusement of the latter when they were virtual prisoners at the Tuileries. The ladies beguiled the tedium of their captivity with needlework. Elizabeth was expert with her needle, and taught her niece, of whose handiwork there is a specimen in a bit of feather-stitch embroidery. Yon miniature of the guillotine, which stands beside a model of the Bastille, cut

out of a stone of that State-prison, is no toy, but a model, by Schmidt, submitted by Doctor Guillotin, "physician in ordinary to the King," to Louis, who improved its mechanism by changing the shape of the blade.

Guillotin himself, as well as his machine, was a good deal pictured on cheap delf. A miniature of him has come down with the other flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution. It gives us the idea of a correct, judicious practitioner with the half-closed eye of one who is mentally thinking out some problem. He was always improving his surgical instruments in order to abridge pain by rapidity in operating, and thought to minimize it at capital executions. The principle of equality was to be demonstrated by the guillotine, since king, nobles, and *sans culottes* were to lose their heads by Dr. Guillotin's process. His small model of his head-lobbing machine is near his miniature, and "is quite equal to cutting off a man's finger"—a policeman says who works it to oblige visitors. Samson, the public executioner, we find, took snuff. His snuff-box, of plain brass, is on view also. Further on are gruesome relics, such, for instance, as a handkerchief steeped in Marie Antoinette's blood. Instruments of torture, which fell into disuse forever at the Revolution, are grouped round the guillotine, which perhaps was used as much as it was by the Revolutionists because it was a novelty. It killed in the twinkling of an eye. Finishing off the King and Queen gave it prestige, and made it the rage as a gratis spectacle. An old evil is most dangerous in a new form.

Of poor little Louis XVII. there is a heartrending portrait taken when he was under Simon's care; a blight has come over him, making his features pinched and peaky, and sinking his eyes, which have grown furtive, in their sockets. The lids are scorbutic. A frill, in too much need of the laundress, falls over his black jacket, on which his trousers are buttoned. But a short time ago he was painted sitting on a mossy bank beneath a wild-rose thicket in the Trianon Park, and Madame de Polignac, his governess, cutting roses to throw them into his uplifted hands. An artless fellow-painting shows the queen elegantly dressed, with her children and her Italian greyhound, in her Trianon farm-yard, watching a maid milk a

cow, and surrounded by a cock, hens, geese, goslings, and milk-pails. In no memoirs have we read that the ill-starred queen was fond of dogs, but in these pictorial relics we see many testimonies that she was. A spaniel enters charmingly into a family group, also in the Trianon Park, and is the only being in it that is really free from a simpering affectation of simplicity. Her Majesty, sitting on a knoll at the foot of a gnarled oak, holds with one hand her boy on her knee, and passes the other round the neck of the king, who reclines beside her. An infant—the child who was doomed to perish in the Temple—casts bread-crumbs to a flock of goslings, which may have been purposely separated from the parent goose and gander, which are not to be seen; and an elegant lady, with head on shoulder, looks on in ecstasies. The juvenile princess royal dances a measure, with toe far pointed out, for the amusement of the spaniel, which frisks about her. Rousseau, badly assimilated, underlies the composition. Artists, to be in fashion, Rousseau-ized the pictures ordered of them by august and illustrious patrons. Madame Vigée Le Brun was one of the few persons in relations with the Court who was not bitten by the mania, and preferred *la science du chiffon* to sham rusticities. An engraving, fine as a vignette, of the fiction-founded-upon fact character, and dedicated by permission to the queen, gives her seated on a rock facing the Trianon gate. She rests her arm languidly on the stump of a tree. A gentleman behind her—not the king—leans forward in a sentimental attitude. Courtiers are grouped round; a few of the ladies sit on the grass: gentlemen, fanning them, talk into their ears. The queen is *attendré* either by what is said to her, or by the performance of the strolling company of Savoyards and their dogs and monkeys on the gravel sweep at the gate. The realism of the strollers jars with the sentimentality of the Court. Beneath the varnish of Rousseau-ism one truth is perceptible—namely, that flirtation was the grand pastime at the Trianon, where the king only came by special invitation.

The Princess de Lamballe, *née* Princess de Savoy Carignan, and great-aunt of Victor Emmanuel, in a degree belongs to "the Royal Family," and is the most poetized martyr of the Revolution. Maria Theresa objected to her intimate companionship

with the queen, because of her hypersensibility, which made her faint when, one day boating at Choisy with Marie Antoinette, a man fell out of their boat into the Seine and was drowned. The German Empress (who be it remembered urged Marie Antoinette to be friendly to Madame du Barri when the latter was the Sultana of Louis XV.) thought it disgraceful to faint when a drowning man was to be rescued. Presence of mind would have been noble, whereas the over-mastery of head by nerves was contemptible. We must get rid of the idea of the Princess de Lamballe's beauty, fostered by the photographs of her sold in Paris print-shops. A mute witness in the form of a large oval portrait, colored in chalks, establishes that she was plain, and had a complexion to match with sandy hair, and was of the Savoy Carignan, or House of Italy, type. Though her features are ordinary, she has not a vulgar face. In this portrait there is bitterness beneath her smile, and a spice of primness in her bearing. A stiffly-garlanded hat is set on the side of her high-dressed, powdered hair. When she found herself supplanted by the Duchess de Polignac in the queen's favor, she wept till she thought the source of her tears dried up. Her grievance might have been fresh when those flowers were being woven into the wreath for her hat. The wiew she had to dree was one of heart-bitterness, ending in gruesome tragedy. Married to the heir of the richest nobleman in France, she was a widow at the age of eighteen. Her husband, who was not much her senior, died of debauchery. All her affections were then vested in the queen, of whom she became, during several years, the confidante and daily companion. The poor princess, when the royal family were prisoners, came back from a place of safety abroad, to see how she could serve them. Her head was for the last time seen by her royal mistress, held up on a pike before a window in the Temple.

As a set-off against the Temple relics, comprising a model of that prison-like castle made in dark cardboard by the Dauphin, there are other objects which at one time set blood boiling in France. They are the tools made by Latude, and the ladder, manufactured out of his bed-clothes, by means of which he escaped from the Bastille. A deep window-niche

is given up to documents relating to the taking of that fortress prison, to padlocks of cells made by clumsy smiths who thought ponderousness a guarantee for security. Turgot's great-grandson lent the portrait of that economist and administrator, who foresaw that a grinding *fisc* would be as ruinous to the French Monarchy as it was to the Roman Empire. What is so remarkable in Turgot as here portrayed is that he looks not the business man whom we conceive him, but a man of imagination. Is it possible, without the imagination which enables one to put one's self in the place of others, to be an earnest and eager reformer?

Events came and went so fast between the opening of the States-General and the seizure of the king and queen in their palace, as to keep on the alert all who wanted to chronicle them with pen or pencil. They had to hit their birds on the wing. Camille Desmoulins wrote a legible and even hand before the Revolution. But in the hot haste in which he had later to jot down his impressions it appears to have got disjointed, snagged, and scratchy. We are enabled to see what manner of countenance he had. Well, he was a *beau laid*, sallow, lantern-jawed, and wide-mouthed, but with a glorious pair of black eyes, though one of them slightly squinted. Camille was one of the three or four who, in 1789, thought of and hoped for a Republic. His classical books which he used at school are scored with pen and ink, in passages relating to the grandeur of Republican Rome. A deputy's order for the sitting of the Assembly on October 5, 1789, at Versailles, is signed by Dr. Guillotin. We see in other wreckage thrown up by the sea of oblivion how the Revolution struck those who watched its course. At the start, there was much aiming at effect and staginess. Trifles connected with points of etiquette were thought of prime importance by the Court, which snubbed and teased the deputies of the people rather than oppressed them. A pattern mantle, which the Grand Chamberlain insisted on their adopting for their official costume, is in coarse, black serge, and resembles a pinafore worn behind instead of before. Quite a gallery of likenesses in black and white bring down to us the faces of the men who were emerging from obscurity into public life. "The Tennis Court Oath," depicted at the time,

does not impress one with a high idea of the sincerity of those who took it. They attitudinize too much to be really in earnest. Did they mean it to divert from the palace the anger of the crowd that raged in the streets outside? Probably.

We obtain a glimpse of the social condition of France, as the Monarchy was toppling, by scanning the sumptuary relics. Gentlemen dressed in richer stuffs and in as bright colors as ladies. The lay figures clad in the coats and waistcoats of men of rank have to our eye a fancy-ball character. One effect of the Revolution was to plunge the manhood of the civilized world into black. Muscadins and Incroyables reacted against this in a spirit of levity, and Napoleon, as Emperor, in the spirit of a snob. His Imperial trappings are now absurd, and in his own time must have excited the derision of men like Talleyrand.

Louis XVI., so long as he was thought favorable to constitutional and fiscal reform, was simply adored by his subjects. Here he is on a medallion of biscuit porcelain—"the father of his people, the restorer of French liberties" (when did they ever exist!); "the protector of trades and handicrafts, the Whitesmith King, and the godfather of the American Republic." He is lauded for having set an example of respect for labor in having the Dauphin taught the use of carpenter's tools and of a turning lathe. The poor boy's little plane and bench are among the wreckage collected in this Exhibition. I note, as I read the time-stained laudations of Louis XVI., that his wife's name does not appear in them. But "Madame Veto" is always coupled with him from the moment loyalty to the king cools and the suspicion arises of his playing a double game. The railing and ribald spirit of the eighteenth century is then especially directed against the queen. A Carruthers Gould, of 1791, illustrates a popular song, having for its burden their alleged plan to escape abroad. The king's head is on a cock's body, the queen's on a hen's. The royal pair are Monsieur et Madame Coco. She thus advises him:

*Air—"Oui, Oui."*

"Coco prends ta lunette,  
Ne vois tu pas, dis moi,  
L'orage qui s'apprête,  
Et qui grande sur toi.  
Abandonnons Paris,

Et gagnons du Pays  
Mettons notre ménage  
A l'abri de l'orage  
Dans un petit village  
Ou dans quelque hameau.  
Coco! Coco!

"Sauvons nous plutôt,  
Je vous serre les nippes;  
Toi, gère le magot.  
Des charges municipales  
Laissons le tripot.  
Quittons notre Palais,  
Et tons nos grands laquais  
Abandonnons encore,  
L'écharpe tricolore,  
Que si bien te décore,  
Et ton petit manteau.  
Coco! Coco!"

Enthusiasm for the States-General is felt chiefly by the bourgeoisie in Paris. Pictorial artists are quick to take advantage of this feeling. They work in the spirit which inspired the pedantic engraving of the death of Mirabeau. Two of their colored engravings depict two cars four tiers in height. Representatives of the nobility of Paris and of the Ile de France are seated on one of the vehicles, and the deputies of the commons on the other. The nobles, in their gala dresses, which they wore for the last time in 1789, are drawn by a team of lions. D'Orleans acts as coachman. He and his fellow-aristocrats have feathered hats and gorgeous clothing. Here the lions are supposed to symbolize the warlike character of the aristocracy, who were so soon to run away from France, and to be called "émigrés" instead of poltroons. Bulls and lambs draw the deputies of the people. Hope stands on the footboard behind. Fame flies before the car, blowing her trumpet. Minerva, looking like a Parisian grisette at a fancy-ball, is seated at a cloud, smiling at the deputies. The association of the bulls and lambs has now a funny effect, which it was far from producing a hundred years ago.

It is pretty certain that if the deputies and the allegory-and-rhetoric-loving bourgeoisie had not had behind them a volcanic populace, the Court would have got the better of the National Assembly. There is much in this collection which speaks of the promptness of the plebs to act at critical turning-points. Their intervention saved the Revolution from failure. A rude art sprang up during the events of which Paris was the theatre between 1789 and 1795. Its object was to do what is



now accomplished by the halfpenny newspaper. Few plebeians then knew how to read. The favorite pictures of the events of the day were typical in their character. Each contained a group of human beings, working with furious ardor at some revolutionary or patriotic task. The figures were outlined, next embossed, and then colored. I never saw more speaking pictures. They are all inspired by the events they seek to represent, very impressionist, and though rude and crude have the spirit of an epic poem. Every figure has a distinct physiognomy. Gaiety is mingled with the popular *furia*. In no case is there a seeking after effect; but effect is never missed, because there is such a strong desire to picture things as the artist saw them. The actors in this historical imagery are nearly all *sans culottes* (or trousers-wearers as distinguished from wearers of shorts), or fishwomen and other lower-stratum females. An etching touched up with colors, which I should think is a very truthful representation, gives the famous charge of Prince de Lambesc's cavalry at the gate of the Tuileries gardens. There is nothing heroic on either side. German (their faces show their nationality) dragoons slash scared and rather cowardly bourgeois, who have come for a Sunday outing. There are paterfamilias, his stout and somewhat vulgar-looking wife, their grown-up daughter, whom they have taken to the Promenade, and many prosaic individuals in Sunday clothes. The elderly persons have the fat, loose-built figures given by good eating and sedentary habits. Most of them are panic-stricken. But an old lady furiously faces round toward a dragoon to give him a piece of her mind. He does not seem to understand her invective. We are shown in other artless embossed prints how nuns took the decree releasing them from their vows and secularizing their convents; how Paris wrought for national defence committees, and how its plebeian women behaved in their march on Versailles. One John Wells followed them, noting their acts and deeds with a quick and graphic pencil. Who can he have been? The few sketches he made are so good that one is surprised at his having been swallowed up in oblivion. He and his fellow-limners give on the whole a favorable impression of the women who went out against Versailles to fetch the Royal family as hostages back to Paris.

As Madame Campan remarked, they are neatly dressed, but mannish and haggard from want. One word describes their mental and moral state—desperation. We know that they were driven forward to risk the gallows by the cries of their children for bread.

Wells and many other artists quite unknown to fame, though worthy of renown, give the triumphant return of the women and the Paris crowd and National Guards which followed them to Versailles. The episodes of the march back are very funny and very awful. Not a sign of respect is shown for the Crown. Indeed, the whole thing looks like a mirthful saturnalia, though the forest of pikes, scythes, and reaping-hooks is enough to make the flesh creep. Those rural implements suggest an influx of country folks into Paris, the immediate suburbs of which were quite in the country.

Beaumarchais should be among the precursors, but is classed with the actors in events which took place after the Assembly came to Paris. He comes down to us, according to Lepécie, as a wide-awake boy, and as an adult according to Greuze. "The child," in his case, is plainly "the father of the man." In an autograph letter to Bailly he protests against the slanders of which he is the butt. There is a Talleyrand at the age of twenty, in an abbé's robe and bands—baby-faced, fair, refined, intriguing, and saucy.

Skipping much precious matter, we glance at a letter of Louis XVI., dated August 10, 1792, and penned in the logographs' (read "reporters'") gallery at the Assembly. This is his last act of authority. The letter is addressed to a Captain Durier, whom the king orders to cease to defend the Tuileries. As to the handwriting, it is that of a placid, painstaking schoolboy. Though pictorial "interviewers," as we find from sketches taken of the Royal prisoners, followed them into the box, and a decisive step on the road toward the guillotine was being taken, one may examine this State paper with a magnifying glass and find no trace of nervous tremor. Temple relics come after the letters. A night-shirt which was made for the king's prisoners has the Government stamp of "Louis Rex." Louis Capet slept in this garment the night before his execution. The Dauphin, when he went to the Temple, had on a pretty little silken

suit of a quaint cut: the coat is green and white, the waistcoat pink and white, and the knee breeches are lavender-gray with steel figured buttons. His stockings and shoes are elegant, though not particularly expensive. The stitching of the clothes betrays an inexperienced seamstress. The Queen and her sister-in-law, it is stated in a letter of Clery, the King's faithful valet, made this suit, which was not greatly worn before the young Prince had to change it for a plainer one given for winter use by the Commune of Paris. When he was under Simon the cobbler bonds were issued in the name of Louis XVII. by "the Catholic Army, payable when monarchy is restored." They circulated in the west of France, where the assignats of the Republic did not run. These debentures for the first time are exhumed. Historians who plead extenuating circumstances for the harsh usage the ill-starred Dauphin met with should not forget the bonds of the Catholic Army.

The activity of the guillotine in the Reign of Terror and in the Thermidor reaction comes home to one in looking over quite a gallery of black and white portraits of men of the Revolution. The word *decapité* is written under the greater number. Savants are among the few exceptions. Defeated generals have no choice between flight and decapitation. The will of the beheaded king was taken from the Temple to the national archives, whence the organizers of the Exhibition obtained a loan of it. There are tear stains on the yellow letter paper on which it is drawn up, and the handwriting is shaky where the dis-crowned testator asks pardon of his wife for any offence he may have given her, as he forgives her what pain she ever caused him. The speech of his counsel Desèze lies with the will. It was published by order of the Convention—a plucky act. Belonging to this set of papers is a decree of the Convention in the names of Liberty, Equality, and Justice (no Fraternity), decreeing the execution of Louis Capet. One is horror-struck in glancing over the surrounding objects. "Louis mounts the scaffold," "Louis is shown to the people," "Food for reflection, dedicated to the crowned heads of the world." This "food" is the holding up by a coarse masculine hand, which grasps a pigtail, of the freshly decapitated head. An awful picture truly! How describe it without

being a naturalist? The ex-sanguine face is the color of a calf's-head at the butcher's. Infinite suffering and resignation are still expressed, though life has fled, in the region of the eyes. In all that deals with civic, or republican, or revolutionary sentiment there is force. Whatever was done in Paris, so far as we can ascertain from the relics in this Exhibition, shows that Royalist art was feeble. The artists at the service of the Monarchy ran into poor conceits. Puzzle pictures of an elegiac nature of king, queen, and royal children met the taste of their partisans. But, contrasting with these affectations, is an intercepted letter of Marie Antoinette to the Comte de Provence, enclosing him the signet-ring of her husband. Grief was never expressed in more pathetically lovely and simple terms.

Robespierre and Marat are enigmatical characters. Their deeds were horrible; but the casts of their heads taken after death are of ineffable sweetness. In both the cerebral development is poor, particularly in the coronal region. The skulls, each of which goes up into a point, may have pressed there on the brains. Phrenological developments, or lack of development, taken with facial traits, betoken ill-balanced minds. Marat's face, in David's portrait of him, is in all but complexion that of a Red Indian. Robespierre's sister, on the other hand, is sweet, serene, pensive, and of a lovely purity of expression.

Charlotte Corday, according to Danloux, one of her portraitists, was a rather good-looking young woman, more the peasant than the lady. She had a hard, quick, wilful glance. Tallien was another ill-balanced creature. He had the profile of an Egyptian dog-god. Carnot, the one noble character of the Directory, looks sweet and shrewd. His watch, a plain "turnip," and bunch of seals, have little intrinsic value. Two gold medals granted him by the Academy of Dijon belong to the relics, lent by his son's widow. His spectacles have heavy steel rims, his inkstand is in plain bronze, and his snuff-box of the same metal has on the lid a gouache portrait of himself. Carnot's Director's sword bears on one side a motto which he proposed as the rule of conduct of the Directory: "Unity to restore peace."

But his love of peace and his contentment with a slender income did not suit

the men and women who rose to the top in Thermidor. To escape banishment to Cayenne, he had at the Coup d'État of Fructidor to fly to Switzerland, and was obliged to remain a long time in exile. The principle of corruption which was at work originated greatly in the temptations to plunder which were held out to common people by the sweeping confiscations and the guillotining of rich aristocrats, and especially by the army of Italy being invited to plunder by Bonaparte. Mechanics who were dishonest presidents of sections, were as if fixed in amber by the artists who did the embossed pictures for the vulgar. Those who got rich on plunder began to fear the return of the Bourbons, and went with a rush to Napoleon. Pleasure and financial speculation absorbed the newly enriched class. The streets were as a fancy-ball. Prints of the period show women chanting, as amazons, war songs in the streets. "Bals masqués at Paphos," are now subjects on ladies' fans. Civilians wearing corkscrew curls, and having a mincing air, plot for monarchy. Theatrical costumes are invented for old men, who look like Druids. Churches are transformed into temples of sentiment. Josephine Beauharnais becomes a society queen, and intrigues with Barras for Louis XVIII. She writes good English, an accomplishment that later served her in wheedling English agents, when Bonaparte was hemmed in at Acre. She was a luxurious being. Her scent-bottles and pocket-handkerchiefs retained her first husband's coronet until she became Empress of the French. The gay world of the Directory flocked to her house

in the Rue Chantierine. Lucien Bonaparte engaged the pictorial journals to puff his brother. He came out in their cartoons as "Bonaparte the Clemente," "Bonaparte pointing on a map of Germany at Rastadt," "Bonaparte, Pacifier of Europe," "Bonaparte contemplating the Pyramids," "Bonaparte braving the plague at Jaffa." Nobody thought of the other generals. Bonaparte is made to "question the Sphinx on his destiny." She says, "Make haste to touch again native soil." Though crushed on the Nile, he came back as if a victor. The Revolutionary Museum ends in a show of Imperial frippery worthy of Tussaud's, and in savage caricatures of Napoleon and Josephine by Gilray.

The caricaturist had no conception of the physical grace and refinement of Josephine. He heard of her as a middle-aged woman, the mother of two nearly grown-up children, and as being twice married, and assumed her to be a staringly dressed blowzy materfamilias who, though good-natured, is puffed up. In Marie Antoinette's dressing-room she is quite the hand-maid who is heir to her mistress. In one of his caricatures, Gilray saw farther than most men of his day. Nelson, with a following of Nile crocodiles, Prussia, Russia, and Napoleon are busy carving at a plum-pudding which represents the globe. The other Powers scarcely count. John Bull is willing to let the three Continental Powers have a free hand if he be allowed right of passage in the Mediterranean, and Egypt as a road to India and to undiscovered lands in Africa.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### CAN WOMEN COMBINE?

BY E. P. WILDE.

It is doubtless a wise and beneficent arrangement that the great body of living creatures upon this earth should be devoid of the power of acting in combination. Were mere brute force capable of self-organization and co-operative action man must long since have succumbed to the superior might of some of the so-called lower animals. But this incapacity is not limited to the brute creation. The lowest savages, though they may fight, or hunt,

or live in communities, have always a tendency to fly apart, to form new and smaller communities; the tie binding any individual to the corporate body is easily snapped by some bait to personal cupidity, or vanity, or love of ease. It was not to the want of individual skill or valor on the part of his enemies that Cæsar attributed the success of his invasion of Britain, but to their inability to combine against him.

Civilized races have of course always

possessed some measure of the power of acting in concert, and among these the most intelligent have undoubtedly been those who possessed this power in the highest degree. It is the same with individuals composing nations. *Esprit de corps* is better understood and has a more binding effect upon the educated and intelligent classes than it has upon the lower orders in a community. When the struggle for existence presses sorely the natural man is apt to snatch what personal advantage comes in his way, without any consideration of the consequences to his fellows. Nor is this to be deplored. Men living in these circumstances cannot possibly judge wisely even for their own class; yet their overwhelming numbers in every civilized community would enable them, if combined, to crush out of existence the chosen few by whom and for whose sake they are saved from extinction, to utterly destroy the salt of the earth which serves to keep the huge carcass of humanity from putrefaction.

But many of the lowest classes are in these days learning the secret of combined action, or are having it thrust upon them by professional agitators, politicians, and philanthropists; and men who are not intelligent enough to see the ultimate result of their action, have acquired sufficient command over their merely individual propensities to face want and physical misery in obedience to the order of the leaders of an organization. It may be urged that the possession of so much self-control as is required to do this argues that the possessors of it no longer belong to the lowest classes, and are therefore not unfitted to judge of what is best for themselves and their fellows. This might in some measure be admitted, did the tendency to combine grow up naturally. But we know this is not so with our lowest classes. We know that it is only by a judicious mingling of cajolery with menace that a very large portion of the working classes is forced into organized action—a form of cajolery and menace, moreover, not by any means addressed to the higher intelligence or the better feelings of mankind. Almost any human animal can appreciate the personal pleasure of doing a half-day's work for a whole-day's wage, or of living in a house without paying any rent for it. Almost every creature can understand the misery of being waylaid and beaten by

half a dozen of one's fellows, as well as of being shunned and tabooed at the public-house and other places of common resort. Yet it is by the admixture of this kind of pleasing promises with savage threats that most of the combinations formed among the working-classes have in these days succeeded.

These are, however, men—all men! Women have hitherto generally stood aloof from combined effort. But now an attempt is being made, as spasmodic attempts have before been made, to organize female labor, female talent, female energy. Like all movements which originate without a body, and are artificial instead of spontaneous, these efforts have in the main failed, and will it may safely be predicted in the immediate future continue to fail. But why, it may be asked, should that which has succeeded where men are concerned fail when applied to women? Before attempting to reply to this question let me ask another. Have the Trades Unions and their outcome the strikes, succeeded—that is to say, have they permanently benefited the men they were intended to benefit? Is the condition of the laboring poor in these countries better, and not worse, since the workers have combined against their employers? It would be idle, perhaps, at the present time to expect any but one answer to this question. The British public has scarcely yet recovered from the fit of feverish enthusiasm (to periodical attacks of which, as we all know, it is subject) into which it was thrown last autumn by the great strike of the dock laborers in London. We took a side in that struggle between Capital and Labor, and our side gained the day, or seemed to do so, and we were well pleased.\* It would be unpleasant to acknowledge that we had no reason to congratulate ourselves upon that occasion, as we should have to do were we to admit that the combination of workers in general against their employers has not been of any real benefit to our laboring classes. Let us defer answering this question therefore, and continue to congratulate ourselves upon the fine spirit that was shown by many of the

\* The action of the women in a recent strike in an East-End shirt factory is an interesting example of the peculiar disposition of the sex. The women struck, not on their own behalf, but to help the men who were employed in the factory.



laborers, the sympathy and kindly feeling manifested by society at large during the whole period of the strike. In ten or fifteen years we shall be better able to judge of the value of that victory of Labor.

It is hardly likely that our labor-market will be affected to any serious extent by the conclusions of the Berlin Conference. Were it possible to establish any kind of international legislation on the subject of labor there would still remain numberless difficulties arising from the different habits of different nations, the unequal cost of living in various countries, etc. The poor Polish or German Jew counts himself well off on the pittance that would barely keep an Englishman alive. Until our working-classes have learned some of the thrifty and industrious habits of Continental nations they will never be able to compete with them in certain branches of production.

The thrifty Scot and the potato-eating North Irishman have largely benefited by the strikes in the London ship-building trade, and the policy that silenced the sound of the hammer on the Thames has awakened it on the banks of the Clyde and the shores of Belfast Lough. Well—these are our fellow-countrymen—we may be glad for them to reap the benefit. But was this result intended or foreseen by the men who brought it about? It is seldom, too, that a trade forsaking any body of British subjects remains in these countries. Far oftener it is the foreigner who is the only gainer by our internal dissensions. The printers of London are, perhaps, the best organized body of workmen in the kingdom, and no doubt the trade of printer is still a good one even in England. But how many English printers are there in proportion to our population and the amount of printed matter required by us? In this, as in almost every trade not demanding the actual presence of the worker in this country, the frugal-living, thrifty, industrious German takes a very large slice from the bread that should go to feed our own children. The German printer is found able to compete with the English printer even in the special department of the latter; and, in spite of being handicapped by the cost of transit, succeeds in driving him in many cases from the field. How far foreign competition in the printing trade may extend, it is hard to say. It would, for example, be inter-

esting and instructive to ascertain what proportion of the Christmas and New Year's cards sold during the months of December and January have borne the stamp, *Printed in Germany*; of those that have come under the writer's notice about ninety per cent were from the Fatherland.

But there is no need, alas! to multiply instances of the decline of our trade. While we were rocking ourselves to sleep in happy security that we were the Heaven-ordained manufacturers and traders of the world, other nations were awake and straining every nerve to teach us under what a delusion we labored. Their efforts have been crowned with success. Not only has our trade in a great measure been wrested from us, but foreign artisans and laborers of every sort are rapidly pushing their British rivals aside. A few years since France saw the rank and file employed in one of her great public works entirely composed of foreigners—a strange and sorry sight for any country! Some persons who have an intimate acquaintance with the British workman think it not impossible that the experience of our neighbor may be our own before long, and that our next great metropolitan or national piece of work may fall into the hands of French, or German, or Italian workmen. It is well known that a number of Italian workmen were employed in the construction of the new Forth Bridge. What, one would like to know, was the reason of this?

Still, so far as the men of the working classes, in general, are concerned, foreign competition has its limits. Living in Germany and France is in some respects dearer than in England, though the habits of the people enable them to be comfortable upon what is often wasted by the same class in these countries. The great drain upon the male population by the military system of the Continent also tends to increase the price of men's labor, so that although the population of Germany, especially among the working classes, increases rapidly, the strain of this is not felt by them as it is here. Since three years are taken out of every workman's life by the military authorities, the actual working population is considerably reduced on the Continent; this must affect the cost of production there, and, as a consequence, the extent to which foreign competition is to be dreaded by English workers.

But with regard to both home and foreign competition women are in a much worse position, a position moreover not likely to be favorably affected by any international regulations. Workingwomen, like workmen, fall naturally into the two great classes of skilled and unskilled laborers. In the existing condition of the former there is little to cause anxiety, except its numerical weakness. Parents in these countries are unfortunately rather negligent of their duty toward their daughters; few girls are subjected to the discipline, or afforded the training that is in almost every rank given to their brothers. Odd jobs in the lowest classes, and a little amateur sewing and housework in the classes rather higher in the social scale, fill up the years that ought to be employed in giving a girl some kind of practical outfit with which to start in life. Even when taught a trade, such as millinery or dressmaking, the laws which bind the apprentice to her employer are too lax to make it worth while for the latter to concern herself greatly with the girl's training. Much of her day is passed in going on errands, and, although this may be a healthful arrangement, it scarcely adds to her knowledge or skill. In the workroom, she is often too careless and ignorant to be entrusted with anything but the most elementary part of her trade. Not unfrequently, when her time is served, she knows little more than when she entered upon her apprenticeship. But even this modicum of training is valuable, and the girl who has enjoyed it is in a fairly independent position, provided she remain unmarried, for the rest of her life. Skilled manual labor among women, as among men, is highly prized and well paid for at the present day, as may be seen by the continuous demand for dressmakers and milliners in the advertising columns of the daily papers. And this is so without any organization whatsoever. Competent seamstresses, mantle-cutters, fitters, bodice-hands, bonnet-trimmers, are all able to command a fair price for their labor, and their employers have chiefly to complain that the supply is so limited. Indeed, such is the price demanded at the present time for all this kind of work, that a new branch of feminine industry has been created by it. A school for imparting instruction in the art of clothing the female form divine, with due regard to fashion if

not to beauty, has sent its teachers into almost every town of the kingdom, and almost every middle-class family boasts at least one *couturière* among its daughters. This is the natural result of the high prices asked by professional dressmakers; for woman, like the ratepayer, is generally poor, and her time is of little monetary value. Nevertheless, were a union of workwomen, who understand their business and can really work, considered desirable, the dressmaking and kindred trades could probably bear it for many years.

There are always numbers of women that have either no necessity, or no inclination, or no time to make their clothes, and clever workers are pretty sure of having their services well paid by these. The same remark holds good of domestic servants. The really competent cook, or housemaid, or general servant, is in England one of the most independent and best paid of workingwomen. Even the incompetent servant fares comparatively well, and a mistress after taking the trouble of teaching and training a young woman finds herself merely in the position of the tenant who is called on to pay an increased rent for the improvements he himself has made.

And why should this be? Because domestic service is the one employment which is most universally objected to. Perhaps it is not wholly unreasonable that women, who are emotional creatures, should object to making their homes in the houses, and passing their lives in the services of people with whom, however intimately connected, they are expected to have nothing in common. A girl naturally looks for companions, for sympathy, for some "life," while she is young, and the enjoyment of these is seldom compatible with the discharge of her duties as a domestic servant. So long as Englishwomen are ashamed or unable to do the work of their homes themselves—so long must the women who are willing to adopt domestic service as a profession be rewarded and decently treated. No strong combination of female servants could, at the present time, be resisted, though it is pretty certain it would eventually force a new class of workers into this employment, and might finally bring us back to the patriarchal mode of living, in which a very large share of the household labor was not

only organized and overlooked, but actually done by the mistress of an establishment. But that time is still a long way off and, as remarked, servants, if combined as a Trades Union, could in these days almost dictate their own terms to their employers. Such a union has, however, scarcely ever been prophesied. It is not necessary, people say, and fail to perceive that precisely in the proportion in which combination is unnecessary is it likely to be successful.

Who dreams of a Trades Union for daily and resident governesses, for the ladies who advertise, as part of their stock-in-trade, the fact that they are the daughters of a naval officer or the sisters of a clergyman? It is well known that if all the private governesses in the kingdom were to strike work to-morrow, the agitation would scarcely cause a flutter in a single household, and would certainly not improve the condition of the strikers. And why? Because the supply of governesses is far in excess of the demand, and is becoming more and more disproportionate every year; not because these ladies are entirely unfitted for the task of education, but merely because they are numerous. The best trained teachers in general seek places in public and other large schools; but such openings are few in comparison with the numbers desiring them. The ranks of private teachers have long been over-full, yet every year new recruits press in, while every year the great educational mill of the Continent turns out a fresh batch of teachers on our shores. The effect of this plethora of teaching stuff bears hardly upon thousands of honest industrious Englishwomen; yet no one supposes that either a strike or any other result of combination would be of service to them. But why do ladies admit this in the case of governesses and deny it in the case of other workwomen?

The truth is, ladies understand the facts of the case in this matter. Benevolent women, whose hearts are deeply touched with pity for the unhappy victims of Capital in another class than their own, are the first to recognize the truth where ladies are concerned. "My dear, half of the girls at the present day are superfluous," is a not uncommon remark; and then, with a little sigh, you are told that governesses in general belong, in the opinion of the gentle speaker, to the great,

melancholy army whose badge bears the inscription, *Not Wanted*.

"How did you manage to pick up such a charming and accomplished girl as that governess of yours?" an acquaintance of mine asked a friend. "Oh, very easily," was the reply. "I chose her simply because she was willing to come for no salary, and I could have had crowds of others, I believe, on much the same terms." "I am so tired," said a slender, delicate-faced, young creature to me one evening, as I bade her good-night. "I have been scrubbing Mrs. —'s floor," she added, by way of explanation; "the soot came down the chimney and made the room so dirty that Mrs. — could not sleep in it, so I had to clean it, for, of course, we could not ask any of the servants to do such work at this hour." This girl was the daughter of a professional man, and was employed as governess in a house in which I was visiting lately; it was nearly midnight and she had been at work from soon after seven in the morning.

If, then, it be true that, even in the case of persons possessing a moderate degree of skill in their trade or profession, numbers suffice to reduce the workers to a position little better than that of serfdom, how much more likely is this to be so when these are totally unskilled, as is the case of the unhappy women at the East End of London? Yet these are the women whom it is now sought to combine for their own protection in a kind of Trades Union. The intention is no doubt excellent, but the execution is fraught with difficulties, and the result, even if it could be managed, far from likely to benefit the majority of the workers.

Any organization of female labor must inevitably become either a small union of skilled workers, who do not specially require combination in order to get a fair wage, or else sink into a mere Charitable Society. This is true of women's work in a way in which it is not true of men's. A very large proportion of the most miserable workers in this country are married women or widows. This implies, in the first place, that they probably have not always been entirely dependent upon their own labor for their support; and, secondly, that they have not pursued any one calling uninterruptedly.

By those who oppose the opening of

certain trades and professions to women, it is often said: "The competition of women will inevitably lower the remuneration of the workers all round, and this will bear more hardly on men than on the opposite sex. What will support a woman decently will not support a man, who, in addition to being a more expensive animal, is expected to maintain a wife and a family of children." In the lowest classes this is only partially true; most of the women belonging to them are expected to do something toward filling the common purse. But a woman who has children and attends to them, who keeps her little home clean, washes for the family, sews and cooks for them, can do little other work. It is true that she is obliged to neglect many of these duties in order to eke out the pittance her husband provides her with; but some of them she cannot shirk, and these are sufficient to prevent her from pursuing any form of labor systematically, as well as from attempting any kind of higher work. The making of cardboard and match-boxes is one of the worst paid trades in this country; because it is one that can easily be learned, does not require great cleanliness of person or surroundings, and her children can assist the worker in her labor from an early age. Consequently if we were to organize all the match-box makers of the East End tomorrow, it would avail nothing. A new troop of workers would rapidly spring up to take the place of the old, since the work is simple, and there are always women wanting an employment to save them from the stern discipline of the poor-house. Even should all the poor women of these countries join this union, the result would only be that the entire trade of match-box making would fall into the hands of foreigners. A part of the trade has already indeed left the country, and it is greatly to be feared that the present agitation will sweep away the remainder. The British match-box maker will receive for her labor a small fraction beyond the remuneration that would suffice to support life in the cheapest towns and villages of the European Continent. If she accept this, she will in all probability be chosen rather than a foreigner to do the work; but if she refuse it, then there is little doubt that the trade will take flight, and leave the unhappy creatures at present earning some kind of livelihood by it in still worse

plight than they are. Once let it become the settled industry of such a community as is to be found in many a Swedish hamlet or German forest-village, and it is gone from our people forever. The foreigner, working under healthier conditions, inured to poverty and of thrifty habits, will acquire such dexterity as to leave the London rival far behind, and make it easy for the trader to gain his profit without being held up to execration by the majority of his countrymen.

This holds good too of a higher order of labor. The "finishers" of mantles and jackets form another class of ill-paid workers. But they are working under much the same conditions as the match-box makers. Many of them are only eking out a subsistence and could take no regular daily employment, or they have not been trained to do good work. A woman, when her family becomes too numerous for her husband to support, or the latter falls ill, loses work, or takes to drinking, is forced to make some shift to keep a roof over her head. Machine-work readily suggests itself in such circumstances. The machine is probably bought on the hire-system and a little instruction soon makes the purchaser able to use it. She applies for work and, if she is fortunate enough to receive it, devotes all the time to it she can spare from attending to her husband and children, cleaning, washing and cooking. But work done under these conditions is not likely to be first-rate work. Few people would care to give good material to a person in this position, with whom it is liable to be crushed, soiled, or otherwise injured in the small and crowded home in which a married woman of the working classes is almost certain to live. Knowing this, the employer is sure to entrust such a person with only the cheapest class of work, and it is, in fact, only such work that is done by these women.\*

And here may be noted one or two points in which woman's work differs from man's, and places her at a disadvantage,

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\* It is not meant here to assert that only married women, or women with families, or those whose time cannot be wholly given to their work, are employed in poorly paid trades; but that such women, being always glad to take any work requiring no great nicety and that can be done at home, must handicap the others.



when any form of combination is attempted.

The laws of Trades Unions are framed in the interests of the mediocre worker, and the best as well as the worst workman must consequently suffer from them. A really clever and conscientious man is deprived by them of the power of showing his superiority, and of obtaining the reward which is due to his talents and character. The inferior worker, on the other hand, is often a still greater sufferer. He is readily seen to be worth less than his fellows, yet he may not accept the small wage which is the just reward of his inferior labor, and he is therefore driven out of regular employment down into a lower class, where his intrusion helps to make life a little harder for the poor unskilled laborer earning a haphazard livelihood by picking up any chance work that may fall in his way. But the nature of women will never submit to such treatment as this. Women are far too strongly individual to allow themselves to be boiled down in the common female-labor caldron to a kind of feminine hodge-podge. The best workwoman is generally she who has few social ties and few pleasures in life. The joys of the public-house, the race-course, and the gambling-table are denied to the decent working girl, and she is forced to find an outlet for her affections in the products of her labor. Her work becomes dear to her, a part of herself, and she could no more bear the thought of having it rated with work which she considers inferior, than a mother could bear to have her children classed with the children of other people whom she despises.

And even if this were not true, women's work is subjected to another disadvantage, which scarcely affects many of the trades engaged in by men. Trades Unions succeed in keeping up the price of labor in certain trades because the workmen as yet are practically limited to persons residing in these countries. Masons, carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, painters, etc., are all obliged to live at least for a time in the country in which they work. Now, these trades are not acquired readily, or without considerable training and experience. But it is only the comparatively well-to-do parents in England who have their sons taught a trade. Consequently, if a strike take place in any of

these trades, the employers are in a great measure at the mercy of the employed, for their places cannot readily be filled up. Good artisans, when unable to find employment at home, emigrate or adopt some other calling, so that there is never a large standing army of qualified workmen ready to supply the defection of a large body of actual workers. Hitherto it has been counted unadvisable to import artisans in large numbers from abroad; even if their work were superior, their ignorance of the language and of the peculiarities of the English branch of their trade must lessen the value of their services. The gradual introduction of foreigners would be of no assistance to employers. Being obliged to reside in this country, the foreigner would soon acquire the ways of his English fellow-workers and would certainly throw in his lot with them in any struggle between Capital and Labor. The German is generally very humble in his demands when he comes as a stranger to this country seeking work; but once he has got a footing, there is no Briton who sets a higher value on his services.

On the other hand, in the worst paid trades in which women are employed their presence in a certain district or country is not essential. This causes foreign competition to bear with peculiar hardness on them. If they work less well than women abroad, or demand a much higher price for their work, it is sure to fall into the hands of foreigners. This is in effect what has happened. The needlewomen at the East End are not highly skilled workers; those at the West End ask too high prices to give the trader enough profit for his risk and labor; and therefore the best part of the trade has left the country.

A lady, looking over the stock in a wholesale mantle warehouse lately, remarked to the young man who was showing the goods to her that they seemed chiefly to be of German manufacture. "Oh, yes," he replied, "we get all our best work from Germany; we could get nothing like this done here." It is not to be supposed that the women of these countries cannot do what their Teutonic sisters can, but that the price asked for good work here is such as practically to put it in the hands of the latter. All this may appear very cruel and unfair in the eyes of many amiable persons, and may

lead them to say hard things of traders and employers of labor. But these well-meaning people must bear in mind that even for traders existence is a terrible struggle. The competition among the trading classes is rapidly reducing the profit of each individual to the lowest point at which it would be worth while to invest capital. No doubt, there are many traders at the present time making a large profit out of badly paid labor, but no interference on the part of the public would remedy this condition of things. Were it possible arbitrarily to raise the price of labor and diminish the trader's profit, the result would be far from desirable. The small capitalists and retail dealers would be unable to support themselves on the merely fractional profit that would suffice to keep large traders afloat. The former would inevitably be driven out of the ranks of capitalists and would pass down into a lower social stratum, there to swell the numbers of the already too numerous working classes. The larger traders, being able to endure until the pressure of competition should be somewhat slackened, would be the real gainers; eventually they would secure their old profits by a return to high prices, and this would of course react unfavorably upon the labor market, by lessening the demand for the goods furnished by labor. Meantime we should be back to past conditions, to a time when high prices must be paid by the nation at large for articles in the production of which it has probably received but a very small portion of the wages spent. This state of matters would bear with peculiar hardness upon the poor. The work done by the lowest class of workers does not benefit people in comfortable so much as it does those in narrow circumstances. The ulsters and other mantles sewn by the East End women for such meagre remuneration are not worn by women who can afford to pay much for clothes, but by women only a little better off in worldly circumstances than the workers themselves. What, then, would be the condition of the working classes, and the poor generally in this country, if clothing and other necessities of civilized life were expensive, while the demand for their labor was gradually diminishing? A cry for Protection would of course be raised, and the protection of manufacturers must be followed by the protection of other interests, notably those

of the farmer and cattle-raiser. But would the country be prepared to return to Protection? And if it were, what would it gain in the long run by it? This is not the place to argue the merits of the case of Free Trade *versus* Protection; the country has decided in favor of the former, and there seems little likelihood of its reversing its judgment.

What, then, it may be asked, is to be done? Are we to leave these wretched victims of our modern civilization to be bled at pleasure by their luckier fellows? Are we to suffer people who happen to be born in poverty to be treated as worse than criminals, and driven down to the lowest point at which existence can be maintained? It would require a stout heart indeed in these days, as well as a cold one, to answer such a question in the affirmative. Let us hope this will never be required of us. Something may no doubt be done toward the amelioration of the lot of these poor sisters; but any great or radical change in their condition is scarcely to be expected, so long as women are plentiful and their labor of no great value. That the establishment of Trades Unions among the poorer female workers would fail to accomplish the desired end, nay, that Trades Unionism itself will never succeed among women, it has been the endeavor of this article to show. At the risk of being tedious, however, it may be well to recapitulate the reasons for such statements. Briefly then, Trades Unionism among the poorest classes of working-women will never succeed, because (1) the trade of most women is only a part of their business, not always the most important part; consequently a class feeling can scarcely exist as it would in the case of men. (2) Many of these workers are only eking out a living, and the low wage paid for their work does not bear very hardly upon them. (3) Others are only obliged to work at intervals, when some special necessity forces them to unusual exertion; they may therefore leave the ranks of these workers any day, and are not likely to make sacrifices for a class to which they only occasionally belong. (4) Work done at home may be taken by persons belonging to very different classes in society, and women who are glad to increase their little incomes, even by the addition of a few pence, would scorn the idea of identifying themselves with the great

mass of their fellow-workers. (5) In many cases it could never be ascertained at what rate women were paid for their work. (6) If all other difficulties were overcome, and women succeeded in forcing up the price of this kind of work by combination, the higher prices could not long be maintained, for they would only succeed in attracting a larger number of workers into the field, or in driving the work out of the country.

We might as well shut our eyes to the law of gravitation and reckon upon an apple remaining unsupported in the air, provided its doing so would benefit many persons known to us, as deny by word or action that competition must influence the labor market, and that when women are superabundant their work is necessarily

cheap. What may be done toward helping these unfortunate persons we cannot now stop to enquire. The object of the present writer is merely to lift a voice of warning against raising hopes that can never be fulfilled, and forcing organizations into existence calculated to have a most injurious effect, not upon one class alone, but upon the country at large. Let benevolent people remember that Nature is not a philanthropist after the modern idea of philanthropy. The great laws by which the Author of all things has caused our world to be governed have been framed for the welfare of mankind, not for any one order or body; and all attempts to interfere with their really beneficent operation must inevitably end in disaster—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

BY WILFRID WARD.

WE hear a good deal in the present day of the love of truth which animates the explorers of physical or historical science, and those who do not unreservedly sympathize with them are said to be indifferent to truth—or even to be its enemies. It is perhaps worth while to remind ourselves that truths may be lost as well as gained; that there are old truths to preserve as well as new truths to learn; that scientific discovery is concerned only with new truth; that though all truth is intrinsically consistent, it may not always appear so in the course of its attainment; and that at a given stage a too exclusive concentration on steps toward new truth may obscure for the individual mind its perception of truths already possessed. The truest discoveries may come upon an individual, or even upon a nation, accompanied by all the peculiarities of a new fashion; and it is of the essence of the new fashion to neglect and undervalue the old; to develop a pet tendency out of due proportion; to pass over as of no account that which is out of harmony with itself; to absorb the attention of its votaries for the moment as though it were all-sufficient; to discourage and expel by its sneer that which is unlike itself. These are the characteristics of all fashions, intellectual or social, artistic or religious. The ques-

tion, then, may be asked whether qualified sympathy with a particular scientific movement may not sometimes be due to suspicion of its form as a fashion, its surroundings and exaggerations, rather than to want of love for the truth to which it is leading; to an attachment to old truth rather than indifference to new—nay, to love of truth itself measured by the quantity and importance of the knowledge preserved rather than by its novelty alone.

That great intellectual movements have in the past had the characteristic of exaggerating for the moment their own importance, and expelling and discrediting much that was really valuable, needs no proof. The *littérateurs* of the Renaissance despised the Bible. The deep and subtle intellects of the mediæval scholastics were in so little repute at the time of the Reformation that the popular nickname for the remnant who read the works of Duns Scotus furnished for our own day the word "dunce."\* Or, to take an instance of scientific discovery proper, Bacon's doctrine of induction, in insisting on the value of observation, so undervalued the deductive method of the older logic, which was required for its fruitful exercise, that

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\* See Trench, *Study of Words*; 19th edition, p. 144.

while he bequeathed to us the greatest instrument of discovery we possess, his system as he expounded it was almost useless.\*

Fashions reign intolerant and imperious; but fashions die and truth lives. Though obscured or lost for a season it prevails in the end. Time prunes the excrescences of novelty. Lovers of Horace do not now despise the literary features of the Bible. No one in our own day denies the subtlety of the scholastic intellect; no one hopes for discovery without deduction from hypothesis. But, learning from past experience, those who love old truths and wish to preserve them in their own generation will do well to wait till discoveries are mellow, and have lost the dangerous characteristics of new fashion, and can rest peacefully in company with all that is true in our inheritance from the past, before they finally estimate their bearing on the universe of knowledge. There are old truths whose knowledge is of vital importance to each individual, and he cannot afford to lose them, even though his grandson should eventually regain them. Let him then be chary of allowing the raw exaggerations which accompany new discoveries to mutilate or destroy his inheritance. Let the two be kept apart until the new is ripe for assimilation with the old. "No man seweth a piece of raw cloth to an old garment, otherwise the new piecing taketh away from the old, and there is made a greater rent: and no man putteth new wine into old bottles; otherwise the wine will burst the bottles, and both the wine will be spilled and the bottles will be lost."†

These remarks are suggested by recent attempts, to which public attention has been drawn, to find a *modus vivendi* between Christian faith and advancing science. We have in the first place the scheme of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, as set forth in the manifesto to which Dr. Martineau's subscription has given a weight which it could not otherwise have had.‡ The tone and spirit, however, of the manifesto are the tone and spirit of *Robert Elsmere* and not of Dr. Martineau. The peculiar vividness with which Dr.

Martineau realizes the bearing and importance of the dogmas to which he adheres—definite Theism, the life of prayer, personal immortality—and which makes him far more in sympathy ethically with Mr. Hutton, or the late Mr. F. D. Maurice, than with any school of negative criticism, is entirely absent from the manifesto, which brings us rather into the vague and enervating atmosphere of *Robert Elsmere* than the bracing oxygen of *A Study of Religion*. Read in the light of its origin and with *Robert Elsmere* as its commentary, it is so complete and melancholy an illustration of my theme, that its discussion need not detain me long. "Hope in God and love of man," this is the meagre remnant of the old truth which Mrs. Ward's scheme, as explained in her preface to the manifesto, aims at preserving and fostering. The study of biblical criticism and of comparative religion is to be one main instrument of increasing the spiritual stature of the neo-Christians, and we know from *Robert Elsmere* the manner in which this is conceived;—the latest theories in criticism accepted bodily, not as steps, as hypotheses with more or less plausibility, to be examined and re-examined, to be tested as to their unconscious and unproved assumptions, and the views of human nature and of the supernatural which these presuppose; but to be swallowed wholesale, and judged to be final by a mysterious "historical sense" without appeal. The natural exaggerations of a discoverer, the tendency of novelty, of which I have spoken, to assume for the time the undue preponderance of a fashion, the tentative character of the proofs themselves, are entirely ignored. If the Tübingen school were in fashion, its conclusions would be interwoven as integral parts of the new gospel. The general acceptance of any suggestion of an able critic as a proved fact, has eviscerated natural religion itself. Theism has become a manifestation of a divine something in good men; immortality has ceased to be a certain hope. If Renss and his friends share the fate of Baur and Volkmar, the articles of belief must undergo a corresponding change. Were the scheme to last, its gospel would have to be considerably remodelled every ten years at least, and a formula for retraction should in common prudence be provided in the new liturgy.

\* This is brought out in a very interesting manner by Jevons (*Logic*, p. 255). See also the Dean of St. Paul's *Bacon*, p. 244.

† St. Mark ii. 21.

‡ See *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 10.



But more than this, the inspiring ideal of Christ's character, which is to be the animating principle of its philanthropic work, may well cease to inspire when criticism has been allowed to rove freely, with no better rudder or compass than the scheme furnishes. M. Renan will not be excluded from the programme, and to many minds his conclusions will be far from satisfying. The "frightful accessions of enthusiasm" which he describes, the acquiescence in pious frauds which he postulates in his account of the central figure of the Gospels, may temper the enthusiasm of some, and will hopelessly bewilder more. The figure which is supposed to be one of ideal perfection may in the end appear to combine the very unstimulating mass of contradictions which it conveyed to Bishop Alexander :—

Divinely gentle yet a sombre giant,  
Divinely perfect yet imperfect man,  
Divinely calm yet recklessly defiant,  
Divinely true yet half a charlatan.

Enough has been said. In such a plan there is no *modus vivendi*, no recognition of the independent claims and basis of old truth. New methods, new exaggerations, new fashions have been swallowed with a wholesale timidity, and in defiance of all the lessons history teaches as to the advancing tide of truth, with the constant incidental errors, which, like the backdraw of each wave in a flowing tide, are its normal accompaniment. We may sympathize with the kindness and philanthropy in the practical aim of such a plan, but of stable intellectual basis it has none. The new wine has been poured bodily into the old bottles, and the bottles have burst forthwith. The scheme preserves only a few of their fragments.

But a much more serious and important attempt at the *modus vivendi* to which I have referred is contained in the collection of Essays entitled *Lux Mundi*, which has been recently published by some influential members of the High Church party.

To many the special interest of the volume will arise from the mode and motive of its composition. It is not the work of a number of men airing pet theories on the relations between science and religion; but it arose, as we gather from the work itself, from the practical experience of a few able and thoughtful tutors and clergymen in the University of Oxford, as to the necessity of reconciling apparent contra-

dictions between current Christianity and current biblical criticism and other scientific movements, for the sake of their own faith and peace of mind, and that of their friends. It is this actuality of the problem it attempts to solve, and the accompanying sense which many readers will have that that problem is a very real one for themselves, which raises the discussion from the rank of mere abstract speculation, and gives it an interest for the general reader as well as the professed theologian. The two deep feelings which inspire the writers are a devotion to many elements in traditional Catholic Christianity and belief in its essence (as they conceive it) on the one hand, and on the other a sense of the discrepancy between modern research, physical and critical, and certain features in the current Anglican teaching. This discrepancy has doubtless been forced on the writers with peculiar vividness by the difficulties they have witnessed in the minds of young men, at an age when the logical powers are keen, and a sense of inconsistency the more urgent because the experience which life brings of the many puzzles and enigmas which the finite mind must patiently bear with to the end is yet to come. On the other hand, men of the old school whose minds have been formed, and whose associations have been welded together, before the problems raised by the theory of evolution and modern biblical criticism became pressing, fail to realize the vividness with which these theories and their apparent consequences press on those who are in process of educating their intellectual nature and shaping and arranging their convictions. Such men see no difficulty because they see no reality (as it has been expressed) in a series of hypotheses or scientific proofs which have come before them after their capacity for assimilating new ideas and principles as active and determining forces has in the course of nature become dulled.

Thus Archdeacon Denison writes of this book—a book, be it observed, prompted apparently by the motive of saving the faith of many who are in danger of losing it—as "the most grievous specimen of defence of truth of all those I have had to contend against, and the most ruinous under all the circumstances of its production, a blow *ab intra* without parallel." And other divines of influence are known to entertain similar feelings.

It is not to my purpose to discuss the problems raised by *Lux Mundi*: the work of writers of so much weight and ability would call for fuller treatment than my limits allow. But, looking at the opposite attitudes of Mr. Gore and Archdeacon Denison in the light of the opening remarks of this essay, an important question suggests itself. If Mr. Gore finds that those who seek his sympathy or guidance are hard-pressed by the apparent inconsistency between the outlook suggested by science at the moment and the religion they have been taught, is he not bound to make some such attempt as *Lux Mundi* to solve the problem, if only to help men to hold by their faith? On the other hand, if what I said at starting is true, that scientific advance, in the rashness, inaccuracy, and imperfection of its different stages, is far more exacting in its demands for sacrifice of traditional interpretations than truth requires, may not Archdeacon Denison be right in discouraging a *modus vivendi*? Does not *Lux Mundi* tend to the rashness of pouring new wine into old bottles? Still the retort will be that young men cannot be influenced by advice which appears to ignore the march of science, and will not listen to conservatives who tend to think that the distinctive glory of their age is an idle boast.

The fact is that the problem is a double one: truth is to be guarded, and individual consciences are to be protected, and the matter cannot be dealt with satisfactorily unless this is recognized. The young man cannot practically, in the present day, be simply told not to believe in scientific progress. Such a course would put his faith in opposition to his common sense. On the other hand, the ever-growing, ever-changing forms of scientific opinion may not be in such a state that the Church can commit herself to them, or condescend to revise and guard her statements to suit what may be a temporary phase of opinion. Such a thought suggests an explanation of the mode of action often pursued in the Catholic Church in these matters, though her application of the same principle is, as we shall see, naturally somewhat different in different ages.

The question formed a theme of interesting discussion at the International Scientific Congress of Catholics at Paris, which I attended in company with the late

Father Perry, S. J., in 1888, and which is to hold its second session next year. And I rather choose that Congress as furnishing a sort of text to my remarks as it partook of the actuality and practicalness which, as I have said, lends such interest to *Lux Mundi*. It was no authoritative meeting in its form, but an assembly which included many very distinguished and eminent Catholics, who met to discuss scientific and critical questions, and who made use of the opportunity for comparing notes as to how practically an individual could and should stand with reference to the modern speculations to which I have referred.

Let me, as indicating a line of thought which I found to be a common one among the congressists, make a citation from the introductory address of the organizer of the Congress, Monseigneur d'Hulst, rector of the Catholic University of Paris.

Il a toujours existé, il existera toujours des dissensions parmi nous sur les points que l'autorité de l'Eglise n'a pas tranchés. Les occasions de rencontre sont nombreuses entre la science et la foi. Si la foi est immobile; la science ne l'est pas. C'est la gloire de la parole divine d'être toujours semblable à elle-même. C'est l'honneur de la pensée humaine de n'être jamais contente d'elle-même et de reculer sans cesse les bornes toujours étroites de ses connaissances. Mais entre deux termes contigus, dont l'un est en repos, l'autre en mouvement, il est inévitable que les points de contact se déplacent. Si le déplacement se faisait toujours au nom d'une certitude absolue, l'accord serait facile entre croyants; car autant ils sont convaincus qu'une proposition révélée n'a rien à craindre des constatations scientifiques, autant ils sont prêts à affirmer qu'une proposition démontrée n'encourra jamais le démenti autorisé des juges de la croyance. Ces deux axiomes représentent les deux faces d'une même vérité enseignée en termes exprès par le Concile du Vatican et par toute une série d'actes pontificaux, et qu'on peut résumer en cette formule: le dogme catholique ne saurait être pris en défaut par les faits. Mais le problème est moins simple que cela dans la pratique.

La science, en effet, arrive rarement d'un bond à la certitude. Elle procède par l'hypothèse, s'essie aux vérifications expérimentales et s'achemine à travers des probabilités grandissantes vers le terme désiré de l'évidence discursive. Encore si cette marche était régulière et constante! Mais non. Il y a des tâtonnements et de fausses manœuvres; il y a des chevauchées hors de la route: *magni passus, sed extra viam*; il y a des hypothèses qui jouissent longtemps d'une certaine faveur et que de nouvelles recherches obligent d'abandonner. Tant que dure leur crédit provisoire, bon nombre d'esprits trop prompts

à conclure les confondent avec les dires absolus de la science, et pendant ce temps-là on se demande comment les mettre d'accord avec l'enseignement chrétien.

Les uns disent : "Le désaccord est manifeste, c'est l'hypothèse qui a tort." Les autres répondent : "L'hypothèse est bien appuyée, c'est vous qui interprétez mal la croyance. Ce que vous prenez pour l'enseignement catholique n'est qu'une façon d'entendre cet enseignement, façon bien naturelle tant qu'on n'avait pas de raisons d'en chercher une autre, mais qu'il faut abandonner à la demande de l'expérience." Sans doute, si l'autorité suprême intervient pour fixer le sens indécis du dogme, le dissentiment fait place à l'unanimité. Mais il est rare que cette autorité se mêle ainsi aux virements de bord de la science. Gardienne prudente de la parole sacrée, protectrice bienveillante de l'activité humaine, elle attend d'ordinaire, se contentant de surveiller le mouvement et de condamner les excès de part et d'autre. Pendant ce temps-là, deux tendances se manifestent parmi les catholiques : celle des hardis, qui sont parfois téméraires ; celles des timides, qui sont parfois arriérées. Et là encore la situation se complique et les reproches se croisent. Les hardis prétendent que ce sont eux qui sont prudents, parce qu'ils réservent l'avenir et épargnent aux théologiens la nécessité de s'indigner plus tard à eux-mêmes un désaveu. Les timides répondent que ce sont eux qui méritent la louange décernée aux braves, parce qu'ils témoignent moins d'appréhensions devant les attaques de la science, plus de confiance dans la victoire finale de la conception traditionnelle.

Encore une fois, Messieurs, ces divergences sont inévitables, et vouloir les prévenir serait interdire aux croyants de penser. Aussi bien, le danger n'est pas dans ces discussions loyales et fraternelles, un peu vives parfois, mais toujours placées sous la double garantie du respect réciproque et d'une commune docilité envers l'Eglise. Le péril commencerait le jour où l'on prétendrait engager l'Eglise elle-même dans l'expression d'opinions particulières.

Et ce péril croîtrait si cette imprudence était le fait non plus d'un écrivain ou d'un groupe, mais d'une assemblée nombreuse et accréditée par le mérite individuel de ses membres, par l'éclat de leurs travaux et de leurs services ; si une telle assemblée usurpait sans autorité le rôle d'un concile.

This passage brings into special relief the help which the constitution of the Catholic Church may give in dealing with the double aspect of the problem to which I have already referred. Where there is no clear distinction between the individual teachers and the final living authority of the Church, the immediate skirmishes called for by each fresh scientific hypothesis, which has for a time a hold on public opinion, seem to commit the whole faith

of a Christian to the counter movement which is made on the spur of the moment. An undergraduate comes to his tutor full of Baur's theory as to the dates of the Gospels in the days when Baur reigned supreme, or looking on Darwin's account of the origin of the moral sense as finally proved, and his adviser tells him that though not in keeping with traditional Anglicanism both may be accepted. In many cases Baur's theory, as discrediting all approach to contemporary evidence of Apostolic Christianity, has, as we know, been found to weaken or destroy all belief in the received Christian history ; to commend the "myth" hypothesis ; and even to lead to Agnosticism. And the evolution theory of conscience has often had a parallel result. Years pass on : the exaggerations of the Tübingen school become discredited, and Wallace brings his great authority on purely scientific grounds to destroy the urgency of the young man's original difficulty as to the moral faculties of mankind. The tutor sees that a little patience would have saved his pupil. Or suppose he has taken the opposite course, which Archdeacon Denison would perhaps prefer, and has said, "You cannot accept Baur or Darwin," the young man, overcome by the tide of popular opinion and the tyranny of the *Zeitgeist*, refuses to retain belief in a religion so antiquated and unable to keep pace with the times. Years pass ; irreligious habits are formed, and by the time that scientific teachers have modified their decision he is incurably a godless man of the world.

I do not deny that want of tact on the part of a Catholic teacher might issue in a similar result. But I want to point out the vital importance of the third alternative which obviously suggests itself in the case of a Catholic. He may simply be told, as Monseigneur d'Hulst reminded his hearers, that the Church has not contemplated what is new, and has not pronounced on it ; and he may be reminded that neither has science pronounced fully and finally. The lesson appropriate to the situation is that of prudence and patience. There stand the corresponding principles of scientific progress and development of Christian doctrines ; and the limits of their application, so far as the trials *hic et nunc* to individual faith go, have to be decided to the best of the Catholic tutor's or adviser's ability. The double guid-

ance attainable from the Church's general principles and decisions, and from their application to a new case, is parallel to the double action of preacher and confessor. The preacher preaches in general terms the principles of Christian morality and duty. The confessor listens to his penitent's account of his special case; judges as best he can as to his circumstances and disposition, and decides which of the principles, universally true in themselves, apply to the particular instance. Further knowledge may modify his decision in the confessional; nothing can change the principles of morality he preaches from the pulpit. One is a statement of absolute and abstract truth; the other is concrete and relative. It is a system for dealing with each case as it arises, with the half-knowledge of facts and circumstances, which is possible at the moment, liable to reconsideration, capable of addition, capable even of absolute contradiction in presence of new discoveries as to antecedents, surroundings, and character; yet all the while it is the application of the same eternal principles of right and wrong.

So the individual teacher looks at the analogies in Church history and at the general principles laid down by theologians, and to their treatment of similar cases, and decides to the best of his power what is tenable by a Catholic with respect to a new scientific hypothesis; but he does not and cannot commit the Church to the conclusion he draws except so far as he may say he thinks it is the true conclusion. He understands to the best of his power the real bearing of the hypothesis on dogma; endeavors to distinguish the traditional interpretation of a Christian belief from its essence, and decides as he can for the individual conscience he is helping. But his knowledge and his applications of it are liable to error. His acquaintance with theological precedents may be one-sided and incomplete. His apprehension of the scientific hypothesis may be so wrong as to make him miss its true bearing. And a change in his opinion and counsel as science advances, or as his knowledge is corrected, is quite as consistent with the Church's truthfulness as the confessor's change is with the changeless moral law.

But this is not all. While individual Catholics often have what may be called a certain provisional power of reconsidera-

tion\* where the Church has not decided authoritatively, we may also see in the Church a power of assimilation and of ultimate consolidation of her teaching in its relations to assured scientific advance, or well-examined and tenable hypotheses. While her caution protects her against those whims of the *Zeitgeist* which prematurely claim the title of discoveries, the activity of her life enables her in the end to find a *modus vivendi* with what is really valuable in intellectual movements, or really true in scientific achievement. This is a special prerogative of a living authoritative tribunal which, from the nature of the case, cannot be clearly asserted by any ruling power whose nature is documentary. And the Church has, on occasion, exhibited this principle of progressive assimilation in a marked manner.

It is perhaps instructive to note the illustration the principle in question receives from cases which often seem at first sight instances of unmixed narrowness and bigotry on the part of ecclesiastical authority. In days when the temper of the age, as shown in all religious parties, was less sympathetic and tolerant than at present, when every school of religious thought asserted its claims by more or less stringent persecution of its opponents, the slowness of the Church to commit herself prematurely to any novel form of thought which seemed at first sight at variance with traditional teaching, naturally led to intolerance on the part of the teachers or officers of the Church. There was in this as in other matters less of individualism than at present; and a new opinion to which the Church refused to commit herself was often not tolerated in private persons, as a matter of discipline. There was probably less need for toleration for the sake of individual consciences, as scientific discovery had not yet got so firm a foothold as to be in many cases a living source of difficulty;

\* St. Thomas expresses this power, so far as the interpretation of Scripture texts is concerned, as follows: "Since the divine Scripture may be expounded in many ways, it is not right to attach oneself so strictly to any one opinion as still to maintain it after sure reason has proved the statement supposed to be contained in Scripture false; lest on this account Scripture be derided by infidels and the way to faith closed against them." This passage is cited in the very interesting article on Creation in the Catholic Dictionary as bearing on the interpretation of the account of Creation in *Genesis*.



and the greater simplicity of thought in these matters made especially true Cardinal Newman's saying, "Novelty is often error to those who are unprepared for it from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions." The immediate danger to conscience and faith may generally have come rather from the admission of startling novelty, than from over-severe repression of individual opinion. We can, perhaps, see in this fact the reason why, though some might suffer unfairly from such a policy, ecclesiastical authority tended to be more chary then than now of allowing—apart from infallible decisions, and as a matter of practical guidance—new opinions, not absolutely proved, and which at first sight shook dogmatic beliefs, whose traditional interpretation had from the temper of the age become for many indistinguishable from their essence. That very duty of protecting the Christian's conscience which, as I have said, is the motive of the immediate action of the Christian teacher as distinguished from the final decision of the Church herself, would, in many cases at all events, lead to an opposite policy in circumstances so different. The over-subtle mind of the present day, readily grasping the real weight of evidence for a new scientific discovery, more readily than formerly distinguishing between the essence and the traditional interpretation of dogmatic belief, has more to fear from the temporary denial of what may prove true, and less to fear from the readjustment of explanations of dogma. Whereas the bulk of medieval Catholics would feel less the weight of scientific proof, and more the shock of novelty in expression, now the proportions are reversed. Just as the simple Silas Marner believed in God's justice and in its unfailing expression in the decision by lot, and to find the lots unfair was for him to find that there was no just God; so when thought was ruder and education rarer there was greater danger of identifying a religious truth with its popular forms of expression. To invalidate the latter was to shake belief in the former. Perhaps then of the two alternatives our teachers would now be more ready to allow provisional freedom, as a concession to a puzzled intellect, where the will seems to have no disposition to indocility, while formerly independent thought, as arguing disobedience in spirit and having less *prima facie*

claim to genuineness and simplicity, would be checked; the double change of circumstances bringing the further excuse for a change of policy, that the novelty, which is now more quickly interwoven with a modified expression of dogma, would formerly have seemed inevitably to contradict it. But doubtless an individual in advance of his generation was liable in days of old to suffer from a rule of action suited to the many. The condemnation of Galileo may be considered to be an instance of this by those who think that he himself was hardly used by ecclesiastical authority. The primary duty of protecting religious belief in the mass of Christian souls may have called for a check on the propagation of an imperfectly ascertained discovery for which the minds of the faithful were unprepared and which seemed to impugn the authority of Holy Scripture. This is the view of the matter indicated by Cardinal Newman in his preface to the new edition of the *Via Media*.

Be this as it may, a marked instance of the earlier method of procedure—of the condemnation on grounds of prudence of a system which was ultimately assimilated with Catholic teaching—was the case of the peripatetic philosophy. Though, of course, unconnected with discovery properly so called, it assumed in the twelfth century, as Schlegel has pointed out, very much the position of "advanced thought" at the present day. When it came over to the West, from the hands of the Arabian revivalists, whom the era of Haroun al Raschid had first forgotten, it was looked upon as the daring, enterprising philosophy which appealed to the highly cultured intellect. Some of the Stagiraite's logical works had gained a footing a few years earlier, and his dialectical method had attracted some of the most brilliant minds of the Western Church. The new philosophy was the "rationalism" of the day. The most celebrated of the early advocates of the Aristotelian dialectic was the famous Abelard, who applied it to theology in the Western as John Damascene had already done in the Eastern Church. It is not to my purpose to dwell fully on its history. We all remember the historic conflict between St. Bernard the Abbot of Clairvaux and Abelard. St. Bernard saw that the scholastic method as it stood exalted reason at the expense of faith. That mystical and mysterious side

of religion which must ever remain only seen in part—through a glass darkly—was exposed to the pretence of full analysis, and to a shallow confidence in the all-sufficiency of syllogistic deductions. The tendency which he saw was that expressed by another saint, who beheld in a vision a theologian attempting with his measuring tape to ascertain the height of the gates of heaven. "Posuit in cælo os suum," said St. Bernard of Abelard indignantly, "et scrutavit alta Dei." They met for a public disputation, but Abelard's courage, it is said, failed him; and he refused to defend his own doctrines. Abelard, the prince of Western scholastics, was condemned in Rome. Nor did this sense of the dangers of the new method quickly pass away. Seventy years later Aristotle's metaphysical works were burnt by order of a council at Paris, and a papal legate, by direction of Innocent the Third, forbade their use to the faithful.

Here we have an extreme case of the first side of the principle to which I am referring. The rationalistic spirit was the danger of the times. It was the danger from which the conscience and faith of the multitude were to be protected; and ecclesiastical teachers, in the rough and summary manner which was the custom of the day, put their hand down upon the cause of the evil and checked it. Whatever was good or bad, true or false, in Aristotle, here was a practical danger. The province of faith was being ignored, and a secular and rationalistic spirit propagated. As the summariness of a court-martial provides less accurately than a civil trial for just treatment of the individual, and yet is called for by the danger to larger interests, so St. Bernard and pope Innocent, leaving nice distinctions for a less critical juncture, checked the new philosophy with prompt energy.

All the more remarkable, in remembrance of this, is the fact of which Catholics have been specially reminded of late years by Leo the Thirteenth. It would have been a strange vision alike to St. Bernard and to Abelard could they have seen the Encyclical "*Æterni Patris*" in which a few years back the present pope traced the lineal descent of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas from Leo, Gregory, and Augustine; and could they have turned to the volumes in which it was contained, and found the Aristotelian dialectic and

Metaphysics adopted into its very essence.

And yet this fact is but the other term of the Church's double attitude, which shows itself in a jealousy of hasty and dangerous submission to novel doctrines—which is, nevertheless, compatible with her assimilation in the end of however much they contain which is true or intellectually valuable. In the reign of Innocent the Third a system fraught with the associations of the paganism of Aristotle and the pantheism of Averroes, the Arabian commentator, which had not yet found place for faith, and advocated the autonomy of the reason, was claiming acceptance in the name of the intellect of the day. This intemperate claim had simply to be met by a decisive check. In St. Thomas's time all was changed. Years had passed, and the details of Aristotelianism had been discussed and weighed in the academic circles of the *Schola Theologorum*. Albert the Great and Alexander of Hales had adopted such of its principles as were consistent with Christianity, and interwoven them with the ethics of the Fathers, texts of Holy Scripture, and the decisions of Church authority. In this new garb and surrounded with these new associations and safeguards, the condemned *Metaphysics* lost their terrible character. The dialectical method was held in check by the faith and sanctity of St. Thomas, and the insistence on the mystical side of religion which we find in his great scholastic contemporary, St. Bonaventura. The danger of exalting reason and destroying faith had passed away under these altered circumstances. Time had been allowed; and the contemptuous sneer of the hasty rationalist of the twelfth century, that Catholic faith was irreconcilable with the best products of the human reason and the great thoughts of the philosophy of Grecian antiquity, was falsified. The saying "*Roma patiens quia eterna*" received a fresh illustration, which succeeding ages, which take such close note of the temporary conflict between secular science and religion, will do well to note.

Now to point as briefly as may be the moral with which I set out. The principle of double treatment which the Church has variously applied at different times seems to have peculiar importance in view of the circumstances of our day; and the constitution of the Church undoubtedly

offers certain facilities for its application. Outside the Church a decision for the immediate guidance of Christians tends to become final. A book with the weight attaching to *Luz Mundi*, from the ability and position of its writers, is as near an approach to an *ex cathedra* decision as to what are within the limits of Anglican orthodoxy as the case admits. On such a subject there is no effective court to revise its declarations. The case of *Essays and Reviews* has shown (if it needed showing) that, so far as the State Church is concerned, the utmost freedom in dogmatic matters is compatible with retaining official status as a member of the Church of England; while for persons who consider that those only are true Anglicans who retain those traditional dogmas which they deem the Anglican Church's inheritance, disowning, as they generally do, the Privy Council and Crown as a final court of appeal, and accepting in practice no living authority as dogmatically supreme, the opinion of a weighty section of their number as to what is compatible with their position is in a sense final. There will always be a certain number to follow suit, and there is no machinery to check either the increase of adherents to such views, or their further development in the direction of free thought. Thus we find a recent critic styling this book the Manifesto of the High Church party.\*

On the other hand a Catholic book on similar lines would be necessarily tentative, and would be liable to many hierarchical grades of revision and reconsideration. It might be condemned as dangerous or inopportune, yet much of it might be ultimately adopted as true. It might be (as in a recent case in France) approved by an ecclesiastical superior, and then censured by a more authoritative tribunal. And yet such a double fact need not prevent much of the substance of a book from being finally declared consistent with Catholic doctrine. Or, on the other hand, in view of the harm done by too much public discussion, or of the intrinsic unimportance of the work, it may be left unnoticed, and yet the points it raises may receive in due time and place more or less authoritative treatment, limiting the degree to which it can safely be accepted. A work of this kind, if expressly dealt with, is

weighed by an authority which considers in its different functions what it is wise to say, what is possible, what is probable, what is calculated to produce a false impression, what, though creating a true impression in itself, will jar with some article of belief which has not yet been fully explained, as well as what is in itself absolutely true or absolutely false. And this last, in religion as in science, is a matter on which infinite caution and slowness are natural and necessary. Fénelon's *Maximes des Saints* was condemned as objectively containing false doctrine, but the pope refused to condemn the author's own meaning (*in sensu ab auctore intento*), which he subsequently set forth, though his enemies pressed for such a condemnation. The famous congregation of *Auxiliis* left uncondemned the extremely opposite doctrines of Thomism and Molinism, contenting itself with condemning only such conclusions on either side as struck at the morality of the active Catholic life. A common form of decision in Rome, where a difficult principle is involved, in an individual case for decision as to a person's lawfully continuing in a certain course, is "that he is not to be disquieted" (*non esse inquietandum*), a purely personal precept involving the refusal to decide on the principle. The authority does not attempt to enunciate there and then a general principle which is to apply to all possible cases, and yet desires in the interests of the individual to give him the practical rule which his case demands.

Many steps, then, are possible toward supplying materials (so to speak) for the Church's ultimate decision and guiding individuals provisionally, which yet do not commit the Church finally and fully one way or another. And this likewise leaves time for another important factor in the progress of universal truth—the further development and analysis and proof of scientific hypotheses themselves. Thus when finally the truth emerges with scientific certainty, a double office has been performed—minds have been familiarized with an hypothesis, and prepared for its reconciliation with Christian teaching should it prove true, and at the same time positive assent on the part of the Church herself has been withheld to what may after all prove to some extent false. It is hardly worth while to recall the application of such a principle to the innumerable

\* See *Academy*, March 8.

varieties on purely scientific grounds which our own day has witnessed in Darwinism—the numerous and partially conflicting theories of physiological selection, sexual selection, development and atrophy by use and disuse, and the very different limits assigned to the operation of natural selection itself by Wallace and Darwin; facts which, however, do not affect the belief most of us have that Darwin discovered a *causa vera*, whose exact operation and limitations it will take many generations to determine. But Darwinism is a signal instance in both departments of what has just been said. Not only do we see the very considerable modifications which it is gradually undergoing at the hands of men of science, but within the Church its tenability, and the degree and form in which it is tenable, and the precedents and means for its reconciliation with Scripture, have within the last twenty years been discussed to an extent amounting almost to a literature.

I will observe, finally, that the *modus agendi* I have described—though doubtless many will consider that the immovable limits set to its operation in the Church by past decisions of an infallible authority prevent its being adequate to the requirements of the case—seems, as a principle of action, to be only an extension of that philosophic temper of mind which, in their own departments, all great natural philosophers, the Darwins and the Newtons of history, have enjoined. It combines readiness to consider the working of every possible hypothesis with great slowness in ultimate decision on its limits or on its truth at all. We remember how Newton for sixteen years refused to consider the principle of gravitation established because of a very slight discrepancy between the time he calculated to be taken by the moon to fall through space and by a stone at the same height. "Most men," writes a competent authority,\* "would have considered the approach to coincidence as a proof of his theory." Sixteen years later more accurate calculations as to the moon's distance removed the apparent discrepancy. And then he finally declared his hypothesis to be proved. Again, few of us have failed to contrast the slowness and accurate measurement by Darwin and Wallace of conclusions drawn with any certainty as to the details of evolution with the sweeping

generalizations of their second rate followers. Darwin and Newton have at once the greatest instinctive confidence that they are on the road to truth, the greatest quickness in noting the possible significance of phenomena, and the greatest slowness in finally stating what conclusions are ascertained beyond doubt.

In the absence of a living and final authority and of such a system as we have been considering, a religious body tends, as I have said, to become identified (without any internal principle of recovery) with the momentary conclusions of its members in view of contemporary controversy. Thus I see no inherent principle in the High Church party which would prevent its gradual development into a ritual system with dogma almost entirely eliminated; nor do I see any principle in the scheme of Mrs. Humphry Ward which would prevent such views as Renan's from suddenly finding themselves in the ascendant.

With this suggestion I bring my imperfect sketch to a close. My purpose has not been polemical, and my sympathy with the aim of the authors of *Luz Mundi*, so far as it is the outcome of the real *crux* of all thinking Christians, is very deep. But I think a principle is to some extent lost sight of in these controversies which has been exhibited by the Church even where its application may be open to criticism, and in times of corruption and tyranny. Two interests are, as I have said, at stake—individual faith and conscience, and abstract truth. A provisional concession to a school of criticism, which may at the moment enjoy undue ascendancy, may be needed for individual consciences, and yet it would be very unwise to commit the Church finally to such a concession: and conversely the general and public inculcation of new and startling views, wholesale, may be dangerous, even though they should ultimately prove to be in great measure true. The discoveries of science are among the acknowledged *criteria* used by the Church in the explanation of Scripture; but the time is probably far distant when we shall be able to appraise with confidence many of the tentative conclusions of Reuss and Welhausen.\*—*Nineteenth Century*.

\* I may be allowed to refer the reader to the last chapter of the second edition of my work, *W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement* (Macmillan), in which one or two of the lines of thought suggested in this essay are more fully developed.

\* Professor Jevons.



## THE AFRICAN PYGMIES.

BY A. WERNER.

NOT the least interesting of the discoveries made by Mr. Stanley on his latest expedition is that of the Wambatti—the dwarf tribe living between the Upper Aruhwimi and the Nepoko. It has long been a well-known fact that the Pygmies of Homer, Herodotus, and Ktesias—those of whom Pliny speaks as “dwelling among the marshes where the Nile rises”<sup>\*</sup>—are something more than mere mythical beings; and almost every exploration of any importance undertaken of late years has thrown fresh light on the existence of a primitive African race, of whom the Wambatti, Akkas, Obongo, Watwa, and Bushmen are, in all probability, scattered fragments.

A glance at the accompanying rough map will show how numerous are the tribes—usually designated dwarfs or pygmies—whose marked resemblance to each other, and marked difference from the people among whom they are scattered, are recognized facts. The physical characteristics in which, broadly speaking, they all agree, are their small stature, their light yellow or reddish-brown color, and the peculiar character of the hair, which is woolly, but, instead of being, as in the negro, evenly distributed over the scalp, grows in small tufts—“cheveux plantés en pinceaux de brosse,” as Emin Pasha puts it in speaking of the Akkas.<sup>†</sup> This appearance, according to Professor Virchow, is not due to the fact that the hair grows on some spots and not on others, but to a peculiarity in the texture of the hair itself, which causes it to roll naturally into closely-curved spiral locks, leaving the intervening pieces of scalp bare. Be this as it may, this growth is the surest and most permanent characteristic of the Pygmy, or, as some prefer to call them, the Hottentot-Bushman race.<sup>‡</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> *Hist. Nat.*, VI. 35.

<sup>†</sup> *Transactions of the Berlin Anthropological Society* for 1886.

<sup>‡</sup> Professor Flower, however, thinks that differences between the Akkas and Bushmen are so radical as to preclude the possibility of regarding them as members of the same race. He lays special stress on the yellow complexion and “peculiar oblong form of the skull,” which is especially distinguished from that of

these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Nothing of the kind can be said of the African Pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well-shaped people of perfectly normal formation. It is true that the Hottentots and Bushmen show certain strange anatomical peculiarities; but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at least, the result of special and unfavorable conditions of life.

The Pygmies are nomadic in their habits,<sup>\*</sup> and neither keep cattle nor till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavorable circumstances, on wild fruits, roots, and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak. They have no fixed abode, and, if they build shelters at all, only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities; they usually wander about, like our gypsies, in hordes composed of a few families each. This, however, depends on the nature of the country—in the parched deserts of the south they are not even united to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more powerful tribes, who afford them protec-

the Akkas by the absence of prognathism; also on the “special anatomical characters” alluded to later on. But it seems to be the case that modern research tends to show that environment and conditions of life, etc., may act far more quickly in the production of racial peculiarities than was formerly supposed. There are instances, e.g., on record of the children of white, or at most tawny parents, born in a hot, damp locality (to which the latter had migrated from a dry one) being positively black. The Bushmen have been isolated to such a degree from their more northern congeners, and the struggle for existence has been in their case so severe, that they may well have developed striking differences. It should be noted that their habitat is dry, while that of the Akkas is extremely hot and damp.

<sup>\*</sup> Les Akkas ne forment point un peuple compact; il n’y a pas un pays aux Akkas; comme les volées des oiseaux, ils sont un peu partout.—Emin Pasha.

tion in return for certain services. Their notions of the Unseen, when they have any, would appear to be of the very crudest. Their languages seem to be distinct from others, related among themselves, and very peculiar. This is a point to which I shall revert later on.

Leaving aside the classical writers,\* the earliest reference to the Pygmies occurs in the narrative of Andrew Battell,† who spent three years in the kingdom of Loango during the first decade of the seventeenth century. He says :

To the north-east of Mani Kesock are a kind of little people called Matimbos, which are no bigger than Boyes of twelve yeares olde, but verie thicke, and live onely upon fleshe, which they kill in the woods with their Bowes and Darts. They pay tribute to Mani Kesock, and bring all their Elephants' teeth and tayles to him. They will not enter into any of the Marombos' houses, nor will suffer any to come where they dwell. And if by chance any Marumbo, or people of Loango passe where they dwell, then they will forsake that place and go to another. The Women carry Bow and Arrows as well as the men. And one of these will walk in the Woods alone, and kill the Pongo with their poisoned Arrows.

The Flemish geographer Dapper, writing in the seventeenth century, refers to the Pygmies in the following passage :

Before the King's cloth sit some Dwarfs, with their backs toward him ; Pigmies indeed in stature, but with heads of a prodigious bigness ; for the more exact deforming whereof they wear the skin of some Beast tied round about them. The Blacks say there is a Wilderness where reside none but men of such a stature, who shoot those Gigantick Creatures, the Elephants. The common name of these dwarfs is Bakke-Bakke ; but they are also called Mimo's.‡

These Bakke-Bakke (whose name reminds us of Akkas, Tikki-Tikki, and Wambatti, and possibly Batwa) seem at first sight to come under the heading of true dwarfs, or natural malformations ; but the disproportioned heads may be an accidental mistake magnified by report.

\* An excellent summary of what is said by these, and also of modern discoveries up to 1871, is given in an article, " Ueber Zwergvölker in Africa " (to which I have been greatly indebted in the preparation of this paper), in *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for that year.

† *Purchas*. Vol. II., p. 983.

‡ " Description of the Kingdom of Lovango, or the Countrey of the Bramas in Nether Ethiopia." (*Africa : Collected and translated from most authentick Authors*. By John Ogilby, Esq. 1670.)

The other items of the account tally with the descriptions of Battell and others—the skins of beasts, worn " for the more exact deforming of the head," are probably the leopard and monkey-skin caps worn among many of the Congo tribes at the present day.

De Commerson, who accompanied Bougainville on his voyage round the world, and visited Madagascar in 1771, heard of a small race in the interior of that island, called Kimos or Quimos, and actually saw one woman—a slave in the household of the Governor of the French settlement, the Comte de Modave. De Modave collected all the information he could about the Quimos from native chiefs, but never succeeded in reaching the valleys where they were said to live, or meeting with any, except the slave-woman before mentioned, who may or may not have been a typical specimen. Ellis and other missionaries, in later times, heard of these people under the name of Vazimba, but never appear to have seen them ; and it may be doubted whether any of them exist at the present day. The native statements preserved by De Commerson and De Modave would, if true, show the Quimos to have been in some respects physiologically different to the rest of mankind ; but these statements—and rightly so, in the absence of further evidence—are treated by both gentlemen with extreme caution. For the rest, the description of the Comte de Modave's Quimo slave might very well stand for the portrait of the average Bushwoman.

Captain Boteler, who was on the East Coast of Africa between the years 1821 and 1826, heard of a tribe of small people, living in the interior, called Waberikimo ; and reports of these seem at different times to have reached Zanzibar. The native information on this point was somewhat vague ; but from all accounts they would appear to be the same as the Doko, of whom Dr. Krapf received a description in 1840 from a slave of the name of Dilbo, a native of Enarea. The Doko were said to live in the Galla country ; they were small in stature, and of a dark olive color. They lived on fruits, roots, mice, and wild honey, and were unacquainted with the use of fire. They had neither weapons, houses, nor temples, nor even, like the Gallas, sacred trees. Yet they had some notion of a Supreme Being, to whom, un-

der the name of *Yer*, they sometimes addressed prayers, "in moments of sadness and terror," said Dilbo. There is a certain pathos in what follows; but we must remember that it was filtered through the imagination—perhaps elicited by the leading questions—of a kind-hearted German with a touch of poetic mysticism about him. "In their prayer they say: 'Yer, if Thou dost really exist, why dost Thou let us be slain? We ask Thee not for food or clothing, for we only live on snakes, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us, why dost Thou let us be trodden down?'"

The Doko had neither chiefs nor laws; they "lived in the woods, climbing trees for fruit, like monkeys;" but diseases were unknown among them, and they were much liked as slaves in Enarea, being docile and obedient.

Dr. Krapf again heard of the Doko in Ukambani and at Barawa, and at the latter place even saw a slave corresponding to Dilbo's description. Father Léon des Avanchers, a French Roman Catholic missionary, heard of them from the Somalis in 1858, under the name of "Tchin-Tchelle" (which is, being interpreted, "*Quel miracle!*"). In 1864 he saw some of them for himself in the kingdom of Gera (north of Kaffa, in Abyssinia), and described them in a letter to M. d'Abbadie, published in the *Bulletin* of the Paris Geographical Society. The word Doko may be another form of the Swahili *mdogo* (= small), but this has been disputed.

Proceeding in geographical rather than in chronological order, we come next to the Akkas, with whom Colonel Long's Tikki Tikki\* would seem to be identical. They were first heard of, vaguely, by Petherick, in 1854; but the first real announcement of their existence to the civilized world was made by Dr. Schweinfurth in 1871. They live in the Monbuttu country, which lies south of the Bahr-el-Gazal and west of the Equatorial Province of Egypt. Dr. Schweinfurth's account has been ably supplemented by Dr. Felkin and Emin Pasha, the latter of whom enjoyed ample opportunities for studying them during the twelve years he spent in Central Africa, and, in 1886, communi-

cated to the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* a very valuable and interesting paper on the subject, accompanied by detailed measurements. He insists on the distinction between the Akkas and real dwarfs (i.e., persons whose growth has been arrested by pathological or other causes), of whom he saw several at Mtesa's court. "Tout au contraire, les Akkas sont une race qui n'offrent aucun signe pathologique, mais qui, formés à point, déprécieraient bien vivement les épithètes de 'race déchuë,' de peuplade vouée à l'extinction, dont on a bien voulu les gratifier." They live in bands composed of a few families each, putting up the rough shelters of reeds and branches which form their temporary camp in the woods, near some running stream, and usually within reach of a Monbuttu or Momvu village. They are good marksmen, and kill even elephants and buffaloes, bartering with the villagers the meat they do not require for themselves, in return for grain, oil, native beer, and other necessities. The Monbuttu, moreover, obtain from them all the skins and feathers used by them for clothing and ornament; and any chief who should refuse hospitality to the Akkas would not only forfeit these supplies, but draw down the speedy vengeance of the little people the first time he or any of his tribe ventured into the forest alone. The Akkas are cannibals, and make no secret of the fact; those personally known to Dr. Schnitzer "savaient parfaitement me dire quelle part du corps humain soit la plus savoureuse."† The average height of some thirty individuals measured by the Pasha was 1.36 mètre. They are usually of a lighter brown than the Monbuttu, but the difference of coloring is rather in the *tone* than in the *shade*—in other words, the Akkas are of a *red* brown, the Monbuttu of a *yellow* brown.‡ Their hair is black-brown or quite black, growing in tufts, as already described, short and very woolly, and too scanty to be made into the ornamental coiffures so much in vogue

\* Thus differing from Winwood Reade's Fan acquaintance, who assured him that, considered as a dish, man was "all alike good."

† "Tandis que les Akkas appartiennent aux peuples nègres dont le fond du noir est rouge, les Momboutous montrent un brun ou noir au fond jaune." This appears to contradict the general tenor of what has been said about the Pygmy races, but it is probable that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to color.

\* *Central Africa*. By Col. C. Chaillé-Long. London, 1876. Pp. 263 sqq.

among the Africans. There is an abundant growth of hair all over the body, and "it cannot be denied that the mouth resembles that of certain apes." This is noteworthy when contrasted with Dr. Wolf's remark on the Batwa, "Irgend welche pithecoide Merkmale waren nicht vorhanden." The Monbuttu frequently intermarry with the Akkas, and half-breeds are far from uncommon. Two Akkas were sent to Italy by Signor Miani, one of whom, we believe, is still living at Verona.

The Wambatti, first made known to the world by Mr. Stanley's narrative, live farther west than the Akkas, from whom they do not appear to differ materially—unless it be in the "spiteful and venomous" disposition evinced by their unprovoked attacks on the expedition; whereas the Akkas, though dangerous on provocation, are tolerably peaceable when well treated.

Within the great horseshoe bend of the Congo, and apparently ranging over a vast extent of country, dwell the Watwa or Batwa. Mr. Stanley first heard of them in 1876, from Rumanika of Karragwé, and, later on, at Nyangwé, from Abed bin Jumah, who, in a singularly picturesque and graphic narrative, recounted the tragic history of Sheikh Mtagamoyo, the cruel and dauntless—how he fitted out a strong caravan for the country of the dwarfs, expecting to make his fortune in ivory, and went back poorer than he came.\* Stanley did not himself come in contact with these Watwa, except in the person of a single individual who was brought in by his men at Ikondou, on the Upper Congo or Lualaba River.† He measured 3 feet 6½ inches in height, was "light chocolate" in complexion, and carried a bow and poisoned arrows.

Mr. H. H. Johnston,‡ in 1883, saw two slaves among the Bayansi, near the Kwâ river, who probably belonged to this race. More extended observations were made in 1885 by the late Dr. Ludwig Wolf, who accompanied Lieutenant Wissmann's expedition, and spent some time in the Kasai region. He says that the Batwa in some places live side by side with the Bakuba—in others they have settlements of their own, hidden away in the dense forest. They are most numerous about the parallel of 5° S. Each sub-chief of the Ba-

kuba has a Batwa village assigned to him, whose inhabitants supply him with palm-wine and game. The independent Batwa of the forest sometimes offer dried meat in exchange for *manioc* or maize to the Bakuba, at periodical markets held on neutral ground. Dr. Wolf experienced some difficulty in obtaining accurate measurements; but the first series of those he was able to record gave 1.44\* mètre as a maximum, and 1.40 m. as a minimum. On a later occasion, he found that the heights obtained ranged between 1.30 m. and 1.35 m.—which last figure is somewhat less than that given for Stanley's dwarf.

Dr. Wolf was disposed to think that there is, in this respect, little if any difference between the Batwa and the Bushmen. For the rest, he says that they were in general tolerably well-formed, "und machten durchaus den Eindruck des Normalen." The skull was not markedly prognathous, and no ape-like peculiarities were noticeable. They followed no particular custom in the disposal of their dead, and were, like other Africans, firm believers in witchcraft.†

According to Major Wissmann, these Batwa hunt with dogs, and, indeed, possess a superior breed of greyhounds.

Mr. C. S. Latrobe Bateman, in "Under the Lone Star," speaks of two nomadic tribes—the "Batwa Bankonko" and the "Batwa Basingi"—the former of whom were the terror of the Bakete, who, to obtain protection from them, became tributary to the Bakuba. He makes no mention, however, of their racial peculiarities.

The Obongo, discovered by du Chaillu in 1865, inhabit the Ashango country, in the mountains south of the Ogowé. They were "stoutly built, like chimpanzees," with broad chests and muscular limbs; some of them were not more than 4 feet in height, others from 4 feet 2 inches to 4 feet 7 inches. They were "of a dirty yellow color," with hair growing in tufts; and lived in the same sort of relation to the Ashangos as the Batwa to the Bakuba. A full description of their settlement and its little circular huts made of branches may be found in Du Chaillu's "Ashango-Land."‡

The same people were seen by Dr. Lenz,

\* *Through the Dark Continent*, pp. 390-393.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 435, 436.

‡ *The River Congo*, p. 215.

\* About 4 feet 9½ inches.

† *Trans. Berlin Anthropol. Soc.*, 1886.

‡ Pp. 315 sqq.



when he ascended the Okanda (a tributary of the Ogowé) in 1874. He found that they were called "Babongo," and also "Vambuta" (Wambatti!), though their real name appeared to be Bari or Bali. As he did not penetrate further than 12° E., he did not reach their actual dwelling-places, which were said to be a fortnight's journey beyond that point, though he saw and measured a considerable number of individuals. His measurements range between 1.32 and 1.42 metre, and he particularly notices the contrast between their round huts and the rectangular style of architecture prevailing in the district.\*

Somewhere to the north of these, perhaps, may be placed the Kenkob and Betsan, of whom Dr. Koelle, the learned author of the "*Polyglotta Africana*" (1854), heard at Sierra Leone. He obtained his information from two liberated slaves, one of whom, a man named Yon, was a native of a country called Bayon, supposed to lie about 5° N. and between 12° and 13° E. This man declared that four days' journey eastward from his home there was a great lake called Liba, on whose banks lived the Lufum tribe, "tall, strong, and warlike; clad in black monkey-skins, and fighting with spears and arrows. Near Lufum," the account continues, "and also on the shores of the Liba, is another people, called Kenkob, only three or four feet high, but very stout, and the most excellent marksmen. They are peaceful, live on the produce of the chase, and are so liberal that if, e.g., one has killed an elephant he would give the whole of it away."

Another man, whose home was to the northward of Bayon, gave Dr. Koelle a very similar account of a tribe called "Betsan," living "on the river Riba,† which comes from Bansa and goes to Bambongo." These, too, are successful hunters, and are also said to make bark cloth for themselves, whereas Du Chaillu's Obongo wore nothing but the cast-off grass cloths of the Ashangoa. The Betsan sometimes exchange their venison for millet, etc., in the Rufum country. "They do not cultivate the ground, but are con-

stantly on the move, changing their abode every six or twelve months. Their houses can be easily built, taken down, and even carried along with them, consisting, as they do, of the bark of a large tree. The Betsan hunt monkeys, baboons, wild hogs, deer, elephants, etc."\*

I can suggest no affinity for the names here given to the Pygmies, unless Kenkob contains a possible reminiscence of "Khoi-Khoi," or "Koi Koib," the tribal name used by the Hottentots among themselves. It is utterly unlike a Bantu word, and may be a relic of the language originally common to all the Pygmy tribes, which many of them seem to be losing. Bambongo, on the other hand, distinctly suggests Obongo, and may have originated the latter name (which, as the variant *Babongo* shows, seems to be Bantu)—the Kenkob adopting it from the district where they had sojourned. Or, again, it may be a tribal name, reported to Dr. Koelle's informant as that of a district.

Turning to Southwestern Africa, we find that Major Serpa Pinto,† in 1878, met with a tribe called "*Mucassequeres*," living in the forests between the Cubango and Cuando, while the open country is occupied by the Ambuellas. These people have "eyes very small and out of the right line, cheek-bones very far apart and high, nose flat to the face, and nostrils disproportionately wide." Their hair is crisp and woolly, growing in *separate patches*, and thickest on the top of the head. Unlike the Obongo, they build no kind of shelter, but, like them, are skilled in the use of bows and arrows, and live on roots, honey, and game. In color they are "a dirty yellow, like the Hottentots, while the Ambuellas are black, though of a Caucasian type of feature."

Further south, near the borders of the Kalahari Desert, Serpa Pinto found a tribe similar in most respects to the *Mucassequeres*, but deep black, and known by the name of *Massaruas*. These (who are less savage than the *Mucassequeres*) are probably a tribe of Bushmen, very much resembling, if not identical with, the M'Kabba, or N'Tchabba, brought by Signor Farini from the Kalahari Desert. These last were carefully examined by Professor Virchow, and described by him

\* See *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for 1877 (p. 108). Also Dr. Lenz's paper in the *Transactions of the Berlin Geographical Society*.

† Evidently the name as Liba; as Rufum = Lufum.

\* *Polyglotta Africana*, p. 12.

† *How I Crossed Africa*, Vol. II., pp. 320 *seq.*

in a paper read before the Berlin Anthropological Society, March 20, 1886.

We have now to notice the section of the Pygmy race with which Europeans have come most in contact—the Hottentots and Bushmen. The Hottentots (as they are now known to us, their real name for themselves being “Khoi-Khoi”\*) represent probably the highest development of the race, and differ notably from its other members in being a pastoral people. When Van Riebeeck landed at the Cape, in 1652, they existed in great numbers, roaming the country with large herds of cattle. Kafir wars and Dutch “commandoes,” with other causes, have so far thinned them out that few, if any, genuine “Cape Hottentots” now exist, their place being taken by the Griquas and other tribes of mixed race. Two cognate tribes, the Korannas† and Namaquas, still exist, but in diminished numbers.

That keen observer, Moffat, as long ago as the first decade of this century, noticed the distinct and peculiar characteristics of the Hottentots, and recognized their racial identity with the Bushmen. He speaks of “that nation, which includes Hottentots, Korannas, Namaquas, and Bushmen,” and describes them, as a whole, as “not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow color, and in some cases so light that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible, especially among the Bushmen. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbors of the interior; their visage and form very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek-bones, flat nose, and large lips.” He further notes that the first three speak languages which are mutually intelligible, while that of the Bushmen, though cognate, is quite distinct. Writing (after his return to England) in 1842, when as yet the Akkas and Batwa were unknown to science, he suggests that, “when the sons of Ham entered Africa by Egypt, and the Arabians by the

Red Sea, the Hottentot progenitors took the lead, and gradually advanced, as they were forced forward by an increasing population in their rear, until they reached the ends of the earth.” He further remarks: “It may also be easily conceived by those acquainted with the emigration of tribes that, during their progress to the south, parties remained behind in the more sequestered and isolated spots where they had located, while the nation moved onward, and research may yet prove that that remarkable people originally came from Egypt.” In corroboration of this theory, he mentions having heard from a Syrian, who had lived in Egypt, of slaves in the Cairo market, brought from a great distance in the interior, who spoke a language similar to that of the Hottentots, and were not nearly so dark-colored as negroes in general. These must certainly have been Akkas.\*

As for the Bushmen, we have pretty full accounts of them from various sources. Moffat has much to say about them—too much to quote in full—which may be found in the first and fourth chapters of his “Missionary Labors in South Africa,” and is supplemented by Livingstone in the “Missionary Travels.”

Mr. Alfred J. Bethell (in a letter to the *Standard* which appeared on April 26, 1889) says that the Bushmen proper are now “nearly if not quite extinct,” the people now so called being outcasts from the Matabele, Bamangwato, and other Bantu communities. Mr. A. A. Anderson,† however, who extended his journeys far beyond the northern limits of the Transvaal, makes frequent mention of them, and discriminates four distinct types, noticing especially a very light-colored variety, only found in the Drakensberg Mountains and the ranges west of them. There seems to be a tradition of hostility between the Bushmen and Hottentots; and the difference between them in pursuits and habits has always been sharply marked; but the fact of their affinity has seldom or never been ques-

\* Or *Koi-koib* (“men of men”) according to Dr. Cust. The Kafirs call them “Lawi.” “Hottentot” is merely a nickname given by the early Dutch settlers, who declared the natives spoke an unintelligible language, consisting only of sounds like *hot* and *lot*.

† Some ethnologists are inclined to look on the Koranna tribe as a cross between Hottentots and Bushmen.

\* Winwood Reade’s remark (*African Sketch Book*, Vol. II., p. 528), written in 1873 or earlier, is worth notice. “His (Du Chaillu’s) discovery of the Dwarfs (who are certainly Bushmen) is an important contribution to the ethnology of Africa.”

† *Twenty-five years in a Wagon in South Africa*, Vol. I., pp. 235, 282, etc.; Vol. II., p. 74.

tioned. Moffat distinctly states his belief (supported by the analogy of the Balala, or outcast Bechuanas) that they are the descendants of Hottentots driven by want and the hostility of stronger neighbors into the desert. Generations of perpetual living on the edge of starvation have made of them the gauntest and skinniest of shapes—seemingly designed by nature to show what human beings can endure in that line, and live—and developed in them, in spite, or because of their physical weakness and insignificance, a cunning and an intimate knowledge of nature that to the savage mind seems little short of superhuman. Some of the Kafirs believe that the Bushmen can understand the language of the baboons; and countless instances of their skill in tracking game and finding water are on record. They possess a wonderful gift of mimicry, can imitate to the life the action of any man or animal, and have a passionate love of music. They can evolve from their primitive instruments—the “gorah,” with its catgut and quill, or the hollow gourd-shell, with strings stretched across it—plaintive melodies of a surprising sweetness, very different from the hideous *tiamarre* of horns and tom-toms which delights the heart of the average African. Moreover, having a quick ear and a retentive memory, they will pick up and repeat any civilized tune once heard—whether the *Chorales* of the German mission, or the more secular ditty sung by the wandering traders. Their poisoned arrows, and their noiseless, furtive ways of coming and going, inspire the stronger races with a vague dread of them—strengthened, no doubt, by that uncanny something which, as Mr. F. Boyle remarks, “makes a Bush-boy resemble a bird the more, the more he shows a simian intelligence.”

We have thus, in a hasty and imperfect manner, surveyed the known fragments of the aboriginal African race. We have seen that they resemble each other to a great extent in physical conformation and in manners and customs; the differences being for the most part due (like the extremely poor development and degraded way of life of the Bushmen) to differences in habitat and environment. The Hottentot and Sān or Saab (Bushman) languages we have seen to be related, though distinct; and they are radically different

from every known Bantu tongue. Some have even denied that they are articulate speech at all. The peculiarity of the “clicks” has often been insisted on;\* another distinguishing characteristic is the existence (at least in the Hottentot language) of grammatical gender—a feature wholly absent from the Bantu tongues. The Bushman language is said to be monosyllabic. The Hottentots, however, now mostly speak Dutch—or that variety of it to be heard at the Cape—and probably both languages are on the way to extinction. It is said that “a missionary, being invited by the Government to send books in the Korā dialect to be printed, remarked that his experience was that it was easier to teach the young to read Dutch, and that the old could not learn at all.”†

An examination of the list of Batwa words collected by Dr. Wolf, as compared with his Baluba and Bakuba vocabularies, and the Congo and Swahili languages, has convinced me that the Batwa, if they have not adopted and modified the speech of their neighbors, have at any rate adopted a great many Bantu words into their own. The numbers up to ten, for instance, are identical (with slight differences of pronunciation) in the Batwa and Baluba languages. But as yet the materials for comparison are too scanty for any definite statement to be made. The few words elicited from the dwarf met by Stanley were, as Mr. Johnston points out, decidedly Bantu; but we need not conclude from this that the Pygmy race consists merely of outcast and degenerate Bantus. What more likely than that a small and isolated tribe, who, like the Batwa, frequently had friendly intercourse with surrounding and more powerful tribes, should, to a certain extent, adopt the language of the latter?

Surveying the Pygmy race as a whole, we find them—shorn of the mythical and magical glamour with which distance and mystery had invested them—not so very different, after all, from other human beings, but still sufficiently interesting. There is a shock of disillusion in passing

\* Some of the Kafir languages possess these clicks, but they have undoubtedly been borrowed.

† Spoken on the Orange River.

‡ *Modern Languages of Africa*. By R. N. Cust.

from the elves and trolls of a past age—not to mention Alberic of the Nibelung's Hoard—to the worthy but prosaic Lapps of the present day; and the "little people" of whom Bwana Abed entertained such a vivid and unpleasant recollection were doubtless minimized in stature by the retrospective imagination. No well-authenticated adult Mtwa, Akka, or Mbatti seems to be much less than 4 feet 6 inches; while Dr. Petermann thinks that the Pygmies on the whole, run about a head shorter than the average negro. This may be disappointing to those who are ever on the look-out for the marvellous—by which they mean the abnormal—but the facts as they stand present quite sufficient food for thought to a more rational frame of mind.

I cannot attempt to deal with the origin of the Pygmy race, or its relationship to the Andamanese and the Veddahs of Ceylon, who are said to have some characteristics in common with them. But it seems clear that they were once spread over a great part, if not the whole, of the continent; that they were broken up and partially exterminated by the advent of the stronger dark races; and that, as a race, they are passing away. It is interesting to look at an analogous case in Europe. A race of small stature, slight frame, and comparatively low type, scarcely, if at all, advanced beyond the hunter stage, occupied the British Islands and the northwestern part of the Continent. They were partly massacred or enslaved, partly driven into the mountains, by their Celtic conquerors; and in the lonely recesses of the hills and woods—what with their weakness and their strength, their cunning and their skill in metals, their music, and their underground dwellings and their strange, uncanny wisdom—a growth of legend and poetry sprang up about them, till they were no longer known save as elves, gnomes, trolls, or "Good People," whom one dared not name.

It is somewhat suggestive, as bearing on the question of the original immigration into Africa, to note that there was, as late as the sixteenth century, a Pygmy tribe living in Arabia, who may well have been a detachment left behind when the main body crossed the Isthmus of Suez. So far as I am aware, the only authority

for this fact is Lodovico di Bartema, otherwise known as Ludovicus Wertomannus, whose narrative of a visit to Mecca (about 1500) is contained in Vol. IV. of "Hakluyt's Voyages." This account runs thus:

In the space of eyght dayes we came to a mountayne which conteyneth in circuit ten or twelve myles. This is inhabited with Jewes to the number of fyve thousand or thereabout. They are very litle of stature, as of the hyght of five or sixe spannes, and some muche lesse. They have small voyces like women, and of blacke colour, yet some blacker than other. They feede of none other meate than goates' fleshe. They are circumcised, and deny not themselves to be Jewes.

This last sentence, apparently, contains the evidence for their Judaism. It is now well known that the rite in question is commonly practised in Africa, and by the Hottentots, among others. What has become of these "Jewes" does not appear. Probably they have gone the way of nearly all the Bushmen. Will the Akkas and the rest follow them? As a race they are doomed to pass away; yet this need not imply—we hope it does not—that they are to be massacred, or starved out of existence. It was long believed that the Celtic Britons had been utterly exterminated (except in Wales and Cornwall) by the Teutonic invaders, whom the older school histories taught us to consider as our exclusive ancestors. When the existence of the older, dwarfish, Euskarran or Neolithic race was discovered, it was at first supposed that they had in like manner been made a clean sweep of by the Celts. Recent researches have made it probable that this was by no means the case; indeed, Mr. Grant Allen thinks that there is a considerable Euskarran element in the English population of to-day. The black-haired aborigines—what was left of them—gradually amalgamated with the light-haired and blue-eyed Celts; and these were, in turn, absorbed by the English properly so called. And we have seen that the Griquas and other mixed races exist in Cape Colony, some, at least, of whom have shown themselves capable of being respectable and useful in their generation; and it is at least possible that these mixed races may survive, and in time amalgamate with the Bantu.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



## WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"But if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be. I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know God will give us a son—a man child that shall grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then, and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave."

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

"Since the beginning—till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?"

"Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother."

"And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dower! I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child."

"Art thou sorry for the sale?"

"I have sorrowed; but to-day I am glad. Thou wilt never cease to love me now?—answer, my king."

"Never—never. No."

"Not even though the *mem-log*—the white women of thy own blood—love thee! And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair."

"I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred. I have seen the moon, and—then I saw no more fire-balloons."

Ameera clapped her hands and laughed. "Very good talk," she said. Then with an assumption of great stateliness: "It is enough. Thou hast my permission to depart,—if thou wilt."

The man did not move. He was sitting on a low red-lacquered couch in a room furnished only with a blue and white floor-cloth, some rugs, and a very complete collection of native cushions. At his feet sat a woman of sixteen, and she was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise, for he was an Englishman, and

she a Mussulman's daughter bought two years before from her mother, who, being left without money, would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient.

It was a contract entered into with a light heart; but even before the girl had reached her bloom she came to fill the greater portion of John Holden's life. For her, and the withered hag her mother, he had taken a little house overlooking the great red-walled city, and found,—when the marigolds had sprung up by the well in the courtyard, and Ameera had established herself according to her own ideas of comfort, and her mother had ceased grumbling at the inadequacy of the cooking-places, the distance from the daily market, and at matters of housekeeping in general,—that the house was to him his home. Any one could enter his bachelor's bungalow by day or night, and the life that he led there was an unlovely one. In the house in the city his feet only could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms; and when the big wooden gate was bolted behind him he was king in his own territory, with Ameera for queen. And there was going to be added to this kingdom a third person whose arrival Holden felt inclined to resent. It interfered with his perfect happiness. It disarranged the orderly peace of the house that was his own. But Ameera was wild with delight at the thought of it, and her mother not less so. The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at the best an inconstant affair, but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. "And then," Ameera would always say, "then he will never care for the white *mem-log*. I hate them all—I hate them all."

"He will go back to his own people in time," said the mother; "but by the blessing of God that time is yet afar off."

Holden sat silent on the couch thinking of the future, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The drawbacks of a double life are manifold. The Government, with singular care, had ordered him out of the station for a fortnight on special duty in the place of a man who was watching by

the bedside of a sick wife. The verbal notification of the transfer had been edged by a cheerful remark that Holden ought to think himself lucky in being a bachelor and a free man. He came to break the news to Ameera.

"It is not good," she said slowly, "but it is not all bad. There is my mother here, and no harm will come to me—unless indeed I die of pure joy. Go thou to thy work and think no troublesome thoughts. When the days are done I believe . . . nay, I am sure. And—and then I shall lay *him* in thy arms, and thou wilt love me forever. The train goes to-night, at midnight is it not? Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me. But thou wilt not delay in returning? Thou wilt not stay on the road to talk to the bold white *mem-log*. Come back to me swiftly, my life."

As he left the courtyard to reach his horse that was tethered to the gate-post, Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph-form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done, and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral Holden went away by the night-mail to his exile. Every hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera. In consequence his work for the State was not of first-rate quality, nor was his temper toward his colleagues of the most amiable. The fortnight ended without a sign from his home, and, torn to pieces by his anxieties, Holden returned to be swallowed up for two precious hours by a dinner at the club, wherein he heard, as a man hears in a swoon, voices telling him how execrably he had performed the other man's duties, and how he had endeared himself to all his associates. Then he fled on horseback through the night with his heart in his mouth. There was no answer at first to his blows on the gate, and he had just wheeled his horse round to kick it in when Pir Khan appeared with a lantern and held his stirrup.

"Has aught occurred?" said Holden.

"The news does not come from my mouth, Protector of the Poor, but—" He held out his shaking hand as befitted the bearer of good news who is entitled to a reward.

Holden hurried through the courtyard. A light burned in the upper room. His horse neighed in the gateway and he heard a shrill little wail that sent all the blood into the apple of his throat. It was a new voice, but it did not prove that Ameera was alive.

"Who is there?" he called up the narrow brick staircase.

There was a cry of delight from Ameera, and then the voice of the mother, tremulous with old age and pride—"We be two women and—the-man—thy—son."

On the threshold of the room Holden stepped on a naked dagger, that was laid there to avert ill-luck, and it broke at the hilt under his impatient heel.

"God is great!" cooed Ameera in the half-light. "Thou hast taken his misfortunes on thy head."

"Ay, but how is it with thee, life of my life? Old woman, how is it with her?"

"She has forgotten her sufferings for joy that the child is born. There is no harm; but speak softly," said the mother.

"It only needed thy presence to make me all well," said Ameera. "My king, thou hast been very long away. What gifts hast thou for me? Ah, ah! It is I that bring gifts this time. Look, my life, look. Was there ever such a babe? Nay, I am too weak even to clear my arm from him."

"Rest then, and do not talk. I am here, *bachari* (little woman)."

"Well said, for there is a bond and a heel-rope (*peecharee*) between us now that nothing can break. Look—canst thou see in this light? He is without spot or blemish. Never was such a man-child. *Ya illah!* he shall be a pundit—no, a trooper of the Queen. And, my life, dost thou love me as well as ever, though I am faint and sick and worn? Answer truly."

"Yea. I love as I have loved, with all my soul. Lie still, pearl, and rest."

"Then do not go. Sit by my side here—so. Mother, the lord of this house needs a cushion. Bring it." There was an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the new life that lay in the hollow of Ameera's arm. "Aho!" she said, her voice breaking with love. "The babe is a champion from his birth. He is kick-

ing me in the side with mighty kicks. Was there ever such a babe! And he is ours to us—thine and mine. Put thy hand on his head, but carefully, for he is very young, and men are unskilled in such matters."

Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers the downy head.

"He is of the Faith," said Ameera; "for lying here in the night-watches I whispered the call to prayer and the profession of faith into his ears. And it is most marvellous that he was born upon a Friday, as I was born. Be careful of him, my life; but he can almost grip with his hands."

Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger. And the clutch ran through his limbs till it settled about his heart. Till then his sole thought had been for Ameera. He began to realize that there was some one else in the world, but he could not feel that it was a veritable son with a soul. He sat down to think, and Ameera dozed lightly.

"Get hence, *sahib*," said her mother under her breath. "It is not good that she should find you here on waking. She must be still."

"I go," said Holden submissively. "Here be rupees. See that my *baba* gets fat and finds all that he needs."

The chink of the silver roused Ameera. "I am his mother, and no hireling," she said weakly. "Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money? Mother, give it back. I have borne my lord a son."

The deep sleep of weakness came upon her almost before the sentence was completed. Holden went down to the courtyard very softly with his heart at ease. Pir Khan, the old watchman, was chuckling with delight. "This house is now complete," he said, and without further comment thrust into Holden's hands the hilt of a sabre worn many years ago when he, Pir Khan, served the Queen in the police. The bleat of a tethered goat came from the well-kerb.

"There be two," said Pir Khan, "two goats of the best. I bought them, and they cost much money; and since there is no birth-party assembled their flesh will be all mine. Strike craftily, *sahib*! 'Tis an ill-balanced sabre at the best. Wait till they raise their heads from cropping the marigolds."

"And why?" said Holden, bewildered.

"For the birth-sacrifice. What else? Otherwise the child being unguarded from fate may die. The Protector of the Poor knows the fitting words to be said."

Holden had learned them once with little thought that he would ever speak them in earnest. The touch of the cold sabre-hilt in his palm turned suddenly to the clinging grip of the child upstairs—the child that was his own son—and a dread of loss filled him.

"Strike!" said Pir Khan. "Never life came into the world but life was paid for it. See, the goats have raised their heads. Now! With a drawing cut!"

Hardly knowing what he did Holden cut twice as he muttered the Mohammedan prayer that runs:—"Almighty! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin." The waiting horse snorted and bounded in his pickets at the smell of the raw blood that spirted over Holden's riding-boots.

"Well smitten!" said Pir Khan wiping the sabre. "A swordsman was lost in thee. Go with a light heart, Heaven-born. I am thy servant, and the servant of thy son. May the Presence live a thousand years and . . . the flesh of the goats is all mine!" Pir Khan drew back richer by a month's pay. Holden swung himself into the saddle and rode off through the low-hanging wood-smoke of the evening. He was full of riotous exultation, alternating with a vast vague tenderness directed toward no particular object, that made him choke as he bent over the neck of his uneasy horse. "I never felt like this in my life," he thought. "I'll go to the club and pull myself together."

A game of pool was beginning, and the room was full of men. Holden entered, eager to get to the light and the company of his fellows, singing at the top of his voice:

In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet!

"Did you?" said the club-secretary from his corner. "Did she happen to tell you that your boots were wringing wet? Great goodness, man, it's blood!"

"Bosh!" said Holden, picking his cue from the rack. "May I cut in? It's due. I've been riding through high

crops. My faith ! my boots are in a mess though !”

And if it be a girl she shall wear a wedding ring.

And if it be a boy he shall fight for his king,  
With his dirk, and his cap, and his little jacket blue,

He shall walk the quarter-deck—”

“Yellow on blue—green next player,” said the marker monotonously.

“*He shall walk the quarter deck,—am I green, marker ! He shall walk the quarter-deck,—eh ! that’s a bad shot,—as his daddy used to do !*”

“I don’t see that you have anything to crow about,” said a zealous junior civilian acidly. “The Government is not exactly pleased with your work when you relieved Sanders.”

“Does that mean a wiggling from headquarters ?” said Holden with an abstracted smile. “I think I can stand it.”

The talk beat up round the ever-fresh subject of each man’s work, and steadied Holden till it was time to go to his dark empty bungalow, where his butler received him as one who knew all his affairs. Holden remained awake for the greater part of the night, and his dreams were pleasant ones.

## II.

“How old is he now ?”

“*Ya illah !* What a man’s question ! He is all but six weeks old ; and on this night I go up to the house-top with thee, my life, to count the stars. For that is auspicious. And he was born on a Friday under the sign of the sun, and it has been told to me that he will outlive us both and get wealth. Can we wish for aught better, beloved ?”

“There is nothing better. Let us go up to the roof, and thou shalt count the stars—but a few only, for the sky is heavy with cloud.”

“The winter rains are late, and maybe they come out of season. Come, before all the stars are hid. I have put on my richest jewels.”

“Thou has forgotten the best of all.”

“*Ai !* Ours. He comes also. He has never yet seen the skies.”

Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin with a small skull-cap on his head.

Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the centre of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the chinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade-green muslin as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk, frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country’s ornaments but, since they were Holden’s gift and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.

They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

“They are happy down there,” said Ameera. “But I do not think that they are as happy as we. Nor do I think the white *mem-log* are as happy. And thou !”

“I know they are not.”

“How dost thou know ?”

“They give their children over to the nurses.”

“I have never seen that,” said Ameera with a sigh, “nor do I wish to see. *Ahi !*”—she dropped her head on Holden’s shoulder,—“I have counted forty stars, and I am tired. Look at the child, love of my life, he is counting too.”

The baby was staring with round eyes at the dark of the heavens. Ameera placed him in Holden’s arms, and he lay there without a cry.

“What shall we call him among ourselves ?” she said. “Look ! Art thou ever tired of looking ? He carries thy very eyes. But the mouth—”

“Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I ?”

’Tis such a feeble mouth. Oh, so small ! And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away.”

“Nay, let him lie ; he has not yet begun to cry.”

“When he cries thou wilt give him back—eh ! What a man of mankind thou



art ! If he cried he were only the dearer to me. But, my life, what little name shall we give him ?”

The small body lay close to Holden's heart. It was utterly helpless and very soft. He scarcely dared to breathe for fear of crushing it. The caged green parrot that is regarded as a sort of guardian spirit in most native households moved on its perch and fluttered a drowsy wing.

“There is the answer,” said Holden. “Mian Mittu has spoken. He shall be the parrot. When he is ready he will talk mightily and run about. Mian Mittu is the parrot in thy—in the Mussulman tongue, is it not ?”

“Why put me so far off ?” said Ameera fretfully. “Let it be like unto some English name—but not wholly. For he is mine.”

“Then call him Tota, for that is likest English.”

“Ay, Tota, and that is still the parrot. Forgive me, my lord, for a minute ago, but in truth he is too little to wear all the weight of Mian Mittu for name. He shall be Tota—our Tota to us. Hearest thou, oh, small one ? Littlest, thou art Tota.” She touched the child's cheek, and he waking wailed, and it was necessary to return him to his mother, who soothed him with the wonderful rhyme of *Aré koko, Ja ré koko* ! which says :

Oh, crow ! Go crow ! Baby's sleeping sound,  
And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only  
a penny a pound.

Only a penny a pound, *daba*, only a penny a pound.

Reassured many times as to the price of those plums, Tota cuddled himself down to sleep. The two sleek, white well-bullocks in the courtyard were steadily chewing the cud of their evening meal ; old Pir Khan squatted at the head of Holden's horse, his police sabre across his knees, pulling drowsily at a big water-pipe that croaked like a bull-frog in a pond. Ameera's mother sat spinning in the lower veranda, and the wooden gate was shut and barred. The music of a marriage procession came to the roof above the gentle hum of the city, and a string of flying-foxes crossed the face of the low moon.

“I have prayed,” said Ameera after a long pause, “I have prayed for two things. First, that I may die in thy stead if thy death is demanded, and in the second that I may die in the place of the

child. I have prayed to the Prophet and to Beebee Miriam [the Virgin Mary]. Thinkest thou either will hear ?”

“From thy lips who would not hear the lightest word ?”

“I asked for straight talk, and thou hast given me sweet talk. Will my prayers be heard ?”

“How can I say ? God is very good.”

“Of that I am not sure. Listen now. When I die, or the child dies, what is thy fate ? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white *mem-log*, for kind calls to kind.”

“Not always.”

“With a woman, no ; with a man it is otherwise. Thou wilt in this life, later on, go back to thine own folk. That I could almost endure, for I should be dead. But in thy very death thou wilt be taken away to a strange place and a paradise that I do not know.”

“Will it be paradise ?”

“Surely, for who would harm thee ? But we two—I and the child—shall be elsewhere, and we cannot come to thee, nor canst thou come to us. In the old days, before the child was born, I did not think of these things ; but now I think of them always. It is very hard talk.”

“It will fall as it will fall. To-morrow we do not know, but to-day and love we know well. Surely we are happy now.”

“So happy that it were well to make our happiness assured. And thy Beebee Miriam should listen to me ; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me ! It is not seemly for men to worship a woman.”

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

“Is it not seemly ? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee, then ?”

“Thou a worshipper ! And of me ! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See !”

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet ; recovering herself with a little laugh she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely—

“Is it true that the bold white *mem-log* live for three times the length of my life ? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women ?”

"They marry as do others—when they are women."

"That I know, but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true?"

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five! Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman—ageing every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and— Those *mem-log* remain young forever. How I hate them!"

"What have they to do with us?"

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth a woman ten years older than I who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, gray headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now, for all thy years thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou at least art as foolish as any babe!" Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried down stairs laughing in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant, and, almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small gold-colored little god and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera—happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By day Holden did his work with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station-gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera—Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota, how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose—which was manifestly a miracle—how later, he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead on to the floor and away on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his coun-

oils—the well-bullocks, the little gray squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength! This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! Fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun [Solomon and Plato]. Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and rumped, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird she cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life, and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half and Tota the other." Mian Mittu with careful beak took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am gray-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he was advanced to the dignity of a silver belt—which, with a magic-square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing—he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse, having seen his mother's mother chaffering with pedlars in the veranda. Pir Khan wept and set the untried feet on his own gray head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening while he sat on the roof between his father and mother watching the never-ending warfare of the kites, that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself, and when Hol-

den called him a "spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly in defence of his new-found individuality: "*Hum' park nahin hai. Hom admi hai.* (I am no spark, but a man.)"

The protest made Holden choke and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future. He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away as many things are taken away in India—suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever—the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die, and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the little body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall and would have flung herself down the well in the garden had Holden not restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

### III.

THE first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting, where she sat with her head on her knees shivering as Mian Mitu from the house-top called, *Tota! Tota! Tota!* Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an outrage that any one of the children at the band-stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous, when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him, and stories told by over-fond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare

his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy; and Ameera at the end of each weary day would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little more care—it might have been saved.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun he might have lived. But, oh my life, say that I am guiltless! Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee. Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!"

"There is no blame—before God, none. It was written and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here? *Ahi!* *Ahi!* Oh Tota, come back to me—come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace, peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me—rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care; and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh that I had married a man of mine own people—though he beat me, and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien—mother of my son?"

"What else—*sahib?* . . . Oh forgive me—forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and—and I have put thee from me though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed, it was the pain that spoke and not thy slave."

"I know, I know. We be two who were three. The greater need therefore that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof as of custom. The night was a warm one in early spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I—I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But

thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer!"

"I love more because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together, and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I knew," said Ameera in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen! Give me my *sitar* and I will sing bravely."

She took the light silver-studded *sitar* and began a song of the great hero Rajah Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings, the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery-rhyme about the wicked crow:

And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only  
a penny a pound.  
Only a penny a pound, *daba*—only . . .

Then came the tears, and the piteous rebellion against fate till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body as though it protected something that was not there. It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work, and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded, but grew happier when she understood that Holden was more at ease, according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the evil eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught, it is naught;" and hoping that all the Powers heard.

The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty wherein men fed well and the crops were certain and the birth-rate rose year by year: the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand

to the square mile of the overburdened earth; and the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long-suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red *dhak* tree that had flowered untimely for a sign of what was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the Deputy Commissioner of Kot Kumbharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove, I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship—dined next him—bowled over by cholera and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestrymen of his kidney to their own parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Don't know," said the Deputy Commissioner reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north—at least we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that Nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too?" said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the Government to put my pet canal on the list of famine relief-works. It's an ill-wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old programme then," said Holden; "famine, fever, and cholera?"



"Oh no. Only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap. You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill-stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazaars*," said a young civilian in the Secretariat. "Now I have observed—"

"I dare say you have," said the Deputy Commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the meantime, I wish to observe to you—" and he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart. Holden went to his bungalow and began to understand that he was not alone in the world, and also that he was afraid for the sake of another,—which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the Deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring-reapings came a cry for bread, and the Government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim-gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke and ran over the face of the land carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the foot-boards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying. They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape death by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the hills and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting-line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and people are dying, and all the white *mem-log* have gone."

"All of them?"

"All—unless perhaps there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay; who stays is my sister, and thou must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold *mem-log* are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the hills and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock cart, veiled and curtained, with brass peacocks upon the pole and red cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard and—"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For his sake, perhaps—thou hast made me very English—I might have gone. Now, I will not. Let the *mem-log* run."

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but borne thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger-nail—'s that not small?—I should be aware of it though I were in paradise. And here, this summer thou mayest die—*ai, jancee*, die! and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me in the last of thy love!"

"But love is not born in a moment or on a death-bed!"

"What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least and, by God and the Prophet and Beebee Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur fires blazed in the streets; the conches in the Hindu temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those

days. There was a service in the great Mahomedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead, and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the gray dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit, for the land was very sick and needed a little breathing-space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still, waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine-relief, cholera-sheds, medicine-distribution, and what little sanitation was possible, went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to keep himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera, and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded—so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud, "And?" said he—

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, Heaven-born! It is the black cholera!"

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long deferred rains were near and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the courtyard, whimpering, "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, *sahib*?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered because the human soul is a very lonely thing and, when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow. The black cholera does its work quietly and without explanation.

Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was neither afraid nor in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee forever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words on his ear—"that there is no God but—thee, beloved!"

Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him—till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, *sahib*?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterward take an inventory of the furniture in this house. For that will be mine. The *sahib* does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, *sahib*, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God be silent, a while. Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"*Sahib*, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it, that the bed on which—on which she lies—"

"Aha! That beautiful red-lacquered bed. I have long desired—"

"That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence, and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the

rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me! My order is that there is a going. The house-gear is worth a thousand rupees and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees to-night."

"That is very little. Think of the cart-hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house-fittings forgot to mourn. Holden stayed by Ameera's side and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided dripping into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm through ankle-deep dust. He found the court-yard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs; a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buck-shot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the *sahib's* order," said Pir Khan. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my monkey-face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning; but remember, *sahib*, it will be to thee a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the Presence whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered,

"Oh you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last

time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying: "Eat, *sahib*, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover the shadows come and go, *sahib*; the shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and washed the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and scoured open the shallow graves on the Mahomedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only: "Rickells, Myndonie. Dying. Holden relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather, and the rank earth steamed with vapor.

He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung lazily from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the courtyard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A gray squirrel was in possession of the veranda, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The tick-tick of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and the other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord—portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was overlooking his property to see how the roofs stood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, *sahib*?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, *sahib*," he said. "When I was a young man I also —, but to-day I am a member of the

Municipality. Ho! Ho! No. When the birds have gone what need to keep the nest? I will have it pulled down—the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the Municipal-

ity shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning *ghaut* to the city wall, so that no man may say where this house stood.”—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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A VISION OF SOUND.

BY M. FRERE.

Rush of waves! where waters meet:  
 Roll of wheels along the street!  
 Clatt'ring hoofs that nearer come,  
 Barking dogs that guard their home!  
 Wide-stretch'd wings that cleave the sky—  
 As the cawing rooks home fly!  
 Music! (when the monarch-mine  
 Doth his world, as subjects, bind!)  
 Whether great Beethoven thunder!  
 Or 'tis Bach who rends asunder  
 Veil that shelters the Unseen!  
 Or Chopin's airy waltzes queen  
 Far heights of fancy! or a Glee  
 Win a hearing presently!  
 Or sonorous organ rise  
 To wondrous flute-like harmonies!  
 Laughter! crying! creaking door—  
 Fall of flail on threshing floor—  
 Whistling engine! thunder hoarse!  
 Winds to try the fir-trees' force!  
 Buzzing gnat, or drowsy bee!  
 Drip of rain-drops—"one," "two," "three"!  
 Clock! that weighs the passing time!  
 Bells! that clanging changes chime  
 Wind-transported; and proclaim  
 Which way fitful breezes came!  
 These—and such as these—ah me!  
 Fast can fill the vacancy!  
 Rumbling earth that quakes and sea  
 That no more at rest may be!  
 Pebbles, through which down apace  
 Wave-rejoining-wave-drops race!  
 Trumpet-blare! Fierce snort of funnel,  
 Sudden rush of train through tunnel,  
 Breaking stillness of the night  
 By the roaring of its flight!  
 Grind of upper-millstone, worn  
 By the grit of golden corn!  
 Knife-edge chirp of flittermouse  
 Hovering about the house!  
 Crickets! (elfish bellows blowing,  
 Hearthstone to their comrades showing!)  
 Lowing oxen! grunting swine!  
 Rustle of soft silk gowns fine!  
 Rustle of the autumn leaves!  
 Rustle of the barley sheaves!



Shout of children tossing hay  
 Through the clear long summer's day !  
 Tender song of nightingale  
 Breaking stillness ! while the pale  
 Cold moon shines on us. . . . .

. . . . . Redbreast's ditty,  
 Sparrow's chirp in roaring city,  
 Linnet's twitter on the tree  
 Swaying round him airily !  
 Lark's low tone—while prone he lies  
 Ere his clear song wake the skies !  
 Thrush's soft melodious note !  
 Blackbird's gurgle ! while with throat  
 Wide-op'd, many a turn he sings  
 And counter-turn, on men and things,  
 Flinging wing-supporting joy  
 Broadcast—Gladness sans alloy !  
 These, and more and such as they  
 May vibrate on the air to-day—  
 Or within the silent night  
 Vex the wearied, or delight !  
 Moor-hen's startled midnight cry  
 Warning of the poacher nigh !  
 Ghostly sound of great white owl—  
 Snoring 'neath his feather'd cowl !  
 Artillery of summer night  
 That wraps the world in blinding light !  
 Crow of haughty Chanticleer  
 Heralding the dawn as near,  
 Sound of wind among the reeds !  
 Bleating lambs ! or neighing steeds !  
 Squeak of wainscot-shelter'd mouse—  
 Whirr of heavy-winged grouse !  
 Bell of stag across the glen !  
 Roll of drums ! and march of men !  
 Crack'ling fire !—the shot of coal  
 Flung by tons into the hole !  
 Cats ! the witch-imps ! ever roaming  
 O'er the dark roofs in the gloaming !  
 Drive of skates upon the ice,  
 Needle, graving quaint device !  
 Noisy factory's ceaseless din  
 When the busy Hands are in !  
 Peaceful sound of cottage loom,  
 (Close where water-lilies bloom :)  
 Farrier's blows, that fall full fast !  
 Post-horn ! as the coach whirls past !  
 Splash of fishes in a pool  
 Where they shelter in the cool  
 From day's noon-tide (nor turn by  
 To entrap the gadding fly !)  
 Plunge of water-rat that goes  
 A header, under terrier's nose !  
 Yell ! that at the winning-post  
 Tells the Fav'rite's won,—or lost !  
 These, and every other sound  
 That in wide world doth abound !—

Cornerake ! cuckoo ! flight of plover !  
 Cry of hounds that draw the cover, —  
 Joyful sound of view-halloo !—  
 Jackals' wailing (doleful crew !)  
 Echoes of far-distant lands  
 Held in mem'ry's fateful bands !  
 Eight-bells summons a-board ship !  
 Crack of foreign post-boy's whip,  
 Thud of colts'-hoofs, home that pelt,  
 Driven o'er the flow'ring Veldt :  
 Squeal of shepherds' pipes, that come  
 From where ragged peasants roam  
 O'er Campagna ! as with song  
 They, dancing, drive the day along !  
 Hyænas that wildly laugh !  
 (Drunk with hunger !)—plaint of calf !  
 Leaping flames that lick the air !  
 Growl of leopard in his lair !  
 Scream of parrots, as they fly  
 Athwart the hot unclouded sky !  
 Monkey's chatter ! as they mock  
 Pursuit ; and swing from rock to rock :  
 Groaning camels, that complain  
 Like prison'd souls in speechless pain :  
 Heavy creek of water-wheel  
 As o'er and o'er the pitchers reel—  
 While drudging beast, with eyes close-bound  
 Makes his daily Nile-bank round ;  
 Hailstorm of swift musketry !  
 Cannons booming !—by and by  
 War's alarm ! (" Here come I  
 " At whose advent ye shall die !")  
 These, and all that has been heard  
 Since erst was spoke an utter'd word,—  
 These, and all that has been read,  
 May float into the dreaming head  
 Antagonists to rest ! or come  
 To chase the hope of silence home !  
 Pleasing, paining, to and fro  
 Hither flit ! and thither go !  
 Jar or jangle in the mind—  
 These, or others it may find  
 Or, by concord and device  
 Fit with thought, and harmonize !  
 How-so-much they tuneful be,  
 None of these enthralleth me !  
 These ! and thousands such as they  
 Sad or merry ! grave or gay !  
 One Sound puts other sounds to flight !  
 One Sound—makes pain, or joy, delight !  
 All else as Silence' self I hold  
 Whenever the true Hour is told !  
 One Sound, the never-elsewhere-found,  
 One Sound ! that is much more than sound !  
 One Sound—in which all virtue's wrought !  
 One Sound in which is fus'd all thought !  
 A Sound to bid each heartache fly,  
 And life beat time to ecstasy !

One Sound ; (above thy steadfast tread—  
 More lov'd than all that comes instead)  
 One Sound to make my heart rejoice  
 The long'd-for music of Thy Voice.

—Spectator.

DE QUINCEY.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IN not a few respects the literary lot of Thomas de Quincey, both during his life and after it, has been exceedingly peculiar. In one respect it has been unique. I do not know that any other author of anything like his merit during our time has had a piece of work published for fully twenty years as his, only for it to be excluded as somebody else's at the end of that time. Certainly *The Traditions of the Rabbins* was very De Quinceyish ; Indeed, it was so De Quinceyish that the discovery, after such a length of time, that it was not De Quincey's at all, but "Salathiel" Croly's, must have given unpleasant qualms to more than one critic accustomed to be positive on internal evidence. But if De Quincey had thus attributed to him work that was not his, he has also had the utmost difficulty in getting attributed to him in any accessible form work that was his own. Three, or nominally four, editions—one in the decade of his death, superintended for the most part by himself ; another in 1862, whose blue coat and white labels dwell in the fond memory ; and another in 1878 (reprinted in 1889) a little altered and enlarged, with the Rabbins turned out and more soberly clad, but identical in the main—put before the British public for some thirty-five years a certain portion of his strange, long-delayed, but voluminous work. This work had occupied him for about the same period, that is to say for the last and shorter half of his extraordinary and yet uneventful life. Now after much praying of readers, and grumbling of critics, we have a fifth and definitive edition from the English critic who has given most attention to De Quincey, Professor Masson.\* I may say with hearty

acknowledgment of Mr. Masson's services to English literature—acknowledgments which can nowhere be more in place than here—that I do not very much like this last edition. De Quincey, never much favored by the mechanical producers of books, has had his sizings, as Byron would say, still further stinted in the matter of print, margins, and the like ; and what I cannot but regard as a rather uncereceremonious tampering with his own arrangement has taken place, the new matter being not added in supplementary volumes or in appendices to the reprinted volumes, but thrust into or between the separate essays, sometimes to the destruction of De Quincey's "redaction" altogether, and always to the confusion and dislocation of his arrangement, which has also been neglected in other ways. In former reissues Messrs. Black, following the usage of all the best publishers, arranged their additions so that the possessors of earlier issues could complete them at will, and, so far as I know, De Quincey's own arrangement was entirely respected, except in the very harmless change of making the fifth volume the first so as to lead off with the *Confessions*. Such a completion is now impossible\* and though this is a small evil in comparison with the slight put on De Quincey's digestion of his own work, it is, I think, an evil. Still the actual generation of readers, when this edition is finished, will undoubtedly have before them a fuller and completer edition of De Quincey than even Americans have yet had ; and they will have it edited by an accomplished scholar who has taken a great deal of pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with the subject.

Will they form a different estimate from that which those of us who have

\* De Quincey's Works ; edited by David Masson. In fourteen volumes ; Edinburgh, 1889-90. The first volume appeared in November last, and the others have followed monthly since.

\* Some help has however been given by a subsequent publication of *De Quincey's Uncollected Writings*, by J. Hogg. Two vols. ; London, 1890.

known the older editions for a quarter of a century have formed, and will that estimate, if it is different, be higher or lower? To answer such questions is always difficult; but it is especially difficult here, for a certain reason which I had chiefly in mind when I said just now that De Quincey's literary lot has been very peculiar. I believe that I am not speaking for myself only; I am quite sure that I am speaking my own deliberate opinion when I say that on scarcely any English writer is it so hard to strike a critical balance—to get a clear definite opinion that you can put on the shelf and need merely take down now and then to be dusted and polished up by a fresh reading—as on De Quincey. This is partly due to the fact that his merits are of the class that appeals to, while his faults are of the class that is excused by, the average boy who has some interest in literature. To read the *Essay on Murder*, the *English Mail Coach*, the *Spanish Nun*, the *Casars*, and half a score other things at the age of about fifteen or sixteen is, or ought to be, to fall in love with them. And there is nothing more unpleasant for *les âmes bien nées*, as the famous distich has it, than to find fault in after life with that with which you have fallen in love at fifteen or sixteen. Yet most unfortunately, just as De Quincey's merits, or some of them, appeal specially to youth and his defects specially escape the notice of youth, so age with stealing steps especially claws those merits into his clutch and leaves the defects exposed to derision. The most gracious state of authors is that they shall charm at all ages those whom they do charm. There are others—Dante, Cervantes, Goethe are instances—as to whom you may even begin with a little aversion, and go on to love them more and more. De Quincey, I fear, belongs to a third class, as to whom it is difficult to keep up the first love, or rather whose defects begin before long to urge themselves upon the critical lover (some would say there are no critical lovers, but that I deny) with an even less happy result than is recorded in one of Catullus's finest lines. This kind of discovery

Cogit amare minus, nec bene velle magis.

How, and to what extent this is the case, it must be the business of this paper to attempt to show. But first it is desir-

able to give as usual a brief sketch of De Quincey's life. It need only be a brief one, for the external events of that life were few and meagre; nor can they be said to be, even after the researches of Mr. Page and Professor Masson, very accurately or exhaustively known. Before those researches "all was mist and myth" about De Quincey. I remember as a boy, a year or two after his death, hearing a piece of scandal about his domestic relations, which seems to have had no foundation whatever, but which pretty evidently was an echo of the "libel" (published in a short-lived newspaper of the kind which after many years has again risen to infest London) whereof he complains with perhaps more acrimony than dignity in a paper for the first time exhumed and reprinted in Professor Masson's edition. Many of the details of the *Confessions* and the *Autobiography* have a singular unbelievableness as one reads them; and though the tendency of recent biographers has been to accept them as on the whole genuine, I own that I am rather sceptical about many of them still. Was the ever famous Malay a real Malay, or a thing of shreds and patches? Did De Quincey actually call upon the awful Dean Cyril Jackson and affably discuss with him the propriety of entering himself at Christ-church? Did he really journey pennilessly down to Eton on the chance of finding a casual peer of the realm of tender years who would back a bill for him? These are but a few out of a large number of questions which in idle moods (for the answer to hardly one of them is of the least importance) suggest themselves; and which have been very partially answered hitherto even of late years, though they have been much discussed. The plain and tolerably certain facts which are important in connection with his work may be pretty rapidly summed up.

Thomas de Quincey (or Quincey, for it appears that he invented or revived the *de*) was born in Manchester; but apparently not, as he himself thought, at the country house of Greenhay which his parents afterward inhabited, on August 15th, 1785. His father was a merchant, well to do but of weak health, who died when Thomas was seven years old. Of his childhood he has left very copious reminiscences, and there is no doubt that reminiscences of childhood do linger long



after later memories have disappeared. But to what extent De Quincey gave "cocked hats and canes" to his childish thoughts and to his relations with his brothers and sisters individual judgment must decide. I should say for my part that the extent was considerable. It seems, however, pretty clear that he was as a child very much what he was all his life—emphatically "old fashioned," retiring without being exactly shy, full of far-brought fancies and yet intensely concentrated upon himself. In 1796 his mother moved to Bath, and Thomas was educated first at the Grammar School there and then at a private school in Wiltshire. It was at Bath, his head-quarters being there, that he met, according to his own account, various persons of distinction—Lord Westport, Lord and Lady Carbery and others, who figure largely in the *Autobiography*, but are never heard of afterward. It was with Lord Westport, a boy somewhat younger than himself, that he took a trip to Ireland, the only country beyond Great Britain that he visited. In 1800 he was sent by his guardians to the Manchester Grammar School in order to obtain, by three years' boarding there, one of the Somerset Exhibitions to Brasenose. As a separate income of £150 had been left by De Quincey's father to each of his sons, as this income, or part of it, must have been accumulating, and as the mother was very well off, this roundabout way of securing for him a miserable forty or fifty pounds a year seems strange enough. But it has to be remembered that for all these details we have little security but De Quincey himself—a security which I confess I like not. However, that he did go to Manchester, and did, after rather more than two of his three years' probation, run away is, I suppose, indisputable. His mother was living at Chester, and the calf was not killed for this prodigal son; but he had the liberty given him of wandering about Wales on an allowance of a guinea a week. That there is some mystery, or mystification, about all this is nearly certain. If things really went as he represents them his mother ought to have been ashamed of herself, and his guardians ought to have had, to say the least, an experience of the roughest side of Lord Eldon's tongue. The wanderings in Wales were followed by the famous sojourn in Soho,

with its waitings at money-lenders' doors, and its perambulations of Oxford Street. Then, by another sudden revolution, we find De Quincey with two-thirds of his allowance handed over to him and permission to go to Oxford as he wished, but abandoned to his own devices by his mother and his guardians, as surely no mother and no guardians ever abandoned an exceptionally unworldly boy of eighteen before. They seem to have put fifty guineas in his pocket and sent him up to Oxford, without even recommending him a college (they could at least have made sure that he would not have gone to that particular one if they had), and with an income which made it practically certain that he would once more seek the Jews. When he had spent so much of his fifty guineas that there was not enough left to pay caution money at most colleges, he went to Worcester where it happened to be low. He seems to have stayed there, on and off, for nearly six years. But he took no degree, his eternal caprices making him shun *viva voce* (then a much more important part of the examination than it is now) after sending in unusually good written papers. Instead of taking a degree he began to take opium, and to make acquaintance with the "Lakers" in both their haunts of Somerset and Westmoreland. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, he may have eaten some dinners, and somehow or other he "came into his property," though there are dire surmises that it was by the Hebrew door. At any rate in November, 1809, he gave up both Oxford and London, which he had frequented a good deal, chiefly, he says, for the sake of the opera of which he was very fond, and established himself at Grasmere. One of the most singular things about his singular life—an oddity due, no doubt, in part to the fact that he outlived his more literary associates instead of being outlived by them—is that though we hear much from De Quincey of other people we hear extremely little from other people about De Quincey. Indeed what we do so hear dates almost entirely from the last days of his life.

As for the autobiographic details in his *Confessions* and elsewhere, anybody who chooses may put those Sibylline leaves together for himself. It would only appear certain that for ten years he led the life of a recluse student and a hard laudanum-

drinker, varied by a little society now and then; that in 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, a saleswoman's daughter, of whom we have hardly any personal notices save to the effect that she was very beautiful, and who seems to have been almost the most exemplary of wives to almost the most eccentric of husbands; that for most of the time he was in more or less ease and affluence (ease and affluence still it would seem of a treacherous Hebraic origin); and that about 1819 he found himself in great pecuniary difficulties. Then at length he turned to literature, started as editor of a little Tory paper at Kendal, went to London, and took rank, never to be cancelled, as a man of letters by the first part of *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, published in the *London Magazine* for 1821. He began as a magazine-writer and he continued as such till the end of his life; his publications in book-form being, till he was induced to collect his articles, quite insignificant. Between 1821 and 1825 he seems to have been chiefly in London, though sometimes at Grasmere; between 1825 and 1830 chiefly at Grasmere, but much in Edinburgh, where Wilson (whose friendship he had secured, not at Oxford, though they were contemporaries, but at the Lakes) was now residing and where he was introduced to Blackwood. In 1830 he moved his household to the Scotch capital, and lived there, or (after his wife's death in 1837) at Lasswade, or rather Polton, for the rest of his life. His affairs had come to their worst before he lost his wife, and it is now known that for some considerable time he lived, like Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, in the sanctuary of Holyrood. But De Quincey's way of "living" at any place was as mysterious as most of his other ways; and, though he seems to have been very fond of his family and not at all put out by them, it was his constant habit to establish himself in separate lodgings. These he as constantly shifted (sometimes as far as Glasgow) for no intelligible reason that has ever been discovered or surmised, his pecuniary troubles having long ceased. It was in the latest and most permanent of these lodgings, 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, not at Lasswade, that he died on the 8th of December, 1859. He had latterly written mainly, though not solely, for *Tait's Magazine* and *Hogg's Instruc-*

*tor*. But his chief literary employment for at least seven years before this had been the arrangement of the authorized edition of his works, the last or fourteenth volume of which was in the press at the time of his death.

So meagre are the known facts in a life of seventy-four years, during nearly forty of which De Quincey, though never popular, was still recognized as a great name in English letters, while during the same period he knew, and was known to not a few distinguished men. But little as is recorded of the facts of his life, even less is recorded of his character, and for once it is almost impossible to discover that character from his works. The few persons who met him all agree as to his impenetrability,—an impenetrability not in the least due to posing, but apparently natural and fated. De Quincey was at once egotistic and impersonal, at once delighted to talk and resolutely shunning society. To him, one is tempted to say, reading and writing did come by nature, and nothing else was natural at all. With books he is always at home. A De Quincey in a world where there was neither reading nor writing of books, would certainly either have committed suicide or gone mad. Pope's theory of the master passion, so often abused, justified itself here.

The quantity of work produced during this singular existence, from the time when De Quincey first began, unusually late, to write for publication, was very large. As collected by the author, it filled fourteen volumes; the collection was subsequently enlarged to sixteen, and though the new edition promises to restrict itself to the older and lesser number, the contents of each volume have been very considerably increased. But this printed and reprinted total, so far as can be judged from De Quincey's own assertions and from the observations of those who were acquainted with him (nobody can be said to have known him) during his later years, must have been but the smaller part of what he actually wrote. He was always writing, and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself. The greater part of De Quincey's writing was of a kind almost as easily written by so full a reader and so logical a thinker as an ordinary newspaper article by an ordinary

man; and except when he was sleeping, wandering about, or reading, he was always writing. It is, of course, true, that he spent a great deal of time, especially in his last years of all, in rewriting and refashioning previously executed work; and also that illness and opium made considerable inroads on his leisure. But I should imagine that if we had all that he actually wrote during these nearly forty years, forty or sixty printed volumes would more nearly express its amount than fourteen or sixteen.

Still what we have is no mean bulk of work for any man to have accomplished, especially when it is considered how extraordinarily good much of it is. To classify it is not particularly easy; and I doubt, myself, whether any classification is necessary. De Quincey himself tried, and made rather a muddle of it. Professor Masson is trying also, with what success we shall see. But, in truth, except those wonderful purple patches of "numerous" prose, which are stuck all about the work, and perhaps in strictness not excepting them, everything that De Quincey wrote, whether it was dream or reminiscence, literary criticism or historical study, politics or political economy, had one characteristic so strongly impressed on it as to dwarf and obscure the differences of subject. It is not very easy to find a description at once accurate and fair, brief and adequate, of this peculiarity; it is best hinted at in a remark on De Quincey's conversation which I have seen quoted somewhere (whether by Professor Masson or not I hardly know), that it was, with many interesting and delightful qualities, a kind of "rigmarole." So far as I remember, the remark was not applied in any unfriendly spirit, nor is it adduced here in any such, but both in the printed works, in the remembrances of De Quincey's conversation which have been printed, in his letters which are exactly like his articles, and in those astonishing imaginary conversations attributed to him in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which are said, by good authorities, exactly to represent his way of talk, this quality of rigmarole appears. It is absolutely impossible for the author (to confine ourselves to the printed work only) to keep to his subject, or any subject. It is as impossible for him to pull himself up briefly in any digression from that sub-

ject. In his finest passages, as in his most trivial, he is at the mercy of the will-o'-the-wisp of divagation. In his later rehandlings of his work, he did to some extent limit his followings of this will-o'-the-wisp to notes, but by no means always; and both in his later and in his earlier work, as it was written for the first time, he indulged them freely in the text. For pure rigmarole, for stories, as Mr. Chadband has it, "of a cock and of a bull, and of a lady and of a half-crown," few things, even in De Quincey, can exceed, and nothing out of De Quincey can approach, the passages about the woman he met on the "cop" at Chester, and about the Greek letter that he did not send to the Bishop of Bangor, in the preliminary part of the *Confessions*. Rigmarole, however, can be a very agreeable thing in its way, and De Quincey has carried it to a point of perfection never reached by any other rigmaroler. Despite his undoubted possession of a kind of humor, it is a very remarkable thing that he rigmaroles, so far as can be made out by the application of the most sensitive tests, quite seriously, and almost, if not quite, unconsciously. These digressions or deviations are studded with quips and jests, good, bad, and indifferent. But the writer never seems to suspect that his own general attitude is at least susceptible of being made fun of. It is said, and we can very well believe it, that he was excessively annoyed at Lamb's delightful parody of his *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected*; and on the whole I should say that no great man of letters in this century, except Balzac and Victor Hugo, was so insensible to the ludicrous aspect of his own performances. This in the author of the *Essay on Murder* may seem surprising, but, in fact, there are few things of which there are so many subdivisions, or in which the subdivisions are marked off from each other by such apparently impermeable lines, as humor. If I may refine a little I should say that there was very frequently, if not generally, a humorous basis for these divagations of De Quincey's; but that he almost invariably lost sight of that basis, and proceeded to reason away quite gravely from it, in what is (not entirely with justice) called the scholastic manner. How much of this was due to the influence of Jean Paul

and the other German humorists of the last century, with whom he became acquainted very early, I should not like to say. I confess that my own enjoyment of Richter, which has nevertheless been considerable, has always been lessened by the presence in him, to a still greater degree, of this same habit of quasi-serious divagation. To appreciate the mistake of it, it is only necessary to compare the manner of Swift. The *Tale of a Tub* is in appearance as daringly discursive as anything can be, but the author in the first place never loses his way, and in the second never fails to keep a watchful eye on himself lest he should be getting too serious or too tedious. That is what Richter and De Quincey fail to do.

Yet though these drawbacks are grave, and though they are (to judge from my own experience) felt more seriously at each successive reading, most assuredly no man who loves English literature could spare De Quincey from it; most assuredly all who love English literature would sooner spare some much more faultless writers. Even that quality of his which has been already noted, his extraordinary attraction for youth, is a singular and priceless one. The Master of the Court of the Gentiles, or the Instructor of the Sons of the Prophets, he might be called in a fantastic nomenclature, which he would have himself appreciated if it had been applied to any one but himself. What he somewhere calls his "extraordinary ignorance of daily life" does not revolt youth. His little pedantries, which to the day of his death were like those of a clever school-boy, appeal directly to it. His best fun is quite intelligible; his worst not wholly uncongenial. His habit (a certain most respected professor in a northern university may recognize the words) of "getting into logical coaches and letting himself be carried on without minding where he is going" is anything but repugnant to brisk minds of seventeen. They are quite able to comprehend the great if mannered beauty of his finest style—the style, to quote his own words once more, as of "an elaborate and pompous sunset." Such a schoolmaster to bring youths of promise not merely to good literature but to the best, nowhere else exists. But he is much more than a mere schoolmaster, and in order that we may see what he is, it is desirable first of

all to despatch two other objections made to him from different quarters, and on different lines of thought. The one objection (I should say that I do not fully espouse either of them) is that he is an untrustworthy critic of books; the other is that he is a very spiteful commentator on men.

This latter charge has found wide acceptance and has been practically corroborated and endorsed by persons so different as Southey and Carlyle. It would not in any case concern us much, for when a man is once dead it matters uncommonly little whether he was personally unamiable or not. But I think that De Quincey has in this respect been hardly treated. He led such a wholly unnatural life, he was at all times and in all places so thoroughly excluded from the natural contact and friction of society that his utterances hardly partake of the ordinary character of men's speech. In the "vacant interlunar caves" where he hid himself, he could hardly feel the restraints that press on those who move within earshot and jostle of their fellows on this actual earth. This is not a triumphant defence, no doubt; but I think it is a defence. And further, it has yet to be proved that De Quincey set down anything in malice. He called his literary idol, Wordsworth, "inhumanly arrogant." Does anybody—not being a Wordsworthian and therefore out of reach of reason—doubt that Wordsworth's arrogance was inhuman? He, not unprovoked by scant gratitude on Coleridge's part for very solid services, and by a doubtless sincere but rather unctuous protest of his brother in opium-eating against the *Confessions*, told some home truths against that magnificent genius but most unsatisfactory man. A sort of foolish folk has recently arisen which tells us that because Coleridge wrote the *Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* he was quite entitled to leave his wife and children to be looked after by anybody who chose, to take stipends from casual benefactors, and to scold, by himself or by his next friend Mr. Wordsworth, other benefactors, like Thomas Poole, who were not prepared at a moment's notice to give him a hundred pounds for a trip to the Azores. The rest of us, though we may feel no call to denounce Coleridge for these proceedings, may surely hold that the An-



cient *Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* are no defence to the particular charges. I do not see that De Quincey said anything worse of Coleridge than any man who knew the then little but now well-known facts of Coleridge's life was entitled to say if he chose. And so in other cases. That he was what is called a thoughtful person:—that is to say that he ever said to himself, "Will what I am writing give pain, and ought I to give that pain?" I do not allege. In fact, the very excuse which has been made for him above is inconsistent with it. He always wrote far too much as one in another planet for anything of the kind to occur to him, and he was perhaps for a very similar reason rather too fond of the "personal talk" which Wordsworth wisely disdained. But that he was in any proper sense spiteful, that is to say that he ever wrote either with a deliberate intention to wound or with a deliberate indifference whether he wounded or not, I do not believe.

The other charge, that he was a bad or rather a very untrustworthy critic of books, cannot be met quite so directly. He is indeed responsible for a singularly large number of singularly grave critical blunders—by which I mean of course not critical opinions disagreeing with my own, but critical opinions which the general consent of competent critics on the whole negatives. The minor classical writers are not much read now, but there must be a sufficient jury to whom I can appeal to know what is to be done with a professed critic of style—at least asserting himself to be no mean classical scholar—who declares that "Paganism had no more brilliant master of composition to show than"—Velleius Paterculus! Suppose this to be a mere fling or freak, what is to be thought of a man who evidently sets Cicero, as a writer, if not as a thinker, above Plato? It would be not only possible but easy to follow this up with a long list of critical enormities on De Quincey's part, enormities due not to accidental and casual crotchet or prejudice, as in Hazlitt's case, but apparently to some perverse idiosyncrasy. I doubt very much, though the doubt may seem horribly heretical to some people, whether De Quincey really cared much for poetry as poetry. He liked philosophical poets:—Milton, Wordsworth, Shakespeare (inasmuch as Shakespeare was as he saw the

greatest of philosophical poets), Pope even in a certain way. But read the interesting paper which late in life he devoted to Shelley. He treats Shelley as a man admirably, with freedom alike from the maudlin sentiment of our modern chatters and from Puritanical preciseness. He is not too hard on him in any way, he thinks him a pleasing personality and a thinker distorted but interesting. Of Shelley's strictly poetical quality he says nothing, if he knew or felt anything. In fact, of lyrical poetry generally, that is to say of poetry in its most purely poetical condition, he speaks very little in all his extensive critical dissertations. His want of appreciation of it may be some explanation of his unpardonable treatment of Goethe. That he should have maltreated *Wilhelm Meister* is quite excusable. There are fervent admirers of Goethe at his best who acknowledge most fully the presence in *Wilhelm* of the two worst characteristics of German life and literature, bad taste and tediousness. But it is not excusable that much later, and indeed at the very height of his literary powers and practice, he should have written the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the author of *Faust*, of *Egmont*, and above all of the shorter poems. Here he deliberately assents to the opinion that *Werther* is "superior to everything that came after it, and for mere power Goethe's paramount work," dismisses *Faust* as something that "no two people have ever agreed about," sentences *Egmont* as "violating the historic truth of character," and mentions not a single one of those lyrics, unmatched, or rather only matched by Heine, in the language, by which Goethe first gave German rank with the great poetic tongues. His severity on Swift is connected with his special "will-worship" of ornate style, of which more presently, and in general it may be said that De Quincey's extremely logical disposition of mind was rather a snare to him in his criticism. He was constantly constructing general principles and then arguing downward from them; in which case woe to any individual fact or person that happened to get in the way. Where Wilson, the "only intimate male friend I have had" (as he somewhere says with a half-pathetic touch of self-illumination more instructive than reams of imaginative autobiography) went wrong from not

having enough of general principle, where Hazlitt went wrong from letting prejudices unconnected with the literary side of the matter blind his otherwise piercing literary sight, De Quincey fell through an unswervingness of deduction more French than English. Your ornate writer must be better than your plain one, *ergo*, let us say, Cicero must be better than Swift.

One other curious weakness of his (which has been glanced at already) remains to be noticed. This is the altogether deplorable notion of jocularity which he only too often exhibits. Mr. Masson, trying to propitiate the enemy, admits that "to address the historian Josephus as 'Joe,' through a whole article, and give him a black eye into the bargain, is positively profane." I am not sure as to the profanity, knowing nothing particularly sacred about Josephus. But if Mr. Masson had called it excessively silly, I should have agreed heartily; and if any one else denounced it as a breach of good literary manners, I do not know that I should protest. The habit is the more curious in that all authorities agree as to the exceptional combination of scholarliness and courtliness which marked De Quincey's colloquial style and expression. Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, says, that he used to address her father's cook "as if she had been a duchess"; and that the cook, though much flattered, was somewhat aghast at his *punctilio*. That a man of this kind should think it both allowable and funny to talk of Josephus as "Joe," and of Magliabecchi as "Mag," may be only a new example of that odd law of human nature which constantly prompts people in various relations of life, and not least in literature, to assume most the particular qualities (not always virtues or graces) that they have not. Yet it is fair to remember that Wilson and the *Blackwood* set, together with not a few writers in the *London Magazine*—the two literary coteries, in connection with whom De Quincey started as a writer—had deliberately imported this element of horse-play into literature, that it at least did not seem to interfere with their popularity, and that De Quincey himself, after 1830, lived too much out of touch with actual life to be aware that the style was becoming as unfashionable as it had always, save on very exceptional subjects, been ungraceful.

Even on Wilson, who was to the manner born of riotous spirits, it often sits awkwardly; in De Quincey's case it is, to borrow Sir Walter's admirable simile in another case, like "the forced impudence of a bashful man." Grim humor he can manage admirably, and he also—as in the passage about the fate which waited upon all who possessed anything which might be convenient to Wordsworth, if they died—can manage a certain kind of sly humor not much less admirably. But "Joe" and "Mag," and, to take another example, the stuff about Catalina's "crocodile papa," are neither grim nor sly, they are only puerile. His staunchest defender asks, "why De Quincey should not have the same license as Swift and Thackeray?" The answer is quick and crushing. Swift and Thackeray justify their license by their use of it; De Quincey does not. After which it is hardly necessary to add, though this is almost final in itself, that neither Swift nor Thackeray interlards perfectly and unaffectedly serious work with mere fooling of the "Joe" and "Mag" kind. Swift did not put *mollis abuti* in the *Four last years of Queen Anne*, nor Thackeray his *Punch* jokes in the death scene of Colonel Newcome. I can quite conceive De Quincey doing both.

And now I have done enough in the fault-finding way, and nothing shall induce me to say another word of De Quincey in this article save in praise. For praise he himself gives the amplest occasion; he might almost remain unblamed altogether if his praisers had not been frequently unwise, and if his *exemplar* were not specially *vitiis imitabile*. Few English writers have touched so large a number of subjects with such competence both in information and in power of handling. Still fewer have exhibited such remarkable logical faculty. One main reason why one is sometimes tempted to quarrel with him is that his play of fence is so excellent that one longs to cross swords. For this and for other reasons no writer has a more stimulating effect, or is more likely to lead his readers on to explore and to think for themselves. In none is that incurable curiosity, that infinite variety of desire for knowledge and for argument which age cannot quench, more observable. Few if any have the indefinable quality of freshness in so large a measure.

You never quite know, though you may have a shrewd suspicion, what De Quincey will say on any subject; his gift of sight-seeing and approaching new facets of it is so immense. Whether he was in truth as accomplished a classical scholar as he claimed to be I do not know; he has left few positive documents to tell us. But I should think that he was, for he has all the characteristics of a scholar of the best and rarest kind—the scholar who is exact as to language without failing to comprehend literature, and competent in literature without being slipshod as to language. He was not exactly as Southey was “omnilegent:” but in his own departments, and they were numerous, he went further below the surface and connected his readings together better than Southey did. Of the two classes of severer study to which he specially addicted himself, his political economy suffered perhaps a little, acute as his views in it often are, from the fact that in his time it was practically a new study, and that he had neither sufficient facts nor sufficient literature to go upon. In metaphysics, to which he gave himself up for years and in which he seems really to have known whatever there was to know, I fear that the opium fiend cheated the world of something like masterpieces. Only three men during De Quincey’s lifetime had anything like his powers in this department. Now De Quincey could write English, and Sir William Hamilton either could not or would not. Ferrier could and did write English; but he could not, as De Quincey could, throw upon philosophy the play of literary and miscellaneous illustration which of all the sciences it most requires, and which all its really supreme exponents have been able to give it. Mansel could do both these things; but he was somewhat indolent, and had many avocations. De Quincey could write perfect English, he had every resource of illustration and relief at command, he was in his way as “brazen-bowelled” at work as he was “golden-mouthed” at expression, and he had ample leisure. But the inability to undertake sustained labor, which he himself recognizes as the one unquestionable curse of opium, deprived us of an English philosopher who would have stood as far above Kant in exoteric graces as he would have stood above Bacon in esoteric value. It

was not entirely De Quincey’s fault. It seems to be generally recognized now that whatever occasional excesses he may have committed, opium was really required in his case, and gave us what we have as much as it took away what we have not. But if any one chose to write in the antique style a debate between Philosophy, Tar-water and Laudanum, it would be almost enough to put in the mouth of Philosophy, “This gave me Berkeley and that deprived me of De Quincey.”

De Quincey is, however, first of all a writer of ornate English, which for once was never a mere cover to bare thought. Overpraise and mispraise him as anybody may, he cannot be overpraised for this. Mistake as he chose to do and as others have chosen to do, the relative value of his gift, the absolute value of it is unmis- takable. What other Englishman, from Sir Thomas Browne downward, has written a sentence surpassing in melody that on *Our Lady of Sighs*: “And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams and with wrecks of forgotten delirium”? Compare that with the masterpieces of some later practitioners. There are no out-of-the-way words; there is no needless expense of adjectives; the sense is quite adequate to the sound; the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. And though I do not know that in a single instance of equal length—even in the still more famous, and as a whole justly more famous, *tour de force* on *Our Lady of Darkness*—De Quincey ever quite equalled the combined simplicity and majesty of this phrase, he has constantly come close to it. The *Suspiria* are full of such passages—there are even some who prefer *Savannah la Mar* to the *Ladies of Sorrow*. Beautiful as it is I do not, because the accursed superfluous adjective appears there. The famous passages of the *Confessions* are in every one’s memory; and so I suppose is the *Vision of Sudden Death*. Many passages in the *Cæars*, though somewhat less florid, are hardly less good; and the close of *Joan of Arc* is as famous as the most ambitious attempts of the *Confessions* and the *Mail Coach*. Moreover in all the sixteen volumes specimens of the same kind may be found here and there, alternating with very different matter; so

much so that it has no doubt often occurred to readers that the author's occasional divergence into questionable quips and cranks is a deliberate attempt to set off his rhetoric, as dramatists of the noblest school have always set off their tragedy, with comedy, if not with farce. That such a principle would imply confusion of the study and the stage is arguable enough, but it does not follow that it was not present. At any rate the contrast, deliberate or not, is very strong indeed in De Quincey—stronger than in any other prose author except his friend, and pupil rather than master, Wilson.

The great advantage that De Quincey has, not only over this friend of his but over all practitioners of the ornate style in this century, lies in his sureness of hand in the first place, and secondly in the comparative frugality of means which perhaps is an inseparable accompaniment of sureness of hand. To mention living persons would be invidious; but Wilson and Landor are within the most scrupulous critic's right of comparison. All three were contemporaries; all three were Oxford men—Landor about ten years senior to the other two—and all three in their different ways set themselves deliberately to reverse the practice of English prose for nearly a century and a half. They did great things, but De Quincey did, I think, the greatest and certainly the most classical in the proper sense, for all Landor's superior air of Hellenism. Voluble as De Quincey often is, he seems always to have felt that when you are in your altitudes it is well not to stay there too long. And his flights, while they are far more uniformly high than Wilson's, which alternately soar and drag, are much more merciful in regard of length than Landor's, as well as for the most part much more closely connected with the sense of his subjects. There is scarcely one of the *Imaginary Conversations* which would not be the better for very considerable thinning, while with the exception perhaps of *The English Mail Coach*, De Quincey's surplusage, obvious enough in many cases, is scarcely ever found in his most elaborate and ornate passages. The total amount of such passages in the *Confessions* is by no means large, and the more ambitious parts of the *Suspiria* do not much exceed a dozen pages. De Quincey was certainly justified by his own practice

in adopting and urging as he did the distinction, due, he says, to Wordsworth, between the common and erroneous idea of style as the *dress* of thought, and the true definition of it as the *incarnation* of thought. The most wizened of coxcombs may spend days and years in dressing up his meagre and ugly carcass; but few are the sons of men who have sufficient thought to provide the soul of any considerable series of avatars. De Quincey had; and therefore, though the manner (with certain exceptions heretofore taken) in him is always worth attention, it never need or should divert attention from the matter. And thus he was not driven to make a little thought do tyrannous duty as lay-figure for an infinite amount of dress, or to hang out frippery on a clothes-line with not so much as a lay-figure inside it. Even when he is most conspicuously "fighting a prize," as he sometimes is, there is always solid stuff in him.

Few indeed are the writers of whom so much can be said, and fewer still the miscellaneous writers, among whom De Quincey must be classed. On almost any subject that interested him—and the number of such subjects was astonishing, curious as are the gaps between the different groups of them—what he has to say is pretty sure, even if it be the wildest paradox in appearance, to be worth attending to. And in regard to most things that he has to say the reader may be pretty sure also that he will not find them better said elsewhere. It has sometimes been complained by students, both of De Quincey the man and of De Quincey the writer, that there is something not exactly human in him. There is certainly much in him of the demonic, to use a word which was a very good word and really required in the language and which ought not to be exiled because it has been foolishly abused. Sometimes, as has also been complained, the demon is a mere familiar with the trickiness of Puck rather than the lightness of Ariel. But far oftener he is a more potent spirit than any Robin Goodfellow, and as powerful as Ariel and Ariel's master. Trust him wholly you may not; a characteristic often noted in intelligences that are neither exactly human, nor exactly diabolic, nor exactly divine. But he will do great things for you, and a little wit and courage on your part will prevent his doing anything serious against



you. To him, with much greater justice than to Hogg, might Wilson have applied the nickname of Brownie, which he was so fond of bestowing upon the author of *Kilmenny*. He will do solid work, conjure up a concert of aerial music, play a shrewd trick now and then, and all this with a curious air of irresponsibility and of remoteness of nature. In ancient days when kings played experiments to ascertain the universal or original language, some monarch might have been tempted

to take a very clever child, interest him so far as possible in nothing but books and opium, and see whether he would turn out anything like De Quincey. But it is in the highest degree improbable that he would. Therefore let us rejoice, though according to the precepts of wisdom and not too indiscriminately, in our De Quincey as we once, and probably once for all, received him.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### TRUSTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY ROBERT DONALD.

No future treatise on political economy will be complete without an exposition of modern Trusts, which have attained such alarming proportions in the United States of America. The growth of these combinations is one of the most remarkable economic developments of the time. The great staples of the country are fast falling into their clutches; and some of the necessities of life are already under their control. Trusts are illegal corporations, born of rapacity, and maintained by the exercise of tyranny. Their organization is secret; their workings dark, silent, and subtle. They stretch out their tentacles—quietly and stealthily—until whole industries are in their grasp. They are contrivances to create a monopoly by throttling all competitors. They squeeze the people at both extremes of the commercial scale—grinding down those who furnish the raw material and supply the labor to the lowest limit, and exacting the highest possible price from the consumer. Once established, Trusts soon become strong—almost impregnable—citadels of capital. The highest business capacity is employed in organizing and maintaining them. They laugh at public opinion, ride rough-shod over legislative enactments, and baffle the law courts. They bridle newspapers with subsidies and send members to Congress. They have their agents in every Legislature, and Bills are passed in their interest. They tamper with judges, they ally themselves with political leaders, and hire professors of political economy to defend them. But the people are at last awakening to the dangers of Trusts, and see in

them not only an interference with trade, but a menace to political liberty. Trusts stand in the forefront of the Protectionist breastworks. They are the crux of the tariff question. It is round them that the battle rages most fiercely, and tariff reformers are bent before all things on clearing them away. In this article I will endeavor to sketch the rise of these Trusts, to explain their organization, to indicate their extent, to point out their effect, to seek the cause of their existence, and suggest the remedy.

#### I.

What is a Trust? In answering this question, the apologists of Trusts go away back to the time of Charles the First and Queen Elizabeth, and bring forth a mass of legal evidence intended to show that the Trust is a very ancient and respectable institution. I am not concerned with these excursions into ancient history, and do not intend to disinter the petrified prototypes of the Trust. Old Trusts and monopolies have no bearing on the case. The modern Trust is the creation of the present commercial age. It bears no relation to its ancient namesake, and the word Trust in the legal sense in no way describes it. A Trust in the legal sense of the term is an arrangement whereby one person holds the title to property for the benefit of another. The American Trust is a very different thing.

It is a combination of manufacturers, engaged in the same industry, to kill competition and establish a monopoly. All monopolies are not Trusts; but all Trusts

are monopolies, or attempts to be monopolies. A Trust unites the various manufacturers or traders in the same article on a new principle. It is an outgrowth of the "pool" system. A "pool" was a temporary arrangement to raise prices artificially. The Trust is a permanent "pool," but organized on a solid, and not on a loose basis. It is not a corporation made up of individuals; but a combination of corporations governed by a directorate of trustees. The Federal system of the United States is particularly favorable to the creation of Trusts. They make a show of complying with the law, while in reality they trample it under foot.

There are various ways of forming a Trust; but the avowed purposes of Trusts are the same:—to destroy all competition, to diminish supplies, and to raise prices. The system most generally adopted to achieve these ends is as follows:—Each of the parties entering into the Trust incorporates his own establishment, if it is not an incorporated company already. The stock of the several corporations forming the Trust is then handed over to certain persons called trustees. In payment for the stock the trustees issue to each party "trust" certificates—similar to shares of stock in corporations—and also "trust" certificates for the goodwill of the business. These certificates generally represent four times the real value of the property. The trustees—who have been the prime movers in the concern and the leading manufacturers of the product "trusted"—retain the major part of the stock in each corporation. They elect directors—themselves if they like—appoint agents, and systematize the working. The management is centralized, and the directors placed in supreme authority. They have absolute power. They regulate production, and control the market. They can raise prices in one direction, lower them in another, and "shut down"\* establishments when they think fit. The fact that a factory is standing idle does not reduce the profits of the owners or stockholders in this particular branch of the business. The profits—whether one factory, or ten factories are working—are distributed equally among all the holders of trust certificates. It is understood that the directors know their business best, and are

working in the interest of all. Complete confidence is placed in them. As Trusts are outside the pale of the law, confidence in the managing directors and ties of self-interest are what unite them. There are other ways of forming Trusts, but the same object is attained. What were formerly conflicting interests are united and placed under one control, and the organization is ingeniously devised so as to evade the law.

## II.

Some of the existing Trusts were evolved out of "pools," "corners," or "combines," which were only temporary and uncertain arrangements; but supposing a new Trust is to be formed without having such foundation, this is how it is done:—Several of the leading manufacturers in any industry—sugar, salt, steel, whiskey, oil, paper, or anything else—will take the initiative. They are men who have hitherto held strongly to the belief that "competition is the life of trade;" but are beginning to lose confidence in it. Competition has grown too fierce, the struggle for existence too hard. Some have profited, but others have failed. The mass of the people have, no doubt, benefited from competition, but that does not interest the manufacturers; so the leaders call a meeting to extinguish this "competition, which is the life of trade." The majority of the manufactures meet. "Now," they say, "let us talk over our affairs in a business-like spirit. This fierce competition is ruining our trade; we spend the greater part of our profits in trying to keep abreast of each other, we are always having trouble with our workmen, and somebody else gets ahead. Come, let us put an end to this unprofitable rivalry. Let us stop cutting each other's throats. Our interests are identical. Our one object is to make money. Now, if we could work in harmony we should save an enormous amount in salaries, in buying new machinery, in finding a market for our goods, in advertising, and in other directions; we could adjust prices and wages to suit ourselves. Above all, we should make money." This sound economic doctrine naturally commends itself to a set of intelligent manufacturers. They see that if they were all united they could just pay as little as possible for their raw material and labor, and they could adjust the selling price to suit

\* An Americanism for "shut up" or close.

their consciences, which are pretty sure to be elastic. Being intelligent manufacturers and sharp business men, the logic of these facts prove irresistible. They resolve to form a Trust.

Having formed their Trust, they begin by making a discovery which heretofore escaped their attention. There has been "over-production" in their business. This must be put a stop to at once. To bring production down to the proper level, factories are closed, and the Trusts have been known to destroy goods rather than put them on the market. The workmen who used to kick against their wages are now thrown out of employment, or have their wages reduced. The directors then turn to certain rivals who have obstinately held out against the blandishments of the Trust-makers, and present to them the pleasing alternative, to join or be crushed. If the competitors still cling to a belief in the virtue of competition, down go the Trust's prices, its factories are all set agoing, and it floods the market with cheap goods. The Trust continues this—aided in its designs by railway companies and other corporations in league with it—until the recalcitrant ones are brought to a sense of their duty. This method of warfare has never in the long run been known to fail, and the outsiders end by joining the Trust or by going into bankruptcy. Minor competitors, who do not interfere seriously with the Trust's business, may be left alone, and in a country so vast as the United States distance often makes manufacturers in the same line as the Trust quite harmless. Some Trusts are purely local concerns, such as the Milk Trust in New York, and the Gas Trust in Chicago. Others are confined to particular States and are safe from competitors in other States. The cost of transportation alone prevents competitors 3000 miles away from seriously injuring the interests of a Trust. But there are Trusts which are not confined to States or territorial regions, but stretch over the whole continent of North America. Having crushed competitors that come in its way, and obtained control of the market, a Trust soon recuperates itself from the effects of temporary lowering its prices. The reader will now understand what a Trust is, and will have some idea how it works.

### III.

Trusts organized on the lines described are quite modern concerns. The Standard

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Oil Trust, which was the pioneer in this line of business, and has served as a model for future Trusts, was organized in 1882. The Cotton Oil Trust and the Sugar Trust followed; but it was not until 1887 that there was any alarming progress made in the formation of Trusts. During that year there was the first "boom" in Trusts. Public attention was then directed to them. The press began to expose them. The *New York Times* was the first newspaper to declare war against Trusts, and, ever since, this ably conducted journal has given the fullest details of their working and the best exposure of their evils. Other metropolitan journals entered the campaign against Trusts, and in the West the *Chicago Tribune* led the attack. As the Presidential election approached, the attack on Trusts became general. All the Democrats denounced them, and many Republicans opposed them. Mr. Blaine declared that "Trusts were private affairs," but the Republican Convention thought it advisable to include in its platform a denunciation of Trusts. This was by way of answer to the Democratic cry that the high protective tariff was responsible for Trusts.

In the winter session of 1887-1888 inquiries were instituted into the working of Trusts by the Congress of the United States, by the Canadian Parliament, and by the New York Legislature. As the evidence taken by these committees of inquiry was published during the spring and summer of 1888, the people began to know something more about Trusts, and hoped that something would be done to destroy them. There was a lull in the creation of Trusts while the presidential election was in progress, but as soon as it was found that the Protectionist party had triumphed, the Trust fever broke out again. Measures were introduced into different State Legislatures last year to prohibit and suppress Trusts, but they still continue to flourish, and there are now more Trusts in the country than ever there were. There are Trusts in kerosene oil, sugar, cottonseed oil, steel, rubber, steel beams, cartridges, lead, iron, nails, straw paper, linseed oil, coal, slates, gas, cattle, tramways, steel rails, iron nuts, wrought-iron pipes, stones, copper, paving pitch, felt roofing, ploughs, threshing, reaping and binding machines, glass, oatmeal, white corn meal, starch, pearled barley, waterworks, lard, castor oil, barbed wire, school slates,

school books, lead pencils, paper bags, envelopes, meat, milk, matches, canvas-back duck, ultramarine, borax, sand-paper, screws, cordage, marble, coffins, tooth-picks, peanuts, lumber, lime, overshoes, hides, railway springs, carriage bolts, patent leather, thread, white-lead, and whiskey. Some few Trusts have failed through internal disputes and other causes, but the list is not by any means complete. One Trust breeds another Trust, and new combinations are being formed every week.

#### IV.

The greatest of all these combinations is the Standard Oil Trust. It is the greatest, the most powerful, and the most hated. Throughout the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the very name Standard suggests tyranny and smacks of rapacity. But the epithets applied to it do not hurt it. The attacks made on it are as harmless as birdshot to a turret ship. It pursues its way unimpeded and overcomes all enemies. It seems to be impregnable. Of all the Trusts it makes out the most plausible case on its own behalf—plausible, I say, because the credit which it claims for not raising prices like other Trusts, is of a negative order. In preparing this article I applied to this Trust for its case, and received a collection of pamphlets kept in stock to satisfy all inquiries. If one were to read these treatises, and accept all the statements they contain as facts, one would get the impression that the Standard Oil Trust is a great blessing in disguise, and conducted on the lines of an eleemosynary institution. It doth protest too much. We are told that a combination is "simply a common ownership of stock in various corporations," and a Trust is defined as "a combination conducting business on a large scale." Trusts do not destroy competition; they merely "carry competition to a higher plane." Competition doesn't always adjust itself to suit producers. The Standard Oil Company of Ohio was organized in 1870, but two years later it drew the four great oil concerns in the country round it to regulate competition. This combination managed to keep competition under control until 1882, when after receiving many accessions the Standard Oil Trust was evolved, and competition finally planted on "the higher plane,"

where it has since remained. "It was simply an agreement placing all the stocks in the hands of trustees, declaring the trust on which they were held, and providing for the issuing of a certificate showing the amount of interest of each owner in the stocks so held in trust." The trustees held the majority of all the stocks, and had thus absolute control.

The result of this new combination, to quote the Trust's own statement and give it all the credit which it claims, has been greatly to reduce prices to the consumer.

"Since the Standard Oil combination was formed, in 1872, crude oil has decreased in price from 9.42 cents per gallon to 1.59 cents per gallon in 1887. Refined declined in the same time from 23.59 cents per gallon to 6.72 cents per gallon. The decline in the crude product is attributed to the enormous supply. Had refined declined only at the same rate the minimum price would have been 15.75 cents per gallon. But the fall in refined is 9.03 per gallon greater than the fall in crude. As over 1,000,000,000 of gallons were consumed in 1887, the saving of 9.03 cents per gallon to the public amounted to nearly \$100,000,000 for that single year. Be it remembered too that the price of 1872 was a competitive price; competition was so fierce that refiners were forced to combine to prevent ruin."

This result has been obtained by "enlarging the output and making large gains out of small profits," by cheapening methods of transportation, by obtaining the best skill, and "the best and cheapest methods of manufacture as well as the use of all patents," by the cheapening which has taken place in the manufacture of barrels, tin cans, boxes, paint and other articles used in connection with the business. "At the close of 1887, six years after the creation of the Trust, we find the supply to the markets increased to over twenty-six and a half millions of barrels of 42 gallons each per year. And notwithstanding the almost nominal price of oil, the value of exported products reached for that year the enormous sum of \$46,824,933. These figures speak for the Standard Oil Company as nothing else can do."

Let us see. The saving which arises from conducting an industry like the oil trade on a large scale is enormous, and shows what a terrible waste results from fierce competition. The Standard Oil Trust has economized greatly in storage, in transportation, in distribution, and in



its purchases; but even its own figures, "which speak as nothing else can do," show that the fall in the price of oil—in order to be commensurate with the fall in other things—ought to have been greater. We find that in fourteen years the actual cost of manufacturing refined oil has been reduced 66 per cent. The rate of transportation has been reduced about two-thirds, making a saving of \$20,000,000 a year. In 1872 it cost fifty cents to transport a barrel of oil by pipe ten miles. Now it costs only ten cents to pump a barrel of oil from the oil-fields to the Atlantic sea-board. The Trust uses 3,500,000 barrels a year, and the annual saving on these has been \$4,000,000. The saving on the purchase of cans amounts to \$5,400,000, and on wooden cases it has been \$1,250,000. "The public," says the Trust, "has had the benefit of all these savings in a cheaper product;" but the product has not been by any means reduced so much as it ought to have been, considering these savings and the greatly increased out-put. Between 1861 and 1872, when consumption was small, and when "competition was so fierce that refiners were forced to combine to prevent ruin," the annual decrease in price was about 10 per cent. From 1872 to 1881 under the combination system the reduction was 7 per cent., but since then the annual reduction has fallen to 3 per cent. In 1889, although the out-put increased from 50,000 barrels to 65,000 barrels a day, the price rose one cent per gallon. As a matter of fact all the efforts of the Trust have been directed to keeping the price from falling. It has always wanted to raise the price, but the phenomenal richness of the oil-fields of Pennsylvania interfered with its plans. Referring to this fact the report of the committee of the New York State Senate, which inquired into the working of Trusts, says:

"It is a well-known fact that since the discovery of coal and kerosene oil there has been a constant diminution in price to the consumer and producer; but such diminution in price to the consumer is not due to the influence of the Standard Oil Trust or Company, but is attributable to causes wholly independent of it; to wit, the constantly widening field of oil production and the ever-increasing volume of crude oil put on the market."

The Trust's case was presented before this committee in the most favorable light possible. It refused to produce its rec-

ords, and the trustees were at first reluctant to give evidence; but although no witnesses were called against it nothing came out calculated to gain it public favor. It is not known to what extent the Trust controls the supply of crude oil but evidence was given before the Congress Committee on Trusts, which showed that 5,000,000 barrels of refined oil were set aside by the Trust for the benefit of an association of producers on condition that they curtailed the production by at least 17,500 barrels a day.

The Standard Oil Trust has used every means to maintain its supremacy, and to crush its competitors. It is affiliated with other corporations which help to maintain its monopoly—notably with railway companies and traffic agencies. One of its favorite plans for squeezing rivals out of the market has been to get preferential rates for its own oil, while its rivals were compelled to pay high rates for the transport of their product. At one time the Trust received rebates from railway companies averaging half a million dollars a month. The independent refiners were gradually becoming absorbed by the Trust, but the existence of a few competitors in Ohio and elsewhere, and the fear of competitors from the Baku oil-fields, has helped to keep down the price of petroleum.

Another powerful combination is the great Sugar Trust. Sugar presented an excellent opportunity for the Trust-makers. It is protected by a duty which averages about 80 per cent., and a bounty is paid by the Government on all sugar exported. Sugar is one of the necessities of life, and is used in every household. The sugar refiners discovered in 1887 that too much sugar was being manufactured, so they consolidated to reduce the supply and raise the price. The real value of the property "trusted" was \$15,000,000, but "trust" certificates were issued which "watered" it up to \$60,000,000. The Trust first depressed the price of raw sugar, and then raised the price of cut loaf and crushed sugar by 1½ cents per lb., and of granulated sugar by 1 cent per lb. A rise of 1 cent per lb. on the sugar consumed in the United States would mean an increased profit of \$30,000,000. Strong opposition has been made to this Trust, but it still holds its own. A millionaire sugar refiner is at present building an immense factory at Philadelphia to crush the Trust, and has

obtained a great amount of gratuitous advertising from the newspapers for his enterprise, but so long as the present protective and bounty system lasts, the Americans are not likely to get cheap sugar. English people have nothing to complain of in this matter. They ought to appreciate the friendly attitude of the United States Government as it helps to pay for their sugar. After allowing for the cost of transportation from America to England, including charges for handling, insurance, etc., the American refiner can still—with the aid of the "drawback"—sell sugar at 9s less per 100 lbs. in England than in America. Up to 1875, the United States Government used to retain 10 per cent. of the "drawback," but it was very properly thought that this was not quite fair to the refiners and their English customers, so that an Act was passed requiring the retention of only 1 per cent. Some protectionists still thought that this was not generous enough, and it was proposed in the Senate Bill of last year to give the refiners the full benefit of the "drawback." All this, of course, makes excellent business for the Trust, but it has incurred great expense in crushing competitors and maintaining the illegal constitution in the teeth of the law courts.

One Trust breeds another Trust. When the sugar refiners obtained control of the market, the manufacturers of glucose and cheap grape sugar—used for the purposes of adulteration—followed their example and went into a Trust. When the steel combination pressed on the western plough manufacturers they in turn organized a Trust, and squeezed the farmers, who are now contemplating a similar course to resist the pressure.

A steel rail combination has been in existence since 1877. It is not formed on Trust lines, but serves the same purpose. The "iron lords" and "steel lords" are bound together by the closest ties of self-interest in the American Iron and Steel Association. This Association keeps the prices as high as the tariff will allow, and does all it can by the circulation of pamphlets, by employing "lobbyists," and by resorting to other well-known methods, to maintain a feeling in favor of the continuance of a protective tariff on iron and steel.

There is a very respectable Trust in linseed oil. It was formed in January 1877, in consequence, as usual, of there being too

much linseed oil in the country; during that year the price of the oil rose from 38 cents to 52 cents per gallon, and it is now 61 cents. The price of linseed oil in England is about 34 cents per gallon. The Trust is protected by a duty of 54 per cent. The increased price since the formation of the Trust is clear profit; add to this, economy in manufacture, and the reduction in the price paid to the farmer for seed, and it will be seen how this Trust must have enriched its members. It had an opposite effect on the workmen, many of whom lost employment through the stoppage of mills, and as the higher price of the oil must have lessened the consumption, workers have suffered in another way. The Cotton-seed Oil Trust has increased its profits both in buying and in selling in a similar way. The evidence given in the suit brought against this monopolist Trust by the State of Louisiana showed that it had reduced the price paid to the planters for seed from 7 to 4 dollars per ton. As the Trust buys about 700,000 tons a year, this is a clear gain of over two million dollars at one sweep.

The principal manufacturers of American whiskey got up "pools" now and then between 1878 and 1887 to arrange prices. The "pools" were not quite so successful as the distillers desired, and in 1887 they discovered that the hitch arose because there was too much whiskey. This discovery was worthy of temperance reformers, but the object of the distillers was not to help forward the prohibition movement, or the temperance cause. Nor was their ultimate aim the limitation of whiskey-drinking. They only wanted to temporarily limit the supply. They organized the Western Distillers and Cattle Feeders Trust—a compound sort of Trust. On its formation, seventy distillers joined it, and the price of whiskey was at once raised from 30 to 40 per cent. Fifty-seven distilleries were closed, and the remaining thirteen left to make profits for the time being for all the shareholders. The owners of the distilleries which were lying idle therefore did not lose anything. The wages of the men still left at work were cut down from 10 to 20 per cent. But the Trust had been too grasping, and competition began to reappear. New distilleries were opened, and as these had to be crushed or absorbed, down went the price of whiskey—lower than it had ever been

before—until they succumbed. The Trust now controls more than half the distilleries in the country. It also fixes the price for "mash" used for feeding cattle—hence its double-barrelled name. The duty on alcohol is 171.85 per cent., and the duty on spirits distilled from grain—such as the Trust makes—rises to 396.43 per cent.

The stove-makers met early in 1888 and having considered that a great saving in patterns, catalogues, advertising, and in other things might be effected by combination, concluded that "the trust plan is founded on the fundamental laws of commerce and the dictates of reason," and they proceeded to comply with both. The nail-makers in the Atlantic States found that there were too many nails being made, and as the protective duty ranges from 40 per cent., to 80 per cent., they combined to check production and receive the full benefits of protection. When the combination in lead raised the cost of lead to the cartridge and ammunition manufacturers, they also consolidated. Over-production was going on in railway car springs in March 1888, and the makers united to regulate the market. As the duty on iron carriage bolts is 60 per cent., and is practically prohibitory, this was too good an opportunity for a trust experiment to be lost. The White Lead Trust is a formidable concern; but the duty—which is 3 cents in the pound—is not quite high enough to ward off foreign competitors, as over 700,000 lbs. are imported every year. English white lead in oil is now selling at 4½ cents a pound in England, and at 8 cents in America. There are Trusts in light and heavy rubber-clothing, which have advanced prices between 25 and 50 per cent. The Trust remedy was applied to the sand-paper and emery cloth business as there was a superabundance of these articles. There was a great overstock of paving pitch and felt roofing in the country, so that the makers when they got up their Trust made a bonfire of 30,000 barrels of pitch in Philadelphia. A duty of 100 per cent. was not sufficient to protect the screw-makers. They paid Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's firm in Birmingham an annual subsidy not to send screws to America. They have now created a Trust. There is a particularly audacious Trust in envelopes. It recently sent out circulars asking customers to boycott the Government-stamped envelopes.

It complained that to buy these envelopes was to encourage a Government monopoly. There is a Natural Gas Trust—an offshoot from the Standard Oil Trust. It has just paid its usual quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent. with an extra stock dividend of 25 per cent. As its capital is greatly inflated, the real dividend is much higher. One of the newest Trusts is in school books. All the great publishing firms, except one, are in it. The promoters say that "ruinous competition" necessitated the Trust.

The American must deal with Trusts all through life. If he is a native of New York State a Trust will nurture him with milk, which it buys from the farmers at three cents a quart, and sells to the people at from seven to ten cents a quart. When he goes to school his slate is furnished by another Trust, which has raised the price of school slates 30 per cent., and, thanks to Protection, sends its best slates to England and Germany. If the American boy wants a lead pencil he must apply to a Trust, which charges Americans one-and-a-third more for pencils than it asks from foreigners. The American boy's candy is indirectly affected by the Sugar Trust, and his peanuts are doled out to him through the medium of the peanut combination. If the American has a taste for canvas-back duck, the Baltimore Trust, which has control of that delicacy, will supply him. When he has finished the duck, another Trust is ready with a toothpick for him—for even such an insignificant industry as toothpick-making has not escaped the Trust schemers. The American may continue his progress through life, using "trusted" envelopes, wearing "trusted" overshoes, drinking "trusted" whiskey, warming himself at "trusted" stoves, and patronizing other Trusts which control indispensable commodities. Should illness overtake him a Castor-oil Trust will do its best for him, and as the duty of 200 per cent. on castor oil insures it an absolute monopoly, it will charge very highly for its medicine. Even death does not free the American from Trusts. They pursue him to the grave. There is a coffin-makers' ring in New York, which has raised prices to the Trust standard. There is also a Trust in marble, which has increased the price of tombstones. Thus, the American citizen, who is surrounded on all sides with accommodating Trusts through life, may

be buried in a "trusted" coffin, and commemorated by a "trusted" tombstone.

This list of Trusts is not by any means complete. New Trusts are continually being organized. Hardly a day passes in which the newspapers do not contain the announcement of the creation of some new combination. The *New York Tribune*—a leading Protectionist organ, which befriends Trusts—of the day on which I write contains these headings close to each other—"The Window glass makers combine," "A Rubber Trust formed in Trenton," and "Physicians form a Trust." The last named is a curiosity, and refers to the physicians of a city who agreed to raise their professional charges during the recent influenza epidemic. The other two are of the usual stamp, and will have the usual effect, for we are told that, "hereafter buyers of window glass must pay higher prices than at any time within the last five years."

There are many monopolies in the United States which do not come under the head of Trusts. Nearly the whole mineral wealth of the country is owned by monopolists. Zinc is in the hands of a combination. The copper mines are controlled by a few men. The great railway corporations possess immense mineral tracts. The rich anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania cover 300,000 acres, and two-thirds of this area is owned by seven railway companies, which work together in making the price low in districts where they have competition, and arbitrary where they have a monopoly.\* The companies extracted 34,643,127 tons of coal from their mines in 1887, for which they obtained 90,261,805 dollars. Owning the mines and possessing the means of transportation, the companies can defy competitors. The mines in the State of Missouri and in the Indian Territory are controlled by the Missouri Pacific Railway, which also shares with other railway companies in the ownership of the Colorado mines. The Wyoming fields are distributed among other companies. One company works the mines in the northern part of Illinois, and another controls the output in the southern part. The Oregon Railway manages the coal trade on the Pacific slope.

\* The anthracite coal miners are at present poverty-stricken, and are living on public charity, because the coal owners find it convenient just now to limit the supply.

In fact the whole coal business of the United States is at the mercy of railway corporations. The prices are raised to just a little below where it would be profitable to import coal from Nova Scotia, England or Australia.

There are other monopolies, such as the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Bell Telephone Company. The Western Union has now absorbed most of its rivals. The unification of the telegraph service resulted in a great saving, in plant, in offices, in employes and in canvassing for business. The rates are high, but cannot be made exorbitant, as the telegraph is a convenience rather than a necessity, and exorbitant charges would reduce the profits. The same may be said of the telephone.

Trusts have spread over Canada as well as the United States. The committee of the Dominion Parliament which inquired into the subject, reported that it had "received sufficient evidence of their injurious tendencies and effects to justify legislative action in suppressing the evils arising from this and similar combinations." The principal Trust in Canada is one which regulates the supply of sugar, and which includes both refiners and wholesale dealers. Members of the Trust receive rebates, and outsiders are charged exorbitant prices. There is also a well-organized coal ring in the Dominion which employs detectives to see that its members comply with its regulations.

As much has been heard recently about the organization of English syndicates in America, it may be briefly explained that more than half the stories which obtain currency concerning the purchase of breweries, grain-elevators and flour-mills by English capitalists are purely fictitious. It is true, however, that during last year a very large sum of English capital—said to amount to £20,000,000—has been invested in America, but the industries capitalized bear no relation to Trusts, or are not likely to develop into monopolies. London company promoters have discovered a new field for their operations, but the "boom" now seems to have subsided. America does not possess similar facilities for the capitalization of industrial enterprises on a stock basis with proper safeguards, so that small investors can put their money in them. When several flour-mills or breweries are turned over to a company and floated in London, the usual plan is



for the owners to become the managers and retain a third of the stock. It seems, however, that an English company is sometimes preferred to a Trust. The promoters of a brick works company recently floated in London give it out that, "One reason, and the principal one, for bringing this out as an English company is to prevent the State Legislature from interfering as it does in Trusts formed in the States."

Attempts to form an international Trust have as yet been unsuccessful. The French copper ring tried to "corner" the world's supply of copper, but collapsed, and the attempts made in England and America to do away with competition in salt have fallen through. The North American Salt Company and the English Salt Union were engineered by shrewd business men, and at first threatened to be successful, but fortunately they did not succeed as an international combination.

#### V.

Having explained the organization of Trusts, and indicated their extent in the United States, I will now deal with their legal aspect, and the attempts made to suppress them. The historic side of the case is of importance to lawyers. Although the modern Trust differs greatly from its ancient prototype, the existence of combinations which restrict production, or prevent competition, or regulate prices, is considered to be contrary to the common law of England and the United States. Lord Coke, in the famous "case of the monopolies," laid down a true rule, and created a precedent, when he said that the inevitable results of monopoly were three: (1) "That the price of the same commodity will be raised; (2) that the commodity is not so good as before; (3) that it tends to the impoverishment of divers artisans, artificers, and others." These results are deemed to be against the interests of trade, and contrary to public policy, and several States in America have statutes directed against combinations and monopolies. It is a conspiracy under the law of New York State for two or more persons to combine to do anything "injurious to trade and commerce," or to "attempt to destroy competition," and when such partnership or combinations have come before the courts the judges refuse to interfere. And when the stock-

holders or directors in the modern Trust appeal to law they are told that their disputes cannot be settled by the courts, or their agreements enforced by law. It is clear that Trusts are illegal combinations. The courts do not uphold them; can the courts suppress them?

That question is now being put to the test. Trusts were too subtle and too far reaching in their organization to be dealt with effectively by the law as it stood, and many bills were introduced into State Legislatures last year specially directed against Trusts. Some of these anti-Trust bills have become law, and others are still pending. These laws are sweeping enough to embrace all possible Trusts, "pools," and combinations calculated to restrict competition and interfere with the freedom of trade, or which are designed to have such a tendency. Several suits have been brought against Trusts, but they generally manage to adroitly manipulate their affairs so that they wriggle out of the clutches of the law. They appeal from court to court, migrate from State to State, or resort to some other means to baffle the courts.

The first case of importance to test the legality of Trusts was that instituted by the Attorney-General of the State of New York against the North River Refining Company, one of the corporations forming the Sugar Trust. It was brought under the law as it then existed, on the ground that by entering into an illegal combination it had forfeited its charter from that State. The case first came before the lower courts, and was decided against the company. When it came up before the Supreme Court, in January 1889, Judge Barrett again condemned it, and in giving his decision said that "if Trusts were allowed to thrive, and to become general, they must inevitably lead to the oppression of the people, and ultimately to the subversion of their political rights." Judge Barrett's order annulling the company's charter was affirmed by the Supreme Court. The judges held that by entering into an unlawful combination, the company had "renounced and abandoned its own duties, and subverted its own franchises." Of course the Trust has again appealed, and the case is now before the New York Court of Appeals, but, anticipating another adverse verdict, it has arranged to migrate.

The counsel of the Sugar Trust succeeded in getting a charter from the Connecticut Legislature last year for the "Commonwealth Refining Company," and the charter is so wide that the whole sugar industry of the world might be transacted under it. The company is authorized "to acquire, purchase, receive in trust, or otherwise hold, grant, sell, mortgage, lease, and otherwise dispose of all kinds of property—real, personal and mixed—whether in the State of Connecticut or elsewhere." There is nothing niggardly about this charter. The Trust is perfectly safe. Technically it will transfer itself to Connecticut, but the headquarters will remain in New York, and everything will go on as before. While the State of Connecticut is rescinding its charter and taking proceedings against it, the Trust will have plenty of time to make another move. The net result of this prosecution seems, therefore, to be that the State and the political organization that instigated the suit will have spent a large sum for nothing, and that the expenses to which the Trust has been put will be wrung from the people in higher prices for sugar.

The State of Missouri has passed the severest anti-Trust law. This law requires that every corporation chartered by the State must make affidavit that it is not connected with any Trust, "pool" or other combination which tends to suppress or restrict competition, or to fix prices, and the corporation that refuses to make this declaration will be declared illegal and have its charter cancelled. The law applies to corporations organized in other States and doing business in Missouri. As 1000 corporations failed to disavow association with combinations the Secretary of State revoked their charters, and decided to proceed against 200 foreign corporations which did not comply with the law. Proceedings have now been instituted against the offending companies, but they are going to hedge themselves in the Federal courts, on the ground that they lawfully existed before the new law passed, and that the State is going against the Constitution in trying to regulate commerce between States. One State has very little chance against a thousand corporations, and Trusts are generally in a position to spend more money in defending themselves than the State treasuries can afford for prosecuting them.

The people of Chicago are fighting a Gas Trust which has planted itself in that city, and their case is more hopeful than any which has yet come up. There used to be several gas companies in the city, but they amalgamated and went through the usual process of inflating their stock. When the monopoly was established the stock of the gas companies on which the people were supposed to pay dividends was increased from \$15,000,000 to \$40,000,000, and the bonds which the people are expected to pay, both principal and interest, were swollen from \$10,000,000 to \$18,000,000. It is stated that the whole property is not worth more than \$10,000,000, and that the Trust attempted to make the people pay dividends and interest on four times as much by exorbitant charges for gas. The Trust pretended to issue the stock in place of the stock of the several companies which formerly existed. The Attorney-General proceeded against the Trust because it had abused the powers granted to it by the State, and had established a monopoly. As far as the case has gone the decisions have been adverse to the Trust. A Louisiana corporation controlled by the Cotton Oil Trust was sued by that State, but escaped by transferring all its property to another corporation, also in the trust, but doing business in Rhode Island. A San Francisco company joined the Sugar Trust, and the State of California proceeded against it, but it sought refuge in a pretended transfer of its business to three trustees as individuals or as members of a firm. The law courts, it is thus seen, are not able to cope with Trusts.

## VI.

It is easy to bring a strong indictment against Trusts; but it will be a difficult thing to sweep them away. The American people have a great struggle before them. Trusts cannot be allowed to continue as they are. They have demonstrated clearly the advantage of production on a large scale, and the evils of cut-throat competition. They have also proved that industries can be organized on a national basis. But the result of cheaper production has not benefited the public in any way, but has had just the opposite effect. It has simply led to the enrichment of a few individuals. Immense fortunes have been made out of Trusts in a few years, and we

hear of one of the Standard Oil Trust directors who alone possesses twenty millions sterling. The vast aggregations of capital in the hands of a few illegal corporations, if allowed to continue, will lead to the subversion of all liberties, and the country will be governed by a band of plutocrats. How is the country to escape this fate? How are Trusts to be abolished? One remedy suggested for Trusts is the encouragement of new competitors to storm the monopolist's stronghold. This might for a short time benefit the people, but ultimately the new competitor would be strangled, or would kill the Trust, or the two would amalgamate. It is evident that little can be expected from anti-Trust laws. Free Trade would be more useful. But for the protective tariff few of the Trusts could exist. It looks at present as if duties were expressly put on to foster Trusts. The new Tariff Bill now being discussed by Congress seems to have been framed in the interest of certain powerful Trusts, such as the Sugar, Lead, Linseed Oil, and Diamond Match Trusts. There is also an Anti-Trust Bill before the Senate,\* but even if passed this measure will be unable to cope with combinations which have not been affected by the adverse decisions of the State Courts, and which now receive fresh encouragement from the Protectionist party in office. Free Trade, therefore, is the remedy most generally advocated. But Free Trade is more of a palliative than a remedy. It would not abolish all Trusts, it would not affect the Standard Oil Trust, or the Cotton Seed Oil Trust. And international Trusts might exist under Free Trade. The real remedy for Trusts

is not abolition, but Government control. The Standard Oil Trust itself thinks this is the only solution. In the history and defence of the Trust written by its solicitor, we are told that "the facts show" that the Trust, or "some similar combination" was "essential to the building up and maintenance of the American oil trade," and that its destruction "would be the destruction of that trade." Therefore, "let the State and National Legislature provide a better mode for carrying on this business if they can, but let them not despoil the structure until a better is provided to take its place." Socialism, and the very antithesis of Socialism—the greatest combination of capital in the world—are thus of the same opinion. Why should we flee from the Scylla of monopoly to be wrecked again on the Charybdis of wasteful competition?

Edward Bellamy, in his "Looking Backward," which has had an enormous sale in the United States, and has led to the formation of many associations and clubs for the propagation of "nationalism," thinks that Trusts are a part of the industrial evolution which is not yet complete. "Was there," he writes, "no way of commanding the services of the mighty wealth-producing principle of consolidated capital without bowing down to a plutocracy like that of Carthage? As soon as men began to ask themselves these questions, they found the answer ready for them. The movement toward the conduct of business by larger and larger aggregations of capital, the tendency toward monopolies, which had been so desperately and vainly resisted, was recognized at last, in its true significance, as a process which only needed to complete its logical evolution to open a golden future to humanity." Mr. Bellamy does not tell us how the transfer was effected. Public opinion, he says, had become fully ripe for it. Public opinion must have undergone a great change, and human nature must have altered. Before we reach "the golden future of humanity," men must become less selfish, and work, not for their private ends, but for the common weal.—*Contemporary Review*.

\* Some of the petitions which come from farmers in favor of this Bill are expressed in remarkably strong language. The National Farmers' Alliance ask for relief against the robbery and oppression of Trusts and monopolies, and a petition from Missouri farmers, after stating that there is great danger that "we will soon be a nation of millionaires and paupers," says, "we ask Congress to pay particular attention to — and his meat Trust, the most damnable robbers' den on this continent, by which the producers as well as the consumers of the country are robbed of millions every year."

## THE POETRY OF JOHN DONNE.\*

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

THE study of a great writer acquires its highest interest only when we view his work as a whole; when we perceive the relation of the parts to one another, and to their centre; when nothing remains isolated or fragmentary; when we trace out unity in variety; when we feel the pulse and the rhythm of life. I had hoped to speak of Donne the famous preacher as well as Donne the poet, and to show how the same intellect and the same heart lived under the doublet of the poet, courtier, scholar, and the gown of the grave, yet passionate divine. But the task has proved too much for the limited time at my disposal. I must reserve for some other occasion what I have to say of the eloquent Dean of St. Paul's. In presenting to Sir Robert Carr, afterward Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favorite of James I., one of his early works, the author begs him to remember that "Jack Donne," not "Dr. Donne," was the writer. It is of Jack Donne that I propose to speak this evening. After he had taken holy orders Donne seldom threw his passions into verse; even his "Divine Poems" are, with few exceptions, of early date; the poet in Donne did not cease to exist, but his ardor, his imagination, his delight in what is strange and wonderful, his tenderness, his tears, his smiles, his erudition, his intellectual ingenuities, were all placed at the service of one whose desire was that he might die in the pulpit, or if not die, that he might take his death in the pulpit, a desire which was in fact fulfilled.

The latest historian of Elizabethan literature, Mr. Saintsbury, has said that Donne the poet should be regarded by every catholic student of English literature with a respect only "this side idolatry." There is indeed a large expense of spirit in the poems of Donne, an expense of spirit not always judicious or profitable, and the reader who comes with reasonable expectations will get a sufficient reward. When prospecting for gold the

miner considers himself fortunate if he can reckon on finding some twenty penny-weights of the precious metal in a ton of quartz and wash-dirt. The prospector in the lesser poetry of any former age must be content to crush a good deal of quartz and wash a good deal of sand in the expectation of an ounce of pure gold. But by vigor and perseverance in the pursuit large fortunes may be amassed.

Donne as a poet is certainly difficult of access. How shall we approach him, how effect an entrance? With different authors we need different methods of approach, different kinds of cunning to become free of their domain. Some must be taken by storm, some must be entreated, caressed, wheedled into acquiescence. There are poets who in a single lyric give us, as it were, a key which admits us to the mastery of all their wealth. Toward others we must make an indirect advance, we must reach them through the age which they represent, or the school in which they have been teachers or pupils. It is as the founder of a school of English poetry that Donne is ordinarily set before us. We are told that in the decline of the greater poetry of the Elizabethan period a "metaphysical school" arose, and that Donne was the founder or the first eminent member of this school. I do not believe in the existence of this so-called "metaphysical school." Much of the most characteristic poetry of Donne belongs to the flood-tide hour of Elizabethan literature; to the time when Spenser was at work on the later books of the *Foerie Queene* and Shakespeare was producing his early histories and comedies. The delight in subtleties of thought, in over-ingenious fantasies, in far fetched imagery, in curiosity, and not always felicitous curiosity, of expression was common to almost all the writers of the period. The dramatists were to some extent preserved from the abuse of fantastic ingenuity by the fact that they wrote for a popular audience, and must have failed unless they were at once intelligible. But authors of prose as well as authors in verse were fascinated by subtleties of the fancy; the theologian and the philoso-

\* Read before the Elizabethan Literary Society, May 7, 1890. The subject had been announced as "John Donne: his Verse and Prose."



pher, as well as the poet, swung in the centre of a spider's web of fantasies,

"All the waving mesh  
Laughing with lucid dew-drops rainbow-  
edged."

There was no special coterie or school of "metaphysical poets," but this writer or that yielded with more *abandon* than the rest to a tendency of the time.

It is not then by studying Donne as the leader of a school that we shall come to understand him. We get access to his writings, I believe, most readily through his life, and through an interest in his character as an individual. And fortunately he is the subject of a contemporary biography which is one of the most delightful biographies in the language. We possess a large number of his letters, and for Donne friendship was almost a second religion, and to write a letter was often to give himself up to an ecstasy. The story of his life is an Elizabethan romance, made the more impressive by the fact that the romance is a piece of reality. The son of a London merchant, he had in his veins the blood of the poet John Heywood and that of the sister of Sir Thomas More. His two maternal uncles, members of the Society of Jesus, suffered persecution in their native land, and died in exile on the Continent. The little boy, left fatherless at the age of three, must have been a zealous student, for he was admitted at Hart Hall, Oxford, when in his twelfth year. While still hardly more than a child he travelled abroad for some three years, gaining a knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian. On his return he became a student of Lincoln's Inn, but he was more interested in poetry and theology than in the law. When he was twenty he was already known as a writer of high-conceited love lyrics, and led the way in another department of poetry as the first English satirist. He was the friend of wits and ladies and men of letters; he probably had known some of the bitter-sweets of forbidden pleasure. He had doubtless received a deep shock when his younger brother was thrown into prison for the crime of harboring a seminary priest, and it may have been this, as Dr. Jessop suggests, which set him upon his study of the rival claims of the Protestant faith and of that Church in which he had been devoutly reared. In June, 1596, he was on shipboard as a volunteer

in the expedition against Spain under the Earl of Essex. The soldier and sailor was by and by transformed into the Lord Keeper's secretary, and became acquainted with the intrigues and follies and fashions of the Court. And then came about the great happiness and the great misfortune of Donne's life—his passion for the niece of Lord Keeper Egerton's second wife—she sixteen years old, he nearly twenty-seven—their secret marriage, followed by the dismissal of the bridegroom from his patron's service, his disgrace and imprisonment, his subsequent poverty, with a constantly increasing family, the trials and fidelity of love, and the years of weary waiting for Court employment, during which time he dulled the sense of misery with what he terms "the worst voluptuousness, an hydropique immoderate desire of human learning and languages." In the same letter—a melancholy one—in which he uses these words Donne speaks of his passion for meditation as being almost criminal in one who has duties to those dependent on him; even in that deep desire for a future world, which remained with him through good and evil fortune, he finds something of sin. He would not meet death in a lethargy, but confront it with the courage of a man of action; but how and where to act?—that was the question: "I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming." We talk of melancholy as a disease of the nineteenth century; but Burton anatomized it more than two hundred years ago. Donne, in one of his sermons, speaks of the peculiar liability of men in his own time to "an extraordinary sadness, a predominant melancholy, a faintness of heart, a cheerlessness, a joylessness of spirit," and he exhorts his hearers to the duty of dilating the heart with holy gladness—the duty of a "true joy in this world that shall flow into the joy of heaven as a river flows into the sea." Doubtless he had himself known that sadness which comes from thought and desire that cannot be turned to active uses; doubtless he had often longed "to

make to himself some mark, and go toward its alegrement," as he advises the friend to whom his mournful letter is addressed.

"I be in such a planetary and erratique fortune," he writes, "that I can do nothing constantly." Papist and Protestant; doubter and believer; a seeker for faith and one who amused himself with sceptical paradoxes; a solitary thinker on obscurest problems and "a great visitor of ladies," as Sir Richard Baker describes him, "a great frequenter of plays"; a passionate student longing for action; a reader of the law; a toiler among folios of theology; a poet and a soldier; one who communed with lust and with death; a courtier and a satirist of the court; a wanderer over Europe and one who lay inactive in a sullen weedy lake without space for stroke of arms or legs—such was Donne up to his fortieth year. We have not now to consider him as he was in his later life, when all his powers were concentrated in the intense effort to plead with the souls of men—"a preacher in earnest," as Izaak Walton has pictured him, "weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives . . . and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness." We have not now to think of Dr. Donne, the preacher; but when we look at the portrait of Donne in his youth with right hand upon the sword, the jewelled cross pendant at his ear, and those other adornments which, as Walton says, might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gayeties of that age, and when we read his motto—

"How much shall I be changed,  
Before I am changed?"

we are constrained to recall that other portrait executed by his own desire, in which he was represented with closed eyes, cadaverous face, and the winding sheet knotted at the head and feet. It was a morbid thought of Donne to be so pictured; but he had always lived in the presence of death; and undoubtedly, apart from the one great sorrow that his faithful wife was taken from him, the

closing years of his life were the happiest years. He was no longer a disappointed waverer; he had a supreme purpose; his powers were organized in a great cause; he had abundant evidence that he did not fight now as one that beateth the air. Donne, amid the pleasures of his youth, amid the studies of his early middle life, was not a happy man. Donne, as he feebly ascended the pulpit steps on that first Friday in Lent, with hollow cheeks and pallid lips, and gave forth with a tremulous voice the text of his own funeral sermon, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death," was filled with a joy that passeth understanding.

About the time when Donne wrote the melancholy letter to Sir Henry Goodere from which I have quoted, he wrote also the poem entitled *The Litanie*, and sent the manuscript to the same friend. Through this poem we can obtain, perhaps, a clearer insight into Donne's character than through any other that he has written. In a series of stanzas, full of spiritual ardor, he invokes the persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, the Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, and Doctors. He laments that he has fallen into ruin, that his heart by its dejection has turned to clay, that he who had been wasted by "youth's fires of pride and lust" is now weather-beaten by new storms; he prays that his perpetual inquisition of truth may not darken the spiritual wisdom within him:—

"Let not my mind be blinder by more light";

He implores the "eagle-sighted Prophets" to petition on his behalf that he may not by their example excuse his excess

"In seeking secrets or poetiqueness";

He hopes to win, through the blood of the martyrs, "a discreet patience," which may endure death, or life, and, if life, then without too passionate a longing for the grave:—

"For oh, to some  
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom!"

And then in his litany he passes on to a series of petitions, which seem to be veritable sighs of desire from his inmost heart. The general purport of these may be expressed by saying that they are prayers for temperance of mind, for a *via media* be-

tween the extremes and excesses natural to a temperament at once ardently sensual and ardently spiritual. Donne feels that in either extreme of passion he must lose himself. He fears that the world may be too much to him, and fears equally that it may be too little; he would not think that all happiness is centred in earth's brightest places, nor yet that this earth is only framed for our prison; he prays that we may be preserved from the danger "of thinking us all soul," and in consequence neglecting our mutual duties; from the danger of indiscreet humility; from thirst of fame, and no less from an unjust scorn of fame; from contempt of poverty, and from contempt of riches. The bodily senses, he maintains, though often fighting for sin, are in truth, not opposed to righteousness, but rather the "soldiers of God"; learning, which sometimes tempts us from our allegiance, is, in truth, "God's ambassador"; beauty, though it may be poisoned, is, in truth, a flower of Paradise made for precious uses. The whole poem is directed against the temptations to which a man liable to the opposite violences of the flesh warring against the spirit, and the spirit warring against the flesh, is exposed. He fears a barren asceticism or the sweet blindness of mystical devotion almost as much as he fears the world and the flesh. With both extremes he has been acquainted, and now would win, if possible, an "evenness" instead of his "intermitting aguish piety." He would especially seek deliverance from temptations of the intellect; from dwelling with an endless idle curiosity on nature, and so ceasing to bear his part in the life of the world, from a dilettante interest in religion, which uses it only as a mode of deploying a shallow intellectuality. The poem is the litany of the scholar, the courtier, the poet; it admits us to the secrets of its writer's troubled spirit.

Something of the same feeling appears in poems which are rather ethical than religious. Donne commends what he does not himself possess—a philosophical equanimity. In one of his letters in verse addressed to Sir Henry Wotton, he speaks of the various ways in which men lose themselves in cities, in courts, and in the solitude of the country, how the ideals of early life are corrupted and destroyed, so that if one of these men were to meet

his true self there would scarcely be a recognition between the pair:—

"They would like strangers greet themselves,  
being then  
Utopian youth grown old Italian."\*

And then Donne proceeds to exhort his friend to seek for the tranquillity of a self-sufficing soul:—

"Be then thine own home, and in thyself  
dwell;  
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh hell.  
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth  
room,  
Carrying his own house still, is still at home,  
Follow—for he is easy-paced—this snail:  
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail."

But it is not a barren quietism that Donne commends. Man's nature is at first a wilderness, which must by degrees be reclaimed, and then actively tilled, that it may bear the noblest fruits. We are familiar with Tennyson's exhortation in *In Memoriam*:—

"Work out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."

The same image is to be found in Donne's letter to Sir Edward Herbert, afterward Lord Herbert of Cherbury:—

"How happy's he which hath due place  
assigned  
To his beasts, and disafforested his mind."

Donne would have these beasts tamed and put to the uses for which they are best fitted. How happy, the poet goes on, is he who has

"Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;  
Can sow, and dares trust corn where they  
have bin,  
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every  
beast."

When the wilderness is reclaimed, then begins the vigorous tillage of the soil; as Donne elsewhere puts it:—

"We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,  
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay  
Much, much good treasure for the great  
rent day."†

The vital centre of some of Matthew Arnold's poems, in which he tells of the pains of outward distraction and inward division, may be found in his exhortation to us to "rally the good in the depths of ourselves," or in such a line as that which

\* Italy being taken as the land of nameless vices, and so opposed to Utopia.

† To Mr. Rowland Woodward, ed. 1669, p. 153.

concludes the remarkable sonnet suggested by words of Marcus Aurelius :—

"The aids to noble life are all within."

Donne preaches no such stoical gospel constantly ; but he, too, can at times take a stoical text for his discourse :—

"Seek we then ourselves in ourselves ; for as  
Men force the sun with much more force to  
pass  
By gathering his beams with a chrysal  
glass,

So we, if we into ourselves will turn,  
Blowing our spark of virtue, may out-burn  
The straw which doth about our hearts so-  
journ."

There is some danger in the pride of stoicism ; in the notion that one has attained ; in the tendency to look down as from a pinnacle, rather than up toward the endless height yet to be climbed. In our own day no poet has expressed so nobly as Robert Browning the unsatisfied aspiration of the soul after perpetual progress. What though the body stand still or decline, the soul only rises from the body's decay, and spreads wings for a farther flight. We remember the exultant spiritual advance of Rabbi ben Ezra amid the growing infirmities and sadnesses of old age. Browning hardly expressed this prerogative of the soul with more imaginative energy than Donne in his letter to Sir Henry Goodere :—

"A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,  
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else  
decays ;

But he which dwells there is not so ; for he  
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune  
raise :

"So had your body her morning, hath her  
noon,  
And shall not better ; her next change is  
night :

But her fair larger Guest, to whom sun and  
moon  
Are sparks and short-liv'd, claims another  
right."

Donne apologizes in this poem for his moralizings, which might as well be found, he says, at the end of fables or in the mottoes inscribed on fruit-trenchers. Even if this were true, we might read what he has written in this kind with interest. Much of a man's character and inmost experience is revealed by the selection which he makes from among the commonplaces of morality. When a truism strikes us as eminently true, it must have been vivified for us by some passage of

the inner life, some moral victory or moral failure.

Several of Donne's most interesting poems are connected with incidents of his personal history, and gain an added interest from the fact that they are autobiographical. Few lovers of poetry are unacquainted with the Elegy addressed perhaps to his young wife when he thought of quitting his native land, and the ardent girl—a Shakespearean Viola in real life—proposed to accompany him in the disguise of a page. There is a vigor of movement, a strong coherence of freedom from conceits in these lines which is not always or perhaps very often, to be found in a like degree in Donne, and which we may ascribe to the fervor and directness of his feeling :—

"By our first strange and fatal interview,  
By all desires which thereof did ensue,  
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse  
Which my words' masculine-persuasive  
force  
Begot in thee, and by the memory  
Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened  
me,  
I calmly beg ; but by thy parents' wrath,  
By all pains which want and divorcement  
hath  
I conjure thee ; and all those oaths, which I  
And thou have sworn to seal joint con-  
stancy,  
Here I unswear and over swear them thus—  
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous ;  
Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous  
rage,  
Be my true mistress still, not my feigned  
page."

Touches of dramatic power are rare in Donne, whose genius was lyrical and meditative, not that of a dramatist ; but in this Elegy there is one touch which might seem of triumphant power even if it had occurred in a tragedy by Webster. Having pictured the dangers to which his lady would be exposed in foreign lands, where, in spite of her garb of a boy, all would spy in her

"A blushing womanly discovering grace,"

Donne goes on to exhort her, for his sake, to be of good cheer, and to dream no ill dreams during his absence :—

"Nor in bed fright thy nurse  
With midnight startings, crying out, 'Oh !  
Oh !  
Nurse, oh ! my love is slain ! I saw him go  
O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,  
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and  
die.'"



All the greatness and terror of external nature are here made subservient to the passion of a girl's heart in that midnight cry—"I saw him go o'er the white Alps alone."

There are other poems of parting which probably refer to later seasons of their writer's life. The births of Donne's children followed each other at no long intervals; and it was when his wife looked forward to hours of trial and danger that he was urged by Sir Robert Drury to be his companion on a visit to the court of the French king, Henry IV. When Izaak Walton, speaking of the unwillingness of Mrs. Donne to let her husband part from her on this occasion, quotes the words, "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence," he was, in fact, citing them from the exquisite lyric of parting which begins with the lines:—

"Sweetest love, I do not go  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me."

Two days after Donne's arrival in Paris, he saw, at midday, a vision of his wife pass before him twice, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. Her ill-divining fears were in fact realized; the infant of which she was delivered died at birth. Walton refers to the same occasion of parting Donne's "Valediction, forbidding to mourn," in which occurs the quaint image of the two feet of the compass, one fixed, the other moving, and each inseparably united to the other. The poet prays for a mild departure, without violences of grief, like that of a good man when leaving his friends on earth in a tranquil death:—

"So let us melt, and make no noise,  
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;  
'Twere profanation of our joys  
To tell the laity our love."

It will be for some close investigator of the facts of Donne's life—for Dr. Jessop, let us hope—to attempt to ascertain the precise occasions of several of his poems. I like to think that it is of his young bride and the new glad morning of life which he found in her love that he speaks in his "Good-morrow":—

"I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
Did till we loved: were we not wean'd  
till then,

But suck'd on childish pleasures seelily?  
Or slumber'd we in the Seven Sleepers'  
den?

'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be,  
If ever any beauty I did see  
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream  
of thee."

And I suppose there can be little doubt that it is the first annual return of the day of his meeting with her which is celebrated in another poem, written before marriage, and entitled *The Anniversary*. The two lovers are a king and a queen, and what king and queen so safe as they, whom no treason can assail?

"True and false fears let us refrain.  
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again  
Years and years unto years, till we attain  
To write threescore: this is the second of  
our reign."

*A Lecture upon the Shadow*, one of the most admirable of Donne's shorter poems, has in it a touch of fear lest love may, indeed, pass its meridian and decline toward the west. The poet undertakes to read his mistress a lecture in love's natural philosophy; as they walked side by side in the morning hours, the eastern sun threw their shadows behind them on the ground; so it was in the early days of secret love, when they practised disguises and concealment upon others; but now it is love's full noon, and they tread all shadows under foot:

"That love hath not attain'd the highest de-  
gree,  
Which is still diligent lest others see."

Ah! what if the sun of love decline westerly? Then the shadows will work upon themselves and darken their path; each of them will practice disguising upon the other:—

"The morning shadows wear away,  
But these grow longer all the day,  
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay."

Unfaith in aught, sings Vivien, is want of faith in all, and Donne's *Lecture upon the Shadow* closes with the same truth—or shall we say sophism!—of an ardent heart:—

"Love is a growing, or full constant light:  
And his short minute after noon is night."

The love of Donne and his wife may, perhaps, have known some of the cloudy vicissitudes incident to all things on earth, but it never waned. After her death, which took place before the days of his worldly prosperity as Dean of St. Paul's,

"his first motion from his desolated house was," says Walton, "to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London; and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremiah's Lamentation: '*Lo I am the man that have seen affliction.*'"

In several of his early poems Donne, with his delight in paradox and dialectical ingenuity, maintains that love must needs range and change with boundless inconsistency:—

"Change is the nursery  
Of music, joy, life, and eternity."

It is, he declares, the very law of man's nature; and as for woman, a fair woman and a true may be found when we can catch a falling star, or translate the mermaid's song, or tell who cleft the devil's foot. We cannot doubt that Donne himself had followed false fires of passion before he found his true home of love. But it were rash to take all his poems of intrigue as passages of autobiography. He sometimes wrote best, or thought he wrote best, when his themes were wholly of the imagination. Still it is evident that Donne, the student, the recluse, the speculator on recondite problems, was also a man who adventured in pursuit of violent delights which had violent ends. I cannot think that the Elegy entitled *The Perfume*, has reference to an incident in his secret wooing of Ann More, his wife to be; if there be any autobiographical truth in the poem, it must be connected with some earlier passion. Once and only once, the Elegy tells us, was the lover betrayed in his private interviews with his mistress; her little brothers had often skipped like fairy sprites into the chamber, but had seen nothing; the giant porter at the gate, a Rhodian colossus—

"The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,"

for all his hire could never bear witness of any touch or kiss. Who then was the traitor? Not silks that rustled nor shoes that creaked. It was the courtier's perfume, scenting the air, as he crept to the chamber of his beloved, which betrayed his presence; whereupon the narrator breaks forth into reproaches against the effeminacy of perfumes, of which the one happy use were to embalm the corpse of the father who had interrupted their delights:—

"All my perfumes I give most willingly  
To embalm thy father's corpse. What, will  
he die?"

We can well believe that in this poem Donne has set his fancy to work and created what he thought a piquant incident out of the stuff of dreams.

*The Picture* seems clearly to have been written on the occasion of his voyage as a volunteer with the Earl of Essex, or to have been suggested to his imagination by some such soldierly adventure. As he starts on his seafaring he bids farewell to his beloved, and places his picture in her hands. Thoughts of death fly like shadows across his mind; even if he should ever return, he will come back changed, with rough and weather-beaten face, his hand, perhaps, grown coarse, from labor at the oar, and tanned by the sun, his skin speckled with blue marks of the powder-grains:—

"If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man  
So foul and coarse as, oh, I may seem then,  
This [his picture] shall say what I was."

His lady will have the greater joy in knowing that she still owns her full beauty to bestow on one so worn, and will feel that the loss of what was fair and delicate in him is more than compensated by the manlier complexion of his love. There is no doubt that two descriptive poems, *The Storm* and *The Calm*, record some of Donne's experience on the Spanish expedition. In the former of these poems the terrors and miseries of a tempest at sea are set forth as they might be by one who had himself endured them. The writer does not paint from fancy, but had surely seen with his bodily eyes the pale landmen creeping up on deck to ask for news, and finding no comfort in the sailors' rough replies:—

"And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will  
creep  
At the last day, some forth their cabins  
peep,  
And trembling ask, What news? and do  
hear so  
As jealous husbands what they would not  
know."

*The Calm* was a favorite with Ben Jonson, who could repeat by heart some of Donne's poems. It describes such a weary, torrid stillness of the elements as that suffered by the ancient mariner of Coleridge's poem; the men lying helpless on the hatches, the tackling hung with

idle garments, the air all fire, the sea "a brimstone-bath," the deck as hot to the feet as if an oven :—

"And in one place lay  
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday."

The descriptions in these companion poems are unique in Elizabethan literature by virtue of Donne's choice of unusual subjects and his realistic manner of treatment.

Donne's *Satires* are also among the poems which were not spun out of his brain, but were written, to use Wordsworth's expression, with his eye upon the object. In one he tells how he was tempted away from the companionship of his beloved books, into the London streets, by a coxcomb, who, says Donne, though superstitiously devoted to all the rites and ceremonies of good manners, might be called for the precision of his fine breeding a very Puritan. There is something of majesty in the lines contrasting the poet's own condition with the elegance of this spruce master of ceremonies :—

"And in this coarse attire which now I wear  
With God and with the Muses I confer."

In another satire the object of Donne's ridicule is a small poet of the day who has turned lawyer, and who interlards his ordinary conversation with legal term and phrase, nay, who woos in language of the pleas and bench :—

"Words, words, which would tear  
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear  
More, more than ten Slavonians' scoldings,  
more  
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys  
roar."

In yet another there is a lively picture of the needy court sutor assuming courtier's airs, and in the end thankful to be dismissed with the gift of a crown-piece, a figure half-piteous, half-grotesque :—

"A thing more strange than on Nile's slime  
the sun  
E'er bred,"

But of the *Satires* the most remarkable is one which hardly deserves that name ; it is rather a hortatory poem addressed to those who fail as Christians to stand with their loins girt and their lamps burning. How is it, asks Donne, that the Stoic philosopher of Greece or Rome should be more zealous in the pursuit of the true ends of life than the Christian of to-day ?

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LII., No. 2.

"Is not our mistress, fair Religion,  
As worthy of all our soul's devotion  
As Virtue was to the first blinded age?"

How is it that a man will dare the frozen North and burning South, and undertake forbidden wars and give rash challenges for idle words, and yet will not be bold against his true foes and the foes of God, "who made thee to stand sentinel in this world's garrison" ? Donne glances at the various creeds and churches—Rome where the rags of religion are loved :—

"As we here obey  
The state-cloth where the Prince sate yesterday";

Geneva where religion is "plain, simple, sullen, young, contemptuous, yet unhand-some"; and having spoken of the man who cares nothing for any form of faith, and the amateur in creeds who cares a little for all, he justifies the earnest seeker for truth, even though he still remain a doubter. We are reminded of an often-quoted stanza of *In Memoriam* by the words of Donne :—

"Doubt wisely ; in strange ways  
To stand inquiring right is not to stray ;  
To sleep, or run wrong, is."

But Donne would have the doubter attain, if possible, before old age comes, which he names the twilight of death, for that is the season to which rest in the possession of truth is due, and soon follows the night when no man can work. In this passage we have unquestionably a personal confession, a vindication of Donne's own attitude of inquiry and doubt, addressed by himself to himself.\*

The section of Donne's poems entitled *Songs and Sonnets* is almost wholly devoted to love, and the metaphysics and casuistry of love. On occasions he can write, at least for a line or two, with a directness like that of Burns :—

"Yet I had rather owner be  
Of thee one hour than all else ever—"

\* Another parallel with a passage of *In Memoriam* may be noted—

"I thought if I could draw my pains  
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.  
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,  
For he tames it that fetters it in verse."

So Donne. And Tennyson similarly in the well-known stanza—

"But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in men-ured language lies ;  
The sad mechanic exercise  
Like dull narcotics lulling pain."

What words can be simpler than those, which sound almost as if they had come out of a song to Mary Morison or Jean Armour! More often he is ingeniously subtle. Mr. Ru-kin, if I remember right, has somewhere praised and overpraised the delicacy of a quatrain in Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*, which is indeed a pretty Chinese puzzle in verse: the lady who has taken her lover's kiss maintains that her modesty is still inviolate:—

"He thought me asleep; at least, I knew  
He thought I thought he thought I  
slept."

A parallel may be found in Donne's poem *Love's Exchange*:—

"Let me not know that others know  
That she knows my pains, lest that so  
A tender shame make me mine own woe,"

For the most part Donne in his love poems is high-fantastical, but this does not imply any coldness or insincerity. "True love," he says, "finds wit," but he whose wit moves him to love confesses that he does not know genuine passion. In a poem in which he makes various imaginary legacies, he leaves all that he has written in rhyme to Nature, in doing which, as he tells us, he does not *give* but *restore*; and it is undoubtedly a fact that there have been periods of literature when it was natural to seek out ingenuities of fancy and curiosities of expression. When Donne writes in his licentious vein he is not light and gay but studiously sensual; he makes voluptuousness a doctrine and argues out his thesis with scholastic diligence. To the other extreme belongs such a poem as that admirable lyric beginning with the lines:—

"I have done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is—to keep that hid."

This rare achievement is to love a woman without a single thought of the difference of "he and she"; but profane men would deride such love as this, and hence the braver thing is called for—to keep this spiritual friendship a secret from the unbelieving world. In this book of his, Donne declares—

"Love's divines—since all divinity  
Is love or wonder—may find all they seek,  
Whether abstracted spiritual love they  
like,

Their souls exhaled with what they do not  
see,  
Or, loath so to amuse  
Faith's infirmities, they choose  
Something which they may see and use;"

for though Mind be the heaven of love, Beauty is a type which represents that heaven to our mortal senses. Or, to cite another of Donne's similitudes, if love be an angel, yet an angel takes to himself a face and wings of air, else he were invisible; and in like manner love materializes itself through beauty while yet it remains a spirit. In *The Extasie* the same doctrine of amorous metaphysics is upheld; two lovers seated upon a flowery bank hold commune in the spirit, and time seems almost suspended:—

"And while our souls negotiate there  
We like sepulchral statues lay;  
All day the same our postures were  
And we said nothing all the day."

But why should not hand meet hand and lip touch lip! There is an ascent and a descent in this complex nature of ours; the blood rarifies itself into the animal spirits,

"Because such fingers need to knit  
The subtle knot which makes us man;"

and in like manner the soul must descend into the affections and the lower faculties,

"Else a great Prince [the soul] in prison  
lies."

The metre of *The Extasie* is the same as that of the *Angel in the House*, and the manner in which meaning and metre move together closely resembles that of Mr. Patmore's *Preludes*.

The piece best known of all that Donne has written is that in which he imagines the exposure of his own skeleton when his grave shall be reopened to receive a second guest, and the discovery of the secret love-token, "a bracelet of bright hair about the bone." It is sometimes forgotten that in this romantic piece of fantasy Donne heightens the effect by representing the lovers as during all their lives no other than ideal friends to whom such a pledge as this golden tress was the highest symbol granted of their perfect union:—

"Difference of sex we never knew,  
No more than guardian angels do."

*The Funeral* is a companion piece:



"Whoever comes to shroud me do not harm,  
Nor question much,  
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;  
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,  
For 'tis my outward soul."

But here it is evident that there was a time when the speaker "knew difference of sex," had offered a man's love to the woman of his choice, had been rejected, and had received this gift as a token of friendship from which all thought of wedded union must be banished. Cartwright names one of his lyrics, *No Platonique Love*, and tells with what result he had once tried "to practice this thin love":—

"I climb'd from sex to soul, from soul to thought;  
But, thinking there to move,  
Headlong I roll'd from thought to soul, and then  
From soul I lighted at the sex again."

It may be conjectured that Donne sometimes toppled from his heights (if indeed it is a fall); but there is one poem in which, with evident sincerity and with rare grace, he sings the praises of autumnal beauty like that so gracefully pictured in Mr. Alfred Austin's *Love's Widowhood*, and Donne finds in this loveliness, which is almost spiritual, a charm found nowhere else:—

"No Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such grace  
As I have found in one Autumnal face."

Here is Love's abiding-place:—

"Here dwells he, though he sojourn everywhere  
In Progress,\* yet his standing house is here.  
Here where still evening is, nor noon nor night,  
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight."

The range is indeed wide between the feeling expressed in this poem and in others of the same group of Elegies.

In several of the passages from which I have quoted examples occur of the juxtaposition, so frequent in Donne, of thoughts of love and thoughts of the grave:

"A fancy shared party per pale between  
Death's heads and skeletons and Aretine."

When he gazes at womanly beauty he reflects that one day it will be as useless as "a sun-dial in a grave"; when at parting from his mistress he scratches his

name with his diamond upon her window-pane, he leaves the ragged signature with her, he says, as a death's head to preach the mortality of lovers; when he would learn the ancient lore of passion in happier days before the Lord of Love grew tyrannous, he desires to hear the tradition from a phantom:—

"I long to talk with some old lover's ghost  
Who died before the god of love was born;"

His own brief love-lyrics are likened by him to "well-wrought urns," which will preserve the ashes confided to them as becomingly as "half-acre tombs." Even from an epithalamion he cannot banish a thought of death; when the bride rises on the wedding morning from her downy bed, the impression left by her body reminds him of the grave:

"Your body's print  
Like to a grave the yielding down doth dink."

In whatever sunny garden and at whatever banquet Donne sits, he discerns in air the dark scythesman of that great picture attributed to Orcagna. An entire section of his poetry is assigned to death. In one of the funeral elegies he compares death to the sea that environs all, and though God has set marks and bounds to it, yet we can forever hear it roar and gnaw upon our shores. In another the similitude is hardly less majestic: Death is a "mighty bird of prey," but "reclaimed by God," and taught to lay all that he kills at his Master's feet.

Donne's most ambitious efforts as a poet are not the most successful. One of these is the sequence of elegiac poems suggested by the death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, his friend Sir Robert Drury's daughter, who died in her fifteenth year. Donne had had no personal knowledge of her; he was, as it were, the poetical tomb-maker, and he determined to erect a pompous monument in verse. On each anniversary of the day of death he purposed to present his friend with a memorial poem; but not more than two of these were written, nor can we regret that this funeral Eiffel tower was carried no higher than the second stage. Donne expatiates on a general theme rather than laments an individual; true sorrow is discreet, and sets a bound to extravagance; but here the poet, taking for his subject the loss of ideal womanhood, does not

\* i.e. the progress of a Prince.

write under the controlling power of deep personal grief, and pushes to an extreme his fantastic exaggerations. In the poem of the first anniversary Donne enlarges on the frailty and decay of the whole world; in the second elegy he traces the progress of the soul. Thus they form a contrasted pair. The lines in the second poem, which picture the face of the dead maiden as it was in life, sensitive to every motion of her spirit, are well known:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
That one might almost say her body thought."

But in the earlier elegy there are lines perhaps more admirable which have been forgotten. Donne is maintaining that while the doers and workers of the world may be named the active organs of society, the very life of its life and soul of its soul resides in rare spirits, like that of the dead girl, which awaken in us what he elsewhere calls "the whole of divinity"—wonder and love:—

"The world contains  
Princes for arms, and Counsellors for brains,  
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts and  
more,  
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;  
The officers for hands, merchants for feet  
By which remote and distant countries meet:  
But those fine spirits which do tune and set  
This organ are those pieces which beget  
Wonder and love."

It will be remembered that the word "piece" is used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of perfect specimen or masterpiece, as where Prospero describes her mother to Miranda as "a piece of virtue."

Donne's other ambitious effort in verse is also a fragment. It is that singular poem, written in an elaborate stanza of his own, and embodying the doctrine of metempsychosis, which bears the same title

as the later written elegy on the death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury—*The Progress of the Soul*. "Now when I begin this book," Donne writes—and at this time he was in his twenty-eighth year—"I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out I know not." We may lament that he did not carry out his complete design, for though the poem could never have been popular, it would have afforded, like the Scotchman's haggis, "a hantle of miscellaneous feeding" for those with an appetite for the strange dishes set before them by Donne. Professor Minto, in an excellent study of Donne, contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, has said of this poem that, if finished, it might have been a monument worthy of its author's genius. The soul whose progress the poet traces was once the apple of temptation in the garden of Eden:

"Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning  
morn."

Thence it passed into the dark and mysterious life of the mandrake, and ascending through antediluvian fish and bird and beast, became in the course of time the ape which toyed wantonly with Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia. In the last transformation recorded by the poet the soul is incarnated in Themech, the sister and the wife of Cain; but its brave adventures have only just begun. There was scope in Donne's design for a history of the world; the deathless soul would have been a kind of Wandering Jew, with this advantage over Ahasuerus, that it would have been no mere spectator of the changes of society, but itself a part and portion of the ever-shifting, ever-progressing world of men.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### THE EFFECT OF THE NEW CAREERS ON WOMEN'S HAPPINESS.

MISS ALFORD's success in the Classical Tripos following so closely on Miss Fawcett's Senior Wranglership, and two other less brilliant Wranglerships gained by women, makes it very natural to ask what will be the probable effect of the new careers, the new ambitions which are opening on every side to women, on their happiness. We do not know that the

answer to this question, so far as we can give one, in the least involves the answer to the further question whether a rapidly increasing number of women are likely to enter upon the new careers; or whether, even if they are not the happier for them, it may not be still, in a large number of cases, their duty to take up the new duties and responsibilities opened to them, for

we are always seeing instances in which large numbers compete for positions of trust and responsibility which diminish rather than increase the happiness of those who enter upon them; and it is clear that it is often a duty to accept a trust which, instead of adding to the happiness of him who accepts it, greatly constrains and weights the ease and freedom of his life. No less legitimate inference could be drawn from a rush for any career than that the career so much coveted is one which confers special happiness on those who attain it. Look at the multitudes who covet a Parliamentary career, and the exceeding few who can be said to enjoy it. Look at the multitudes who appear to covet knighthood, or even any inferior social distinction, and the extraordinarily little advantage, beyond additional opportunities for expense, which such distinctions bring. It would be about as wise to regard the swarming of bees as a sign of the happiness of the hive, as to judge from the crush and competition for new careers that those careers open up special enjoyment. And certainly it is not true that the natural shrinking from a career of responsibility and anxiety at all implies that it is not a duty to enter upon it. Capacity to discharge a duty well, by no means necessarily implies much enjoyment in the discharge. On the other hand, it is really often true that the recoil from it is the best test of the true appreciation of what it involves,—the real origin, we suppose, of the notion that *nolo episcopari* is one of the best indications of the capacity for episcopal rule. It is very rarely that a duty is ideally discharged without modesty. And yet it is often modesty which renders the discharge of it the severest burden. We should not in the least argue, from the number of feminine candidates for High University or other distinctions that those distinctions are likely to confer great happiness on those who succeed, nor should we conclude that because the successful candidates did not gain and did not even expect to gain such happiness, it might not still be their bounden duty to aspire to those distinctions and to the careers that they open. If it is true that *noblesse oblige*, it is equally true that capacity obliges, that talent obliges, that genius obliges. Indeed, some one has said that “*Le droit dérive de la capacité*,” and

still truer is it that “*Le devoir dérive de la capacité*,” but no one has said that happiness always results from capacity; indeed, the higher the sphere and the more lofty the duty, the less true is it that happiness results from taking up the burden which duty imposes. Hence, when we ask ourselves whether women are likely, on the whole, to be happier for the new careers, we do not for a moment suppose that the answer to that question in the least involves any answer to the question whether or no women will, as a matter of fact, press into these careers, or any answer to the question whether or no it will be the duty of many women to take up these careers who might nevertheless be all the happier for a different and less distinguished life. The question as to the happiness they will bring has an independent interest of its own, quite apart from any inferences which might result from the answer given to it, bearing upon either the popularity of such careers for women, or the right and duty of entering upon them.

It is, of course, very doubtful whether happiness does generally increase in proportion to the increase in the scale of life's interests and duties. It is generally thought, and, we imagine, thought truly, that a really happy childhood is about the happiest part of life; that the responsibilities and ambitions, and even the large interests which come with maturity, though no man or woman worthy to enter into them would ask to be relieved of them, do very materially lessen the mere happiness of life. Indeed, many people venture to believe (though on very little that can be called evidence) that the happiness of some of the lower animals, a dog, for instance, that is well cared for and heartily attached to its master or mistress, is more unadulterated than even the happiness of a happy child. But here, of course, we draw inferences from the most dubious indications, as none of us can really appreciate what the happiness of a different race of creatures amounts to. But most of us know by our own experience that the enlargement of the sphere of duty is by no means equivalent to the enlargement of happiness, and is very much the reverse when we undertake what is fully up to, or, worse still, a little beyond, the limits of our physical or intellectual or moral strength. It is only when our in-

clinations and duties are all but identical, and when our duties are well within the limits of our powers, that an enlargement in the sphere of those duties usually adds to our happiness. No doubt these lady-wranglers and class women will have felt and will continue to feel, the genuine enjoyment which always accompanies the first development and exercise of quite new powers. Miss Fawcett will thoroughly enjoy co-operating with the greater mathematicians in working out new mathematical problems. Miss Alford will thoroughly enjoy the sympathy and respect which scholars and philologists will show her, and the delight of entering thoroughly into a new world of literary interest and achievement. But the new sphere will probably bring new duties which will by no means be so enjoyable. Suppose any of these new learners finds that her first use of her distinction must be to add to her resources by teaching, and that teaching happens to be to her very far indeed from an enjoyment! That has certainly been the lot of thousands of men who have gained the high prizes in mathematical and classical careers; and though not a few have enjoyed the teacher's life, thousands of them have bitterly lamented over the slavery of teaching, a slavery which they could never have incurred but for their aptitude in learning. Women will have just the same experience, and, indeed, it may to many of them be even more burdensome, for as yet at least, unpalatable intellectual toil is probably easier to men than to women. Again, to many of these new scholars it may seem a duty to undertake some of those laborious tasks which have strained all the energies of the strongest men,—like the compilation of cyclopedias or dictionaries, or systematic treatises requiring continuous application from day to day for years together, and the organization and criticism of a vast quantity of routine work. Will the work of intellectual mill-horses suit the tenderer and more sensitive natures of women? Yet it will inevitably fall upon some of those who are competent to discharge these duties, and who will not see any other means of earning the incomes which they will soon come to feel that it is their duty to earn for those less able than themselves to add to the resources of the family group to which they belong. We think it all but certain that the more

mechanical departments of high intellectual toil will exhaust women even more than they exhaust men of the same calibre, and yet that they will not feel that they can in good conscience avoid them, where they are the most obvious means of adding to the resources of their families. Undoubtedly the inevitable consequence of finding a new capacity for laborious duties will be the undertaking of a great many laborious duties which will render women's lives a heavy burden to them in countless cases, as it has, of course, rendered men's lives a burden to them. Just as childhood escapes some of the most serious pangs of life by virtue of its incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict those pangs, so women have hitherto escaped some of the most serious pangs of life by reason of the incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict those pangs,—an incapacity which is now rapidly vanishing away.

As we have already said, we do not for a moment suppose that considerations of this kind either will influence the majority of women, or ought to influence them, in evading the higher class of intellectual responsibilities which they are now preparing themselves to assume. They will say, as men have said, that the capacity brings the duty with it, and that it is not their business to ask whether the duty will make them happier or less happy. And in many cases, doubtless, it will make them happier, and a great deal happier. Where the back is equal to the burden, and too often where it is not, women have not shrunk from bearing the heaviest burdens. In some countries, as we all know, women have even done the physical drudgery from which the selfishness of man has shrunk. And of course it will be the same with intellectual drudgery. If, as is generally supposed, women are oftener unselfish than men; they will oftener risk bearing intellectual burdens to which they are not equal; in other words, they will oftener slave themselves to death with a kind of work for which they are not well fitted. But, at all events, it is well that they should open their eyes to the fact that their new careers are not mere prizes, mere additions to the happiness of their lives, but will involve in a very large number of cases the taking up of a sort of independence which will be very irksome to them, the more irksome



the more love of leaning on others there is in them, and the performance of tasks which must often exhaust their strength, and more or less exclude them from the

exercise of that happy and gentle vigilance for the well-being of others for which their nature appears specially to fit them.  
—*Spectator*.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.

BY M. P.

SHE, she was laid away  
From the living light of day,  
In the early far-off ages, while yet the Sphinx was young;  
And the quiet earth hath kept her  
Since they who wailed and wept her  
Cried their cry of lamentation in the old Egyptian tongue.

She, she has rested well,  
For yet a glance can tell  
The latest hands that touched her were loving, longing hands;  
Then let her calmly slumber,  
Through years we shall not number,  
At peace for endless æons in the drifting desert sands.

—*Academy*.

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"SURPRISE AND EXPECTANCY IN POETRY.

THERE is a very real pleasure in surprise oftentimes. It may be the enchanting gateway to the New; and yet there is a sense in which even the delight in the New may be regarded as indicative of the fact that old instincts long starved are finding food for themselves. It is, in some sort, a coming to one's self in a far country,—a finding of one's self, at all events, outside the home circle of one's ordinary intelligence and experience. Sometimes it is said that in poetry this marvellous power of bringing us suddenly into the electric presence of that which surprises, is the chief glory of the art. Keats says that "the simple imaginative mind may have its rewards in the repetition of its own silent working, coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness." But this "fine suddenness" brings pleasure to the reader of poetry, as well as to the poet himself. And, in Keat's own case, at all events, the "working" is not wholly "silent," for it has expressed itself in many ways in his writings. He speaks, for example, of the "sudden thought" making "purple riot" in his heart. His was, in truth, a mind singularly open to influences which he de-

liberately named "strange," out of which arose "many a verse" that made him "wonder how and whence it came." His sonnets came to him, he confesses, with a "hearty grasp" almost before he was aware; and there is really no difficulty at all in taking for granted that much of his work came as a surprise even to himself. In his superb line,

"There is a budding morrow in midnight,"

while there is not the slightest hint of strain, there is certainly the light of newness, and the beauty comes to us, in ways more or less reflected.

There is, however, we hold, a still finer adjustment of the pleasure-giving chords of being—in so far as poetry touches these with magic fingers—in a more or less rapidly conceived expectation, which amounts to what might be called a sense of the inevitable. The weak man's pun or *mot* is inevitable, it is true, but for that very reason the wiser man will not take upon himself the silly burden of giving it utterance; for if "brevity is the soul of wit," surprise is assuredly its finer spirit and essence. The duly expected on the lower plane is simply the obvious,

elinations and duties are all but identical, and when our duties are well within the limits of our powers, that an enlargement in the sphere of those duties usually adds to our happiness. No doubt these lady-wrangers and class women will have felt and will continue to feel, the genuine enjoyment which always accompanies the first development and exercise of quite new powers. Miss Fawcett will thoroughly enjoy co-operating with the greater mathematicians in working out new mathematical problems. Miss Alford will thoroughly enjoy the sympathy and respect which scholars and philologists will show her, and the delight of entering thoroughly into a new world of literary interest and achievement. But the new sphere will probably bring new duties which will by no means be so enjoyable. Suppose any of these new learners finds that her first use of her distinction must be to add to her resources by teaching, and that teaching happens to be to her very far indeed from an enjoyment? That has certainly been the lot of thousands of men who have gained the high prizes in mathematical and classical careers; and though not a few have enjoyed the teacher's life, thousands of them have bitterly lamented over the slavery of teaching, a slavery which they could never have incurred but for their aptitude in learning. Women will have just the same experience, and, indeed, it may to many of them be even more burdensome, for as yet at least, unpalatable intellectual toil is probably easier to men than to women. Again, to many of these new scholars it may seem a duty to undertake some of those laborious tasks which have strained all the energies of the strongest men,—like the compilation of cyclopedias or dictionaries, or systematic treatises requiring continuous application from day to day for years together, and the organization and criticism of a vast quantity of routine work. Will the work of intellectual mill-horses suit the tenderer and more sensitive natures of women? Yet it will inevitably fall upon some of those who are competent to discharge these duties, and who will not see any other means of earning the incomes which they will soon come to feel that it is their duty to earn for those less able than themselves to add to the resources of the family group to which they belong. We think it all but certain that the more

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SURPRISE AND EXPECTANCY IN POETRY.

THERE is a very real pleasure in surprise oftentimes. It may be the enchanting gateway to the New; and yet there is a sense in which even the delight in the New may be regarded as indicative of the fact that old instincts long starved are finding food for themselves. It is, in some sort, a coming to one's self in a far country,—a finding of one's self, at all events, outside the home circle of one's ordinary intelligence and experience. Sometimes it is said that in poetry this marvellous power of bringing us suddenly into the electric presence of that which surprises, is the chief glory of the art. Keats says that "the simple imaginative mind may have its rewards in the repetition of its own silent working, coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness." But this "fine suddenness" brings pleasure to the reader of poetry, as well as to the poet himself. And, in Keat's own case, at all events, the "working" is not wholly "silent," for it has expressed itself in many ways in his writings. He speaks, for example, of the "sudden thought" making "purple riot" in his heart. His was, in truth, a mind singularly open to influences which he de-

liberately named "strange," out of which arose "many a verse" that made him "wonder how and whence it came." His sonnets came to him, he confesses, with a "hearty grasp" almost before he was aware; and there is really no difficulty at all in taking for granted that much of his work came as a surprise even to himself. In his superb line,

"There is a budding morrow in midnight,"

while there is not the slightest hint of strain, there is certainly the light of newness, and the beauty comes to us, in ways more or less reflected.

There is, however, we hold, a still finer adjustment of the pleasure-giving chords of being—in so far as poetry touches these with magic fingers—in a more or less rapidly conceived expectation, which amounts to what might be called a sense of the inevitable. The weak man's pun or *mot* is inevitable, it is true, but for that very reason the wiser man will not take upon himself the silly burden of giving it utterance; for if "brevity is the soul of wit," surprise is assuredly its finer spirit and essence. The duly expected on the lower plane is simply the obvious,

and that bears no elaboration. It finds us, so to speak, in our shallows. It is altogether a rarer thing to find us where the depths are still and weary waiting for the penetrating sunshine. There is some kinship here to the view Pope gives us of wit, as—

"Nature to advantage dress'd ;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-  
press'd."

To quote a particularly modern instance : there are few lovers of the poet who will fail to acknowledge the felicity of the stanza from "Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson—so favorably reviewed recently in these columns—or fail to feel as he reads his expectancy reap ample fulfilment :—

"He felt the charm of childhood, grace of  
youth,  
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.  
The impassioned argument was simple truth  
Half-wondering at its own melodious  
tongue."

The poem almost throughout, indeed, is a good example of the quality of verse that fascinates, because it exquisitely expresses the mature silence of the mind's best critical moments. But the thought, finely uttered, may, after all, be identical merely with that which more or less clumsily expressed itself. Altogether richer and finer is that which, while assuredly not alien to the mind that is open to it, comes bringing its own passport (sufficiently foreign, at all events, to require such) in itself, and suddenly illumines those wide, thrilling spaces under thought-land. In Pope's view, the matter is one of dress. Although one feels bound to add—what the "thorough-going" opponents of him are sometimes not thorough enough to perceive or admit—that this dress is not skin-deep merely, but one of considerable depth of texture, which is knit to the thought by a masterly, if, after all, somewhat mechanical art. In this very question of expectancy, Pope goes farther than many of us are perhaps willing to allow. He expresses, of course, his contempt for "sure returns of still expected rhymes," but, on the other hand, he seeks—and within limits, himself submits to us, it must be allowed—

"Something whose truth convinced at sight  
we find  
That gives us back the image of our mind."

Even here, however, the image *is* in the mind, whether we seek confirmation by the use of the mirror or not ; and the bloom, so to speak, of expectancy is, to a large degree, dulled by the fingers of a certainty which leaves no play for the imagination. In other words, we know exactly what to expect, and should feel surprised, indeed, in failing to find it even in detail. To feel the full charm of expectancy, it is necessary we should rather have that, which is to interpret us, as it were, to ourselves, come more than half way to meet us than that we should, like an inquisitive child, with beating heart and impatiently-working fingers, creep up to the open casket whose contents are gradually described and separated from each other in view, as they are neared. So that Pope's poetry becomes, when all is said, a matter of presentment, and the justification of the new appearance lies in a sort of wealthier taste, or it may be adroit search, that finds and uses the best raiment. It is otherwise with that higher visitation from without which kindles that which is within, until flame meets flame, and they lose themselves in each other. There is that in the mind which, as it were, is unconsciously on the watch. There is a preparedness which instantly grasps what is truly intended for it. It is not thought waiting to be clothed, not even thought waiting for thought, but rather, tightly rolled buda at a breath of spring unfolding into full and festive blossom. In winter, summer may not come to us even in our dreams. Once with us, she may seem never to have been absent. Looking forward, the gift of prophecy may not come to us ; looking backward, we may feel that it could not have been otherwise than it is,—the sense of the inevitable is with us.

Of course the mind has various hospitalities to offer, and may treat its guests, if not, alas ! in the order of excellence, at any rate with a caprice we cannot wholly overreach. The sense of the inevitable is not always so deep a thing, however. It belongs often to our commoner moods, and is kindled over our knowledge and love. Less mystical it may be, but not less beautiful in its coming. It assumes the form of a bright expectancy which is not disappointed. The fitness of utterance which makes us thrill under the instant recognition of what, dumbly, seems in



some way to belong to us, brings a very real pleasure. And it is sometimes associated with the impression that the utterance in question is not of yesterday, but has been forever awaiting our recognition—old as the thought it embodies. Keats describes his feelings in seeing a lock of Milton's hair. The sight affected him in so peculiar a way that his mind lost all sense of time for the moment, and he tells us he thought he had beheld it "since the flood." The occasion was, of course, an unusual one, but there is sometimes an experience that loses nothing, through the mind's concerning itself with every-day things, gaining rather in proportion as it reveals a great power of handling little things, or what are called little things. The truly great side of a thing lies downward, so to speak, and the "smooth-rubbed" surface, with its well-known features, is so familiar to us that we fancy we give it all it deserves—the hasty glance—and pass on. Let it, however, be brought before us by the really great Poet, and at a touch it breaks open, and its hitherto unseen outlines are discovered. With our growing insight grows

also the feeling that in the very heart of our hitherto, as we thought, careless glance there lived an embryo expectancy of something greater, accompanied by a keen wonder at the partiality of former vision. The increase of faculty, indeed, amounts almost to re-creation. Not other than they were surely are the objects of our interest; but to us, practically, they become new. And yet, while deliberately admitting the truth of the reflection there arises a strange sense of the fineness of the adjustment between the mind and that which it reads anew; of the readiness with which we accept the new conditions, and of the power of instantly appropriating what we refused before. But this is not all. There is the underlying assurance that the new view is the inevitable one, that it could not be other than it is, and may not change. Happily for us, it does change in time. It may not be for the better, however, but when it is so, we re-enjoy the thrill born of poetry; but when it is not so, we go back to plain prose, not therefore wiser, but generally sadder men.—*Spectator*.

## THE LIGHTS OF THE CHURCH AND THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THERE are three ways of regarding any account of past occurrences, whether delivered to us orally or recorded in writing.

The narrative may be exactly true. That is to say, the words taken in their natural sense, and interpreted according to the rules of grammar, may convey to the mind of the hearer, or of the reader, an idea precisely correspondent with one which would have remained in the mind of a witness. For example, the statement that King Charles the First was beheaded at Whitehall on the 30th day of January, 1649, is as exactly true as any proposition in mathematics or physics; no one doubts that any person of sound faculties, properly placed, who was present at Whitehall throughout that day, and who used his eyes, would have seen the King's head cut off; and that there would have remained in his mind an idea of that occurrence which he would have put into words

of the same value as those which we use to express it.

Or the narrative may be partly true and partly false. Thus, some histories of the time tell us what the King said, and what Bishop Juxon said; or report royalist conspiracies to effect a rescue; or detail the motives which induced the chiefs of the Commonwealth to resolve that the King should die. One account declares that the King knelt at a high block, another that he lay down with his neck on a mere plank. And there are contemporary pictorial representations of both these modes of procedure. Such narratives, while veracious as to the main event, may and do exhibit various degrees of unconscious and conscious misrepresentation, suppression, and invention, till they become hardly distinguishable from pure fictions. Thus, they present a transition to narratives of a third class, in which the fictitious element predominates. Here, again, there are all

imaginable gradations, from such works as Defoe's quasi-historical account of the Plague year, which probably gives a truer conception of that dreadful time than any authentic history, through the historical novel, drama and epic, to the purely phantasmal creations of imaginative genius, such as the old *Arabian Nights* or the modern *Shaving of Shagpat*. It is not strictly needful for my present purpose that I should say anything about narratives which are professedly fictitious. Yet it may be well, perhaps, if I disclaim any intention of derogating from their value, when I insist upon the paramount necessity of recollecting that there is no sort of relation between the ethical, or the æsthetic, or even the scientific importance of such works, and their worth as historical documents. Unquestionably, to the poetic artist, or even to the student of psychology, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* may be better instructors than all the books of a wilderness of professors of æsthetics or moral philosophy. But, as evidence of occurrences in Denmark, or in Scotland, at the times and places indicated, they are out of court; the profoundest admiration for them, the deepest gratitude for their influence, are consistent with the knowledge that, historically speaking, they are worthless fables, in which any foundation of reality that may exist is submerged beneath the imaginative superstructure.

At present, however, I am not concerned to dwell upon the importance of fictitious literature and the immensity of the work which it has effected in the education of the human race. I propose to deal with the much more limited inquiry: Are there two other classes of consecutive narratives (as distinct from statements of individual facts), or only one? Is there any known historical work which is throughout exactly true, or is there not? In the case of the great majority of histories the answer is not doubtful: they are all only partially true. Even those venerable works which bear the names of some of the greatest of ancient Greek and Roman writers, and which have been accepted by generation after generation, down to modern times, as stores of unquestionable truth, have been compelled by scientific criticism, after a long battle, to descend to the common level, and to confess to a large admixture of error. I might fairly take this for granted; but it may be well

that I should intrench myself behind the very apposite words of an historical authority who is certainly not obnoxious to even a suspicion of sceptical tendencies.

Time was—and that not very long ago—when all the relations of ancient authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the campaigns of Cæsar and of the doings of Romulus, the account of Alexander's marches and of the conquests of Semiramis. We can most of us remember when, in this country, the whole story of regal Rome, and even the legend of the Trojan settlement in Latium, were seriously placed before boys as history, and discoursed of as unhesitatingly and in as dogmatic a tone as the tale of the Catiline Conspiracy or the Conquest of Britain. . . .

But all this is now changed. The last century has seen the birth and growth of a new science—the science of Historical Criticism. . . . The whole world of profane history has been revolutionized. . . .

If these utterances were true when they fell from the lips of a Bampton lecturer in 1859, with how much greater force do they appeal to us now, when the immense labors of the generation now passing away constitute one vast illustration of the power and fruitfulness of scientific methods of investigation in history, no less than in all other departments of knowledge.

At the present time, I suppose, there is no one who doubts that histories which appertain to any other people than the Jews, and their spiritual progeny in the first century, fall within the second class of the three enumerated. Like Goethe's *Autobiography*, they might all be entitled "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*"—"Truth and Fiction." The proportion of the two constituents changes indefinitely; and the quality of the fiction varies through the whole gamut of unveracity. But "*Dichtung*" is always there. For the most acute and learned of historians cannot remedy the imperfections of his sources of information; nor can the most impartial wholly escape the influence of the "personal equation" generated by his temperament and by his education. Therefore, from the narratives of Herodotus to those set forth in yesterday's *Times*, all history is

\* *Bampton Lectures* (1859), on "The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records stated anew, with Special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times," by the Rev. G. Rawlinson, M.A., pp. 5-6.

to be read subject to the warning that fiction has its share therein. The modern vast development of fugitive literature cannot be the unmitigated evil that some do vainly say it is, since it has put an end to the popular delusion of less press-ridden times, that what appears in print must be true. We should rather hope that some beneficent influence may create among the erudite a like healthy suspicion of manuscripts and inscriptions, however ancient; for a bulletin may lie, even though it be written in cuneiform characters. Hotspur's startling, that was to be taught to speak nothing but "Mortimer" into the ears of King Henry the Fourth, might be a useful inmate of every historian's library, if "Fiction" were substituted for the name of Harry Percy's friend.

But it was the chief object of the lecturer to the congregation gathered in St. Mary's, Oxford, thirty-one years ago, to prove to them, by evidence gathered with no little labor and marshalled with much skill, that one group of historical works was exempt from the general rule; and that the narratives contained in the canonical Scriptures are free from any admixture of error. With justice and candor, the lecturer impresses upon his hearers that the special distinction of Christianity, among the religions of the world, lies in its claim to be historical; to be surely founded upon events which have happened, exactly as they are declared to have happened in its sacred books; which are true, that is, in the sense that the statement about the execution of Charles the First is true. Further, it is affirmed that the New Testament presupposes the historical exactness of the Old Testament; that the points of contact of "sacred" and "profane" history are innumerable; and that the demonstration of the falsity of the Hebrew records, especially in regard to those narratives which are assumed to be true in the New Testament, would be fatal to Christian theology.

My utmost ingenuity does not enable me to discover a flaw in the argument thus briefly summarized. I am fairly at a loss to comprehend how anyone, for a moment, can doubt that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish Scriptures. The very conception of the Messiah, or Christ, is inextricably interwoven with Jewish history; the identification of Jesus of Nazareth with that Messiah rests upon the in-

terpretation of passages of the Hebrew Scriptures which have no evidential value unless they possess the historical character assigned to them. If the covenant with Abraham was not made; if circumcision and sacrifices were not ordained by Jahveh; if the "ten words" were not written by God's hand on the stone tables; if Abraham is more or less a mythical hero, such as Theseus; the story of the Deluge a fiction; that of the Fall a legend; and that of the Creation the dream of a seer; if all these definite and detailed narratives of apparently real events have no more value as history than have the stories of the regal period of Rome—what is to be said about the Messianic doctrine, which is so much less clearly enunciated? And what about the authority of the writers of the books of the New Testament, who, on this theory, have not merely accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands?

But these may be said to be merely the carpings of that carnal reason which the profane call common sense; I hasten, therefore, to bring up the forces of unimpeachable ecclesiastical authority in support of my position. In a sermon preached last December, in St. Paul's Cathedral,\* Canon Liddon declares:—

For Christians it will be enough to know that our Lord Jesus Christ set the seal of His infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament. He found the Hebrew Canon as we have it in our hands to day, and He treated it as an authority which was above discussion. Nay more: He went out of His way—if we may reverently speak thus—to sanction not a few portions of it which modern scepticism rejects. When He would warn His hearers against the dangers of spiritual relapse, He bids them remember "Lot's wife."† When He would point out how worldly engagements may blind the soul to a coming judgment, He reminds them how men ate, and drank, and married, and were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the Flood came and destroyed them all.‡ If He would put His finger on a fact in past Jewish history which, by its admitted reality, would warrant belief in His own coming Resurrection, He points to Jonah's being three

\* *The Worth of the Old Testament*, a Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Second Sunday in Advent, Dec. 8, 1889, by H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Second edition, revised and with a new preface, 1890.

† St. Luke xvii. 32.

‡ *Ibid.* 27.

days and three nights in the whale's belly (p. 23).\*

The preacher proceeds to brush aside the common—I had almost said vulgar—apologetic pretext that Jesus was using *ad hominem* arguments, or “accommodating” his better knowledge to popular ignorance, as well as to point out the inadmissibility of the other alternative, that he shared the popular ignorance. And to those who hold the latter view sarcasm is dealt out with no niggard hand.

But they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, if He could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as the value of the sacred literature of His countrymen, He can be safely trusted about anything else. The trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we believe that He is the true Light of the world, we shall close our ears against suggestions impairing the credit of those Jewish Scriptures which have received the stamp of His Divine authority (p. 25).

Moreover, I learn from the public journals that a brilliant and sharply-cut view of orthodoxy, of like hue and pattern, was only the other day exhibited in that great theological kaleidoscope, the pulpit of St. Mary's, recalling the time so long passed by, when a Bampton lecturer, in the same place, performed the unusual feat of leaving the faith of old-fashioned Christians undisturbed.

Yet many things have happened in the intervening thirty-one years. The Bampton lecturer of 1859 had to grapple only with the infant Hercules of historical criticism; and he is now a full-grown athlete, bearing on his shoulders the spoils of all the lions that have stood in his path. Surely a martyr's courage, as well as a martyr's faith, is needed by anyone who, at this time, is prepared to stand by the following plea for the veracity of the Pentateuch:—

Adam, according to the Hebrew original, was for 243 years contemporary with Methuselah, who conversed for a hundred years with Shem. Shem was for fifty years contemporary with Jacob, who probably saw Jochebed, Moses's mother. Thus, Moses might by oral tradition have obtained the history of Abraham, and even of the Deluge, at third hand; and that of the Temptation and the Fall at fifth hand. . . .

If it be granted—as it seems to be—that the great and stirring events in a nation's

life will, under ordinary circumstances, be remembered (apart from all written memorials) for the space of 150 years, being handed down through five generations, it must be allowed (even on mere human grounds) that the account which Moses gives of the Temptation and the Fall is to be depended upon, if it passed through no more than four hands between him and Adam.\*

If “the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ” is to stand or fall with the belief in the sudden transmutation of the chemical components of a woman's body into sodium chloride, or on the “admitted reality” of Jonah's ejection, safe and sound, on the shores of the Levant, after three days' sea-journey in the stomach of a gigantic marine animal, what possible pretext can there be for even hinting a doubt as to the precise truth of the longevity attributed to the Patriarchs? Who that has swallowed the camel of Jonah's journey will be guilty of the affectation of straining at such an historical gnat—nay midge—as the supposition that the mother of Moses was told the story of the Flood by Jacob; who had it straight from Shem; who was on friendly terms with Methuselah; who knew Adam quite well?

Yet, by the strange irony of things, the illustrious brother of the divine who propounded this remarkable theory, has been the guide and foremost worker of that band of investigators of the records of Assyria and of Babylonia, who have opened to our view, not merely a new chapter, but a new volume of primeval history, relating to the very people who have the most numerous points of contact with the life of the ancient Hebrews. Now, whatever imperfections may yet obscure the full value of the Mesopotamian records, everything that has been clearly ascertained tends to the conclusion that the assignment of no more than 4,000 years to the period between the time of the origin of mankind and that of Augustus Caesar, is wholly inadmissible. Therefore, that Biblical chronology, which Canon Rawlinson trusted so implicitly in 1859, is relegated by all serious critics to the domain of fable.

But if scientific method, operating in the region of history, of philology, of archaeology, in the course of the last thirty or forty years, has become thus formidable to the theological dogmatist, what may not be said about scientific method working in

\* St. Matt. xii. 40.

\* Bampton Lectures, 1859, pp. 50-51.



the province of physical science? For, if it be true that the Canonical Scriptures have innumerable points of contact with civil history, it is no less true that they have almost as many with natural history; and their accuracy is put to the test as severely by the latter as by the former. The origin of the present state of the heavens and the earth is a problem which lies strictly within the province of physical science; so is that of the origin of man among living things; so is that of the physical changes which the earth has undergone since the origin of man; so is that of the origin of the various races and nations of men, with all their varieties of language and physical conformation. Whether the earth moves round the sun or the contrary; whether the bodily and mental diseases of men and animals are caused by evil spirits or not; whether there is such an agency as witchcraft or not—all these are purely scientific questions; and to all of them the canonical Scriptures profess to give true answers. And though nothing is more common than the assumption\* that these books come into conflict only with the speculative part of modern physical science, no assumption can have less foundation.

The antagonism between natural knowledge and the Pentateuch would be as great if the speculations of our time had never been heard of. It arises out of contradiction upon matters of fact. The books of ecclesiastical authority declare that certain events happened in a certain fashion; the books of scientific authority say they did not. As it seems that this unquestionable truth has not yet penetrated among many of those who speak and write on these subjects, it may be useful to give a full illustration of it. And for that purpose I propose to deal, at some length, with the narrative of the Noachian Deluge given in Genesis.

The Bampton lecturer, in 1859, and the Canon of St. Paul's, in 1890, are in full agreement that this history is true, in the sense in which I have defined historical truth. The former is of opinion that the account attributed to Berosus records a tradi-

tion not drawn from the Hebrew record, much less the foundation of that record; yet coinciding with it in the most remarkable way. The Babylonian version is tricked out with a few extravagances, as the monstrous size of the vessel and the translation of Xisuthros; but otherwise it is the Hebrew history *down to its minutiae* (p. 64).

Moreover, correcting Niebuhr, the Bampton lecturer points out that the narrative of Berosus distinctly implies the universality of the Flood.

It is plain that the waters are represented as prevailing above the tops of the loftiest mountains in Armenia—a height which must have been seen to involve the submersion of all the countries with which the Babylonians were acquainted (p. 66).

I may remark, in passing, that many people think the size of Noah's ark "monstrous," considering the probable state of the art of shipbuilding only 1,600 years after the origin of man; while others are so unreasonable as to inquire why the translation of Enoch is less an extravagance than that of Xisuthros. It is more important, however, to note that the universality of the Deluge is recognized, not merely as a part of the story, but as a necessary consequence of some of its details. The latest exponent of Anglican orthodoxy, as we have seen, insists upon the accuracy of the Pentateuchal history of the Flood in a still more forcible manner. It is cited as one of those very narratives to which the authority of the Founder of Christianity is pledged, and upon the accuracy of which "the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ" is staked, just as others have staked it upon the truth of the histories of demoniac possession in the Gospels.

Now, when those who put their trust in scientific methods of ascertaining the truth in the province of natural history find themselves confronted and opposed on their own ground by ecclesiastical pretensions to better knowledge, it is, undoubtedly, most desirable for them to make sure that their conclusions, whatever they may be, are well founded. And, if they put aside the unauthorized interference with their business and relegate the Pentateuchal history to the region of pure fiction, they are bound to assure themselves that they do so because the plainest teachings of Nature (apart from all doubtful speculations) are irreconcilable with the assertions which they reject.

At the present time, it is difficult to

\* For example, it appears to me to pervade and vitiate Mr. Wilfrid Ward's argument in the last number of this Review.

persuade serious scientific inquirers to occupy themselves, in any way, with the Noachian Deluge. They look at you with a smile and a shrug, and say they have more important matters to attend to than mere antiquarianism. But it was not so in my youth. At that time, geologists and biologists could hardly follow to the end any path of inquiry without finding the way blocked by Noah and his ark, or by the first chapter of Genesis; and it was a serious matter, in this country at any rate, for a man to be suspected of doubting the literal truth of the Diluvial or any other Pentateuchal history. The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Geological Club in 1825, was, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which the late Sir Charles Lyell spoke to even so small a public as the members of that body. Our veteran leader lighted up once more, and, referring to the difficulties which beset his early efforts to create a rational science of geology, spoke with his wonted clearness and vigor of the social ostracism which pursued him after the publication of the *Principles of Geology*, in 1830, on account of the obvious tendency of that noble work to discredit the Pentateuchal accounts of the Creation and the Deluge. If my younger contemporaries find this hard to believe, I may refer them to a grave book, *On the Doctrine of the Deluge*, published eight years later, and dedicated by its author to his father, the then Archbishop of York. The first chapter refers to the treatment of the "Mosaic Deluge," by Dr. Buckland and Mr. Lyell, in the following terms:

Their respect for revealed religion has prevented them from arraying themselves openly against the Scriptural account of it—much less do they deny its truth—but they are in a great hurry to escape from the consideration of it, and evidently concur in the opinion of Linnaeus, that no proofs whatever of the Deluge are to be discovered in the structure of the earth (p. 1).

And after an attempt to reply to some of Lyell's arguments, which it would be cruel to reproduce, the writer continues:—

When, therefore, upon such slender grounds, it is determined, in answer to those who insist upon its universality, that the Mosaic Deluge must be considered a preternatural event, far beyond the reach of philosophical inquiry; not only as to the causes employed to produce it, but also as to the effects most likely to result from it; that determination

wears an aspect of scepticism, which, however much soever it may be unintentional in the mind of the writer, yet cannot but produce an evil impression on those who are already predisposed to carp and cavil at the evidences of Revelation (pp. 8-9).

The kindly and courteous writer of these curious passages is evidently unwilling to make the geologists the victims of general opprobrium by pressing the obvious consequences of their teaching home. One is therefore pained to think of the feelings with which, if he lived so long as to become acquainted with the *Dictionary of the Bible*, he must have perused the article "Noah," written by a dignitary of the Church for that standard compendium and published in 1863. For the doctrine of the universality of the Deluge is therein altogether given up; and I permit myself to hope that a long criticism of the story from the point of view of natural science, with which, at the request of the learned theologian who wrote it, I supplied him, may have in some degree contributed toward this happy result.

Notwithstanding diligent search, I have been unable to discover that the universality of the Deluge has any defender left, at least among those who have so far mastered the rudiments of natural knowledge as to be able to appreciate the weight of evidence against it. For example, when I turned to the *Speaker's Bible*, published under the sanction of high Anglican authority, I found the following judicial and judicious deliverance, the skilful wording of which may adorn, but does not hide, the completeness of the surrender of the old teaching:—

Without pronouncing too hastily on any fair inferences from the words of Scripture, we may reasonably say that their most natural interpretation is, that the whole race of man had become grievously corrupted since the faithful had intermingled with the ungodly; that the inhabited world was consequently filled with violence, and that God had decreed to destroy all mankind except one single family; that, therefore, all that portion of the earth, perhaps as yet a very small portion, into which mankind had spread was overwhelmed by water. The ark was ordained to save one faithful family; and lest that family, on the subsidence of the waters, should find the whole country round them a desert, a pair of all the beasts of the land and of the fowls of the air were preserved along with them, and along with them, went forth to replenish the now desolated continent. The words of Scripture (confirmed as they are by universal tradition) appear at least to mean

as much as this. They do not necessarily mean more.\*

In the third edition of Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature* (1876), the article "Deluge," written by my friend, the present distinguished head of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, extinguishesthe universality doctrine as thoroughly as might be expected from its authorship; and, since the writer of the article "Noah" refers his readers to that entitled "Deluge," it is to be supposed, notwithstanding his generally orthodox tone, that he does not dissent from its conclusions. Again, the writers in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie* (Bd. X. 1882) and in Riehm's *Handwörterbuch* (1884)—both works with a conservative leaning—are on the same side; and Diestel,† in his full discussion of the subject, remorselessly rejects the universality doctrine. Even that staunch opponent of scientific rationalism—may I say rationality—Zöckler,‡ flinches from a distinct defence of the thesis, any opposition to which, well within my recollection, was howled down by the orthodox as mere "infidelity." All that, in his sore straits, Dr. Zöckler is able to do, is to pronounce a faint commendation upon a particularly absurd attempt at reconciliation, which would make out the Noachian Deluge to be a catastrophe which occurred at the end of the Glacial Epoch. This hypothesis involves only the trifle of a physical revolution of which geology knows nothing; and which, if it secured the accuracy of the Pentateuchal writer about the fact of the Deluge, would leave the details of his account as irreconcilable with the truths of elementary physical science as ever. Thus I may be permitted to spare myself and my readers the weariness of a recapitulation of the overwhelming arguments against the universality of the Deluge, which they will now find for themselves stated, as fully and forcibly as could be wished, by Anglican and other theologians, whose orthodoxy and conservative tendencies have, hitherto, been above suspicion. Yet many fully admit (and, indeed, nothing can be plainer) that the Pentateuchal narrator means to convey that, as a matter of fact, the whole earth

known to him was inundated; nor is it less obvious that, unless all mankind, with the exception of Noah and his family, were actually destroyed, the references to the Flood in the New Testament are unintelligible.

But I am quite aware that the strength of the demonstration that no universal Deluge ever took place has produced a change of front in the army of apologetic writers. They have imagined that the substitution of the adjective "partial" for "universal," will save the credit of the Pentateuch, and permit them, after all, without too many blushes, to declare that the progress of modern science only strengthens the authority of Moses. Nowhere have I found the case of the advocates of this method of escaping from the difficulties of the actual position better put than in the lecture of Professor Diestel to which I have referred. After frankly admitting that the old doctrine of universality involves physical impossibilities, he continues:—

All these difficulties fall away as soon as we give up the universality of the Deluge, and imagine a *partial* flooding of the earth, say in western Asia. But have we a right to do so? The narrative speaks of "the whole earth." But what is the meaning of this expression? Surely not the whole surface of the earth according to the ideas of modern geographers, but, at most, according to the conceptions of the Biblical author. This very simple conclusion, however, is never drawn by too many readers of the Bible. But one need only cast one's eyes over the tenth chapter of Genesis in order to become acquainted with the geographical horizon of the Jews. In the north it was bounded by the Black Sea and the mountains of Armenia; extended toward the east very little beyond the Tigris; hardly reached the apex of the Persian Gulf; passed, then, through the middle of Arabia and the Red Sea; went southward through Abyssinia, and then turned westward by the frontiers of Egypt, and inclosed the easternmost islands of the Mediterranean (p. 11).

The justice of this observation must be admitted, no less than the further remark that, in still earlier times, the pastoral Hebrews very probably had yet more restricted notions of what constituted the "whole earth." Moreover, I, for one, fully agree with Professor Diestel that the motive, or generative incident, of the whole story is to be sought in the occasionally excessive and desolating floods of the Euphrates and Tigris.

Let us, provisionally, accept the theory

\* *Commentary on Genesis*, by the Bishop of Ely, p. 77.

† *Die Sintflut*, 1876.

‡ *Theologie und Naturwissenschaft*, ii. 784–791 (1877).

of a partial deluge, and try to form a clear mental picture of the occurrence. Let us suppose that, for forty days and forty nights, such a vast quantity of water was poured upon the ground that the whole surface of Mesopotamia was covered by water to a depth certainly greater, probably much greater, than fifteen cubits, or twenty feet (Gen. vii, 20). The inundation prevails upon the earth for one hundred and fifty days; and then the flood gradually decreases, until, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month the ark, which had previously floated on its surface, grounds upon the "mountains of Ararat"\* (Gen. viii, 34). Then, as Diestel has acutely pointed out (*Sintflut*, p. 143), we are to imagine the further subsidence of the flood to take place so gradually that it was not until nearly two months and a half after this time (that is to say, on the first day of the tenth month) that the "tops of the mountains" became visible. Hence it follows that, if the ark drew even as much as twenty feet of water, the level of the inundation fell very slowly—at a rate of only a few inches a day—until the top of the mountain on which it rested became visible. This is an amount of movement which, if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore. But the Mesopotamian plain slopes gently, from an elevation of 500 or 600 feet at its northern end, to the sea, at its southern end, with hardly so much as a notable ridge to break its uniform flatness, for 300 to 400 miles. These being the conditions of the case, the following inquiry naturally presents itself: not, be it observed, as a recondite problem, generated by modern speculation, but as a plain suggestion flowing out of that very ordinary and archaic piece of knowledge that water cannot be piled up in a heap like sand; or that it seeks the lowest level. When, after 150 days, "the foundations also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained" (Gen. viii, 2), what prevented the mass of water, several, possibly very many, fathoms deep, which covered, say, the present site of Bagdad, from sweeping seaward in a furious torrent; and, in a very few

hours, leaving, not only the "tops of the mountains," but the whole plain, save any minor depressions, bare? How could its subsidence, by any possibility, be an affair of weeks and months?

And if this difficulty is not enough, let any one try to imagine how a mass of water several, perhaps very many, fathoms deep, could be accumulated on a flat surface of land rising well above the sea, and separated from it by no sort of barrier. Most people know Lord's Cricket-ground. Would it not be in absurd contradiction to our common knowledge of the properties of water to imagine that, if all the mains of all the waterworks of London were turned on to it, they could maintain a heap of water twenty feet deep over its level surface? Is it not obvious that the water, whatever momentary accumulation might take place at first, would not stop there, but that it would dash, like a mighty mill-race, southward down the gentle slope which ends in the Thames? And is it not further obvious, that whatever depth of water might be maintained over the cricket-ground, so long as all the mains poured on to it, anything which floated there would be speedily whirled away by the current, like a cork in a gutter when the rain pours? But if this is so, then it is no less certain that Noah's deeply laden, sailless, oarless, and rudderless craft, if by good fortune it escaped capsizing in whirlpools, or having its bottom knocked into holes by snags (like those which prove fatal even to well-built steamers on the Mississippi in our day), would have speedily found itself a good way down the Persian Gulf, and not long after in the Indian Ocean, somewhere between Arabia and Hindostan. Even if, eventually, the ark might have gone ashore, with other jetsam and flotsam, on the coasts of Arabia, or of Hindostan, or of the Maldives, or of Madagascar, its return to the "mountains of Ararat" would have been a miracle more stupendous than all the rest.

Thus, the last state of the would-be reconcilers of the story of the Deluge with fact is worse than the first. All that they have done is to transfer the contradictions to established truth from the region of science proper to that of common information and common sense. For, really, the assertion that the surface of a body of deep water, to which no addition was made, and which there was nothing to

\* It is very doubtful if this means the region of the Armenian Ararat. More probably it designates some part either of the Kurdish range or of its southeastern continuation.



stop from running into the sea, sank at the rate of only a few inches or even feet a day, simply outrages the most ordinary and familiar teachings of every man's daily experience. A child may see the folly of it.

In addition, I may remark that the necessary assumption of the "partial Deluge" hypothesis (if it is confined to Mesopotamia) that the Hebrew writer must have meant low hills when he said "high mountains"—is quite untenable. On the eastern side of the Mesopotamian plain, the snowy peaks of the frontier ranges of Persia are visible from Bagdad,\* and even the most ignorant herdsmen in the neighborhood of "Ur of the Chaldees," near its western limit, could hardly have been unacquainted with the comparatively elevated plateau of the Syrian desert which lay close at hand. But, surely, we must suppose the Biblical writer to be acquainted with the highlands of Palestine and with the masses of the Sinaitic peninsula, which soar more than 8,000 feet above the sea, if he knew of no higher elevations; and, if so, he could not well have meant to refer to mere hillocks when he said that "all the high mountains which were under the whole heaven were covered" (Genesis vii. 19). Even the hill-country of Galilee reaches an elevation of four thousand feet; and a flood which covered it could by no possibility have been other than universal in its superficial extent. Water really cannot be got to stand at, say, 4,000 feet above the sea-level over Palestine, without covering the rest of the globe to the same height. Even if in the course of Noah's six hundredth year some prodigious convulsion had sunk the whole region inclosed within "the horizon of the geographical knowledge" of the Israelites by that much, and another had pushed it up again, just in time to catch the ark upon "the mountains of Ararat," matters are not much mended. I am afraid to think of what would have become of a vessel so little seaworthy as the ark and of its very numerous passengers, under the peculiar obstacles to quiet flotation which such rapid movements of depression and upheaval would have generated.

Thus, in view, not, I repeat, of the recondite speculations of infidel philoso-

\* So Reclus (*Nouvelle Géographie Universelle*, ix. 386), but I find the statement doubted by an authority of the first rank.

phers, but in the face of the plainest and most commonplace of ascertained physical facts, the story of the Noachian Deluge has no more claim to credit than has that of Deucalion; and, whether it was, or was not, suggested by the familiar acquaintance of its originators with the effects of unusually great overflows of the Tigris and Euphrates, it is utterly devoid of historical truth.

That is, in my judgment, the necessary result of the application of criticism, based upon assured physical knowledge, to the story of the Deluge. And it is satisfactory that the criticism which is based, not upon literary and historical speculations, but on well-ascertained facts in the departments of literature and of history, tends to exactly the same conclusion.

For I find this much agreed upon by all Biblical scholars of repute, that the story of the Deluge in Genesis is separable into at least two sets of statements; and that, when the statements thus separated are recombined in their proper order, each set furnishes an account of the event, coherent and complete within itself, but in some respects discordant with that afforded by the other set. This fact, as I understand, is not disputed. Whether one of these is the work of an Elohist, and the other of a Jehovist narrator; whether the two have been pieced together in this strange fashion because, in the estimation of the compilers and editors of the Pentateuch, they had equal and independent authority, or not; or whether there is some other way of accounting for it, are questions the answer to which do not affect the fact. If possible, I avoid *a priori* arguments. But still, I think it may be urged, without imprudence, that a narrative having this structure is hardly such as might be expected from a writer possessed of full and infallibly accurate knowledge. Once more, it would seem that it is not necessarily the mere inclination of the sceptical spirit to question everything, or the wilful blindness of infidels, which prompts grave doubts as to the value of a narrative thus curiously unlike the ordinary run of veracious histories.

But the voice of archaeological and historical criticism still has to be heard; and it gives forth no uncertain sound. The marvellous recovery of the records of an antiquity, far superior to any that can be

ascribed to the Pentateuch, which has been effected by the decipherers of cuneiform characters, has put us in possession of a series, once more, not of speculations, but of facts, which have a most remarkable bearing upon the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative of the Flood. It is established that, for centuries before the asserted migration of Terah from Ur of the Chaldees (which, according to the orthodox interpreters of the Pentateuch, took place after the year 2,000 B.C.) Lower Mesopotamia was the seat of a civilization in which art and science and literature had attained a development formerly unsuspected, or, if there were faint reports of it, treated as fabulous. And it is also no matter of speculation, but a fact, that the libraries of these people contain versions of a long epic poem, one of the twelve books of which tells a story of a deluge which, in a number of its leading features, corresponds with the story attributed to Berossus, no less than with the story given in Genesis, with curious exactness. Thus, the correctness of Canon Rawlinson's conclusion, cited above, that the story of Berossus was neither drawn from the Hebrew record, nor is the foundation of it, can hardly be questioned. It is highly probable, if not certain, that Berossus relied upon one of the versions (for there seem to have been several) of the old Babylonian epos, extant in his time; and, if that is a reasonable conclusion, why is it unreasonable to believe that the two stories, which the Hebrew compiler has put together in such an inartistic fashion, were ultimately derived from the same source? I say ultimately, because it does not at all follow that the two versions, possibly trimmed by the Jehovistic writer on the one hand, and by the Elohist on the other, to suit Hebrew requirements, may not have been current among the Israelites for ages. And they may have acquired great authority before they were combined in the Pentateuch.

Looking at the convergence of all these lines of evidence to the one conclusion—that the story of the Flood in Genesis is merely a Bowdlerized version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant; that whether this is, or is not, its origin, the events asserted in it to have taken place assuredly never did take place; farther, that, in point of fact, the story, in the plain and logically necessary sense

of its words, has long since been given up by orthodox and conservative commentators of the Established Church—I can but admire the courage and clear foresight of the Anglican divine who tells us that we must be prepared to choose between the trustworthiness of scientific method and the trustworthiness of that which the Church declares to be Divine authority. For, to my mind, this declaration of war to the knife against secular science, even in its most elementary forms; this rejection without a moment's hesitation of any and all evidence which conflicts with theological dogma, is the only position which is logically reconcilable with the axioms of orthodoxy. If the Gospels truly report that which an incarnation of the God of Truth communicated to the world, then it surely is absurd to attend to any other evidence touching matters about which he made any clear statement, or the truth of which is distinctly implied by his words. If the exact historical truth of the Gospels is an axiom of Christianity, it is as just and right for a Christian to say, Let us "close our ears against suggestions" of scientific critics, as it is for the man of science to refuse to waste his time upon circle-squarers and flat-earth fanatics.

It is commonly reported that the manifesto by which the Canon of St. Paul's proclaims that he nails the colors of the strictest Biblical infallibility to the mast of the ship ecclesiastical, was put forth as a counterblast to *Lux Mundi*; and that the passages which I have more particularly quoted are directed against the essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration" in that collection of treatises by Anglican divines of high standing, who must assuredly be acquitted of conscious "infidel" proclivities. I fancy that rumor must, for once, be right, for it is impossible to imagine a more direct and diametrical contradiction than that between the passages from the sermon cited above and those which follow:—

What is questioned is that our Lord's words foreclose certain critical positions as to the character of Old Testament literature. For example, does His use of Jonah's resurrection as a type of His own, depend in any real degree upon whether it is historical fact or allegory? . . . Once more, our Lord uses the time before the Flood, to illustrate the carelessness of men before His own coming. . . . In referring to the Flood He certainly suggests that He is treating it as typical, for He introduces circumstances—"eating and drinking, marry-

ing and giving in marriage"—which have no counterpart in the original narrative (p. 358-9).

While insisting on the flow of inspiration through the whole of the Old Testament, the essayist does not admit its universality. Here, also, the new apologetic demands a partial flood :

But does the inspiration of the recorder guarantee the exact historical truth of what he records? And, in matter of fact, can the record, with due regard to legitimate historical criticism, be pronounced true? Now, to the latter of these two questions (and they are quite distinct questions) we may reply that there is nothing to prevent our believing, as our faith strongly disposes us to believe, that the record from Abraham downward is, in substance, in the strict sense historical (p. 351).

It would appear, therefore, that there is nothing to prevent our believing that the record, from Abraham upward, consists of stories in the strict sense unhistorical, and that the pre-Abrahamic narratives are mere moral and religious "types" and parables.

I confess I soon lose my way when I try to follow those who walk delicately among "types" and allegories. A certain passion for clearness forces me to ask, bluntly, whether the writer means to say that Jesus did not believe the stories in question, or that he did? When Jesus spoke, as of a matter of fact, that "the Flood came and destroyed them all," did he believe that the Deluge really took place, or not? It seems to me that, as the narrative mentions Noah's wife, and his sons' wives, there is good scriptural warranty for the statement that the antediluvians married and were given in marriage; and I should have thought that their eating and drinking might be assumed by the firmest believer in the literal truth of the story. Moreover, I venture to ask what sort of value, as an illustration of God's methods of dealing with sin, has an account of an event that never happened? If no Flood swept the careless people away, how is the warning of more worth than the cry of "Wolf" when there is no wolf? If Jonah's three days' residence in the whale is not an "admitted reality," how could it "warrant belief" in the "coming resurrection?" If Lot's wife was not turned into a pillar of salt, the bidding those who turn back from the narrow path to "remember" it is, morally, about on a level with telling a naughty child that a bogey is

coming to fetch it away. Suppose that a Conservative orator warns his hearers to beware of great political and social changes, lest they end, as in France, in the domination of a Robespierre; what becomes, not only of his argument, but of his veracity, if he, personally, does not believe that Robespierre existed and did the deeds attributed to him?

Like all other attempts to reconcile the results of scientifically-conducted investigation with the demands of the outworn creeds of ecclesiasticism, the essay on Inspiration is just such a failure as must await mediation, when the mediator is unable properly to appreciate the weight of the evidence for the case of one of the two parties. The question of "Inspiration" really possesses no interest for those who have cast ecclesiasticism and all its works aside, and have no faith in any source of truth save that which is reached by the patient application of scientific methods. Theories of inspiration are speculations as to the means by which the authors of statements, in the Bible or elsewhere, have been led to say what they have said—and it assumes that natural agencies are insufficient for the purpose. I prefer to stop short of this problem, finding it more profitable to undertake the inquiry which naturally precedes it—namely, Are these statements true or false? If they are true, it may be worth while to go into the question of their supernatural generation; if they are false, it certainly is not worth mine.

Now, not only do I hold it to be proven that the story of the Deluge is a pure fiction; but I have no hesitation in affirming the same thing of the story of the Creation.\* Between these two lies the story of the creation of man and woman and their fall from primitive innocence, which is even more monstrously improbable than either of the other two, though, from the

\* So far as I know, the narrative of the Creation is not now held to be true, in the sense in which I have defined historical truth, by any of the reconcilers. As for the attempts to stretch the Pentateuchal days into periods of thousands or millions of years, the verdict of the eminent Biblical scholar, Dr. Riehm (*Der biblische Schöpfungsbericht*, 1881, pp. 15, 16), on such pranks of "Auslegungskunst" should be final. Why do the reconcilers take Goethe's advice seriously?—

"Im Ansehn seydt frisch und munter!  
Legt ihr's nicht aus, so legt was unter."

nature of the case, it is not so easily capable of direct refutation. It can be demonstrated that the earth took longer than six days in the making, and that the Deluge, as described, is a physical impossibility; but there is no proving, especially to those who are perfect in the art of closing their ears to that which they do not wish to hear, that a snake did not speak, or that Eve was not made out of one of Adam's ribs.

The compiler of Genesis, in its present form, evidently had a definite plan in his mind. His countrymen, like all other men, were doubtless curious to know how the world began; how men, and especially wicked men, came into being, and how existing nations and races arose among the descendants of one stock; and, finally, what was the history of their own particular tribe. They, like ourselves, desired to solve the four great problems of cosmogeny, anthropogeny, ethnogeny, and geneogeny. The Pentateuch furnishes the solutions which appeared satisfactory to its author. One of these, as we have seen, was borrowed from a Babylonian fable; and I know of no reason to suspect any different origin for the rest. Now, I would ask, is the story of the fabrication of Eve to be regarded as one of those pre-Abrahamic narratives, the historical truth of which is an open question, in face of the reference to it in a speech unhappily famous for the legal oppression to which it has been wrongfully forced to lend itself?

Have ye not read, that he which made them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh? (Matt. xix, 5).

If Divine authority is not here claimed for the twenty-fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, what is the value of language? And again, I ask, if one may play fast and loose with the story of the Fall as a "type" or "allegory," what becomes of the foundation of Pauline theology?

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Corinthians xv. 21, 22).

If Adam may be held to be no more real a personage than Prometheus, and if the story of the Fall is merely an instruc-

tive "type," comparable to the profound Promethean mythus, what value has Paul's dialectic?

While, therefore, every right-minded man must sympathize with the efforts of those theologians who have not been able altogether to close their ears to the still, small voice of reason, to escape from the fetters which ecclesiasticism has forged, the melancholy fact remains, that the position they have taken up is hopelessly untenable. It is raked alike by the old-fashioned artillery of the Churches and by the fatal weapons of precision with which the *enfants perdus* of the advancing forces of science are armed. They must surrender, or fall back into a more sheltered position. And it is possible that they may long find safety in such retreat.

It is, indeed, probable that the proportional number of those who will distinctly profess their belief in the transubstantiation of Lot's wife, and the anticipatory experience of submarine navigation by Jonah; in water standing fathoms deep on the side of a declivity without anything to hold it up; and in devils who enter swine, will not increase. But neither is there ground for much hope that the proportion of those who cast aside these fictions and adopt the consequence of that repudiation, are, for some generations, likely to constitute a majority. Our age is a day of compromises. The present and the near future seem given over to those happily, if curiously, constituted people who see as little difficulty in throwing aside any amount of post-Abrahamic Scriptural narrative, as the authors of *Lux Mundi* see in sacrificing the pre-Abrahamic stories; and, having distilled away every inconvenient matter of fact in Christian history, continue to pay divine honors to the residue. There really seems to be no reason why the next generation should not listen to a Bampton Lecture modelled upon that addressed to the last:—

Time was—and that not very long ago—when all the relations of Biblical authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the Captivity and the doings of Moses at the court of Pharaoh, the account of the Apostolic meeting in the Epistle to the Galatians, and of the fabrication of Eve. We can most of us remember when, in this country, the whole story of the Exodus, and even the legend of Jonah, were seriously placed before boys as history, and discoursed of in



as dogmatic a tone as the tale of Agincourt or the history of the Norman Conquest.

But all this is now changed. The last century has seen the growth of scientific criticism to its full strength. The whole world of history has been revolutionized and the mythology which embarrassed earnest Christians has vanished as an evil mist, the lifting of which has only more fully revealed the

lineaments of infallible Truth. No longer in contact with fact of any kind, Faith stands now and forever proudly inaccessible to the attacks of the infidel.

So far the apologist of the future.  
Why not? *Cantabit vacuus.*—*Nineteenth Century.*

## TWO SAGAS FROM ICELAND.

BY W. C. GREEN.

### I.

#### GUNNAR'S DEATH.

AFTER THE ICELANDIC OF NJALS SAGA.

[Gunnar, forced into quarrels by Hallgerda his wife, is outlawed. The avengers of blood set on him in force and slay him after an heroic defence.]

Up started Gunnar from his sleep, as a weird and woful sound Rang through the silence. "'Twas thy cry, my trusty guardian hound ! Foul play, dear Sam, is on thee wrought : and 'twixt us twain, I ween, Will be short space ; who kill the dog to kill the master mean."

But wherefore then hath Gunnar foes, Gunnar the stout and strong, Yet kind and courteous past compare, no worker he of wrong ? Gunnar the pride of the country-side ! A fair false ill-wed wife Drove him on bloodshed and on broils, and now will spill his life. Of deaths that he unwilling dealt (for none before him stood), He willing paid awarded fines and made atonement good : And for winters three by Thing's decree he now abroad must stay, Or as outlawed wight with lawful right the slain men's kin might slay. The ship lies freighted ; toward the bay Gunnar and Kolskegg ride, True brothers they, adown the dale, along the river-side : When sudden stumbles Gunnar's steed, and throws him, that his eyes Turned upward gaze on the fell and the farm that at the fell foot lies. " Fair shows the fell, as never yet ; white waves the corn, green glow Our new-mown meads. Back will I ride, nor wandering forth will go." Much did his brother him beseech not thus his foes to please, Nor slight Njal's warning words : " To thee this voyage beyond the seas Works honor, praise, and length of days ; but, an thy terms thou break, I do foresee swift death to thee, friends sorrowing for thy sake." But Gunnar heard not. Then abroad fared Kolskegg, nevermore Fated to see his brother's face, or tread dear Iceland's shore.

So wilful Gunnar sat at home. But his foemen gathered rede, And banded them, full forty men (nor of one less was need For such emprise), and to Lithe-end they took their stealthy way, And by a neighbor Thorkell's help the hound they lure and slay. Forty they were : among them chief rode Gizur, named the White, With Geir the priest, and Thorleik's sons, and Mord of guileful spite, Two Aununda, Thorgrim Easterling, and many more who burn For the fell deed, yet few thereof all scatheless should return.

Wood-wrought was Gunnar's hall ; clinched boards from roof-ridge doubly sloped, Where wall met roof, there window-slits with screening shutters oped : Above the ceiling of the hall were lofts : himself slept there, Hallgerda, and his mother—three. For his foes with coward care

Learned his farm-folk were all afield, nor, ere the hound was still,  
Two score upon one man dared come to work their wicked-will.

Gunnar awoke at the dog's death-howl; but his foemen naught could hear,  
Nor know for sure were he within: so Thorgrim drew anear  
To spy and list. He clomb the wall, and soon his kirtle red  
To Gunnar at a window showed. Forth lunged that weapon dread  
The bill, and smote him in the waist. Slipped Thorgrim's feet, his shield  
Dropt loose, he tumbled from the eaves. With much ado he reeled  
To where with Gizur sat the rest. "Is he at home, our foe?"  
They ask. Quoth Thorgrim, "'Tis for you how that may be to know:  
This know I, that his bill's at home." Dead fell he speaking so.  
Upon the dead they looked not long. Sure of their prey within  
Trapped in his lair, right at the house they rushed, in hope to win  
Entrance by window, wall, or door: when from the eaves forth came  
Arrow on arrow, wheresoe'er assailant showed, with aim  
Unerring. Naught their might avails. Some seek th' outbuildings' screen,  
Thence safelier to attack; but still e'en there the arrows keen  
Find them, nor doth their errand speed. And so with efforts vain  
They strive awhile, then draw they off to rest and charge again.  
With rage redoubled they return, shoot, batter, hew, and climb;  
But still the dread bow hurls its hail, until a second time  
They back recoil. Then Gizur cried, "We must our onset make  
With wiser heed, or nothing we by this our ride shall take."  
So again they fight with a steadier might and an onslaught tough and long,  
But a third time cower from the arrowy shower of Gunnar stout and strong.

And haply now they had given o'er with wounds and labor spent,  
But for a chance that to their troop new heart and courage lent.  
Upon the ledge of wall without Gunnar an arrow spied.  
"An arrow of theirs! 'Twill shame them well," so spake he in his pride,  
"From their own shaft to suffer scathe." "My son, nay do not so,  
Rouse not the slack," his mother said: "they waver, let them go."  
But Gunnar drew it in, and shot, and with that arrow keen  
Smote sorely Eylif Aunund's son, yet did it not unseen.  
"Ha!" Gizur said, "out came a hand a golden ring that wore,  
And plucked an arrow from the roof. If of such wood were store  
At home, it were not sought abroad. With hope renewed set on;  
Not Gunnar's self can hold us off when all his shafts are gone."  
Then out spake Mord amid them all, the man of guileful ways:  
"Fire we the house, and at no cost burn Gunnar in the blaze."  
"No, by my honor," Gizur said, "that deed shall never be—  
Such craven work—not though my life lay on it. And for thee  
Some counsel that may serve our need 'twere easy sure to frame,  
So cunning as thou art; or is thy cunning but in name?"  
Awhile Mord pondered, till he marked where lay upon the ground  
Some coiled ropes, wherewith the house in strengthening bands they bound  
Ofttimes; for joist and plank and beam such girding needed well,  
When whirling wind and furious storm drove sweeping down the fell.  
"These ropes," quoth Mord, "o'er the jutting ends of the bearing beams we'll cast,  
And to the sturdy rocks hard by the other ends make fast,  
Then with windlass strain and twist amain, until from off the hall  
Following perforce the tightened cord the yielding roof shall fall."  
All praise the rede, all lend their hands; and, ere the chief was ware,  
Off slid the roof, and to the skies the gaping lofts lay bare.  
Fierce then his foes on Gunnar swarm, not hidden as before,  
And climb and strike and hurl and shoot; but still his arrows pour  
This way and that, where'er they charge, and, though each shift they try,  
Despite of numbers they are foiled and cannot come anigh.

So doth the lordly boar at bay deal havoc 'mid the hounds,  
 His lightning tusks full many a side gashing with gory wounds.  
 "Waste we not lives, but burn the hall, I said, and say again,"  
 Quoth Mord; but Gizur, much in wrath, "Why thou what none are fain  
 To follow bidst, I know not, I; but this shall ne'er be done."  
 Just then upon the side roof leapt bold Thorbrand, Thorleik's son;  
 Who, as with other aim averse Gunnar his string back drew,  
 Reached from behind and deftly cut the tightened sinew through.  
 Gunnar with both hands clutched his bill, turned quick, and Thorbrand thrust  
 With such a forceful stroke that he down toppled in the dust.  
 Asbrand, his brother, sprang to aid; but from the wall was dashed  
 With broken arms, as through his shield the bill resistless crashed.  
 And now had Gunnar wounded eight, and two outright had slain,  
 Himself received two wounds, but naught recked he of wounds or pain,  
 Unflinching still through blows and ill, till treachery wrought his bane.  
 "Take of thy hair two locks; therewith shalt thou and mother mine,"  
 Thus Gunnar to Hallgerda spake, "another bowstring twine."  
 "Lies aught at stake on this!" said she. But he, "At stake my life;  
 For while my bow to reach them serves, to come to closer strife  
 They'll get no chance." And she again, "Remember now the blow  
 Thou gav'st me once upon the cheek. As for thy life, I trow,  
 I care not be it short or long." Said Gunnar, "Of his deed  
 Each earns due glory; for this boon with thee no more I plead."  
 But bitterly burst Rannveig out, "And shall such hero die  
 For a slap well dealt to a thievish slut in wrath at her thievery?  
 O wicked and unwifely thou! Long shall endure thy shame,  
 And Iceland's children yet unborn shall curse Hallgerda's name!"  
 Then round him close his vengeful foes, yet still he wards them well,  
 And he strook eight more with blows full sore and nigh to death, then fell  
 Weary and worn. Their fallen foe they do not dare to smite,  
 Who yet defends him and past hope prolongs a losing fight,  
 Baffling each hand of the caitiff band, until at length that crew,  
 Forty on one, with stroke on stroke the noble Gunnar slew.  
 Thus Gunnar died; but died not thus of Hamond's son the fame,—  
 Still lives it on the mouth of skalds, as lives Hallgerda's shame.  
 For in that arctic isle of ice, that world of wonders strange,  
 Where frost and fire twin empire hold, and in contrasted change  
 Drear Jökuls tower and frown above and meadows smile below,  
 And over molten rocks and sand the snow-fed torrents go,  
 There, long as Hecla nurses flame and bubbling geysers steam,  
 And the white sheep dot the pastures, and the salmon leap in the stream,  
 Of sturdy sires Icelandic bards shall ever love to tell  
 Brave blow, fierce fight, rough ride, mad leap, wild feats by fiord and fell.  
 A truer faith, a milder mood, now rules that northern land;  
 Vengeance then burned in every heart, vengeance armed every hand;  
 Blood blood-begotten blood begat, and broil was born of broil,  
 And kindred feuds ran evil round in never-ending coil.  
 Yet deeds of courtesy were there no less than deeds of rage;  
 And Gunnar peerless shone in all, and better than his age.  
 So we, with kinder skies and laws in weaklier times who live,  
 All honor due to the valor true of a ruder race may give.  
 And still, when winter's night is long beneath the circling Bear,  
 And few are afield and many at home, and by the warm fire's glare,  
 The women weave or knit or spin, while to refresh the task  
 The story and the song go round, oft will a maiden ask,  
 "Tell us the tale that never tires to ears Icelandic told,  
 How Gunnar guarded well his hall, how dear his life he sold."

## II.

## THE BURNING OF NJAL.

## A CANTO AFTER THE ICELANDIC OF NJALS SAGA.

## 1.

Steadily gallop on Skeidará sand  
 Westwards to Woodcombe a weaponed band :  
 Dismounting at Kirkby to kirk they repair,  
 But short their leisure for shrift or prayer :  
 "To horse !" is the word ; and up the fell steep  
 Again unresting their course they keep,  
 Till Fishwater lakes on the right hand gleam ;  
 Then westwards they turn them down glen and stream.  
 And Eyjafell Jokul his mass doth show  
 To their left, as o'er Mœlifell's sand they go.  
 Soon Goda-land gaining and Markfleet's tide  
 Upward to Three-corner ridge they ride ;  
 There reining their steeds they stay their race,  
 For Three-corner hill was their trysting-place.

## 2.

Betimes on the Lord's Day they busked them from home,  
 At none of the second the ridge they clomb.  
 What errand so urges, that night and day  
 In the drear late autumn they speed their way ?  
 They speed not to wedding, to farm, or to field,  
 Nor summoned to Thing-mote. With sword and with shield  
 Well weaponed they ride, and their faces stern  
 Speak hearts within that for grim work burn.  
 They wait on the hill till at even-fall  
 From many a homestead were gathered all,  
 Sixscore, who on forfeit of life and land  
 Were sworn in this quarrel together to stand.

## 3.

But who are their foes in this feud of blood ?  
 The sons of Njal, of Njal the good.  
 Wisest and gentlest was he, I trow,  
 Of Iceland's sages long ago ;  
 Well learned in laws, in counsel kind,  
 Foreseeing with more than mortal mind.  
 Three sons he begat, sons tall and strong ;  
 And Skarphedinn the eldest was bitter of tongue.  
 Fain then of blow was an Icclander's hand ;  
 Ready for battle an Icclander's brand :  
 Rough was the age ; and in quarrels fell  
 Njal's sons had borne them so stoutly and well,  
 That from every bout unscathed they came,  
 And many for kinsfolk killed made claim.  
 Njal still sought peace, would heal each strife ;  
 But hot was hatred, and slanders rife.  
 Atonements fixed and the Thing's award  
 Skarphedinn with gibe and taunt had marred :  
 Blood now the avengers' thirst must slake,  
 For blood this tryst on the hill they make.



## 4.

Flooi rode chief, wise wight and stark ;  
 Beside him Kettle, lord of the Mark ;  
 Backed full bravely by brothers four,  
 The sons of Sigfus, men of power ;  
 There rode great Gunnar's son, in spite  
 Eager and cruel, but craven in fight.  
 There many more of lesser name,  
 Whom kindred blood or friendship's claim  
 Or envy stirred to lend their blade  
 And join them to the murderous raid.

## 5.

At Bergthora-knoll the board was cleared,  
 Yet slept they not ; for tidings were heard  
 Of faring and flitting of man and horse  
 All one way bent, as of gathering force.  
 And Grim and Helgi had homeward sped  
 (As the mother Bergthora boding said),  
 And wondering Njal saw vision dire  
 Of gaping gable and flaming fire.  
 All told of fate and foemen nigh,  
 Yet held they still their courage high,  
 Three brothers, and Kari, than brother not less,  
 And true men stanch to aid their stress.

## 6.

"They come !" is the cry. From the ridge they had ridden,  
 Their steeds in the dell they had tethered and hidden ;  
 And now advancing steady and slow  
 A firm and well-knit band they show.  
 But awhile they halt, when they see in the yard  
 Of stalwart defenders so ready a guard.  
 Spake Flooi : "Despite our numbers strong,  
 This battle may be both tough and long,  
 If fought in the open : such price we shall pay  
 That few shall tell who won the day.  
 Though they be thirty, twice threescore we,  
 There are champions among them well worth three :  
 While some who most keenly our quarrel stirred  
 Will be backward in deed as forward in word."

## 7.

Skarphedinn marked their parleying stay :  
 "They deem us," quoth he, "no easy prey  
 Thus warned and armed." "Rather defend  
 The house within : he of Lithe-end,  
 Brave Gunnar, alone foiled forty so :  
 To seek close quarters these will be slow."  
 Thus Njal, for once the weaker way  
 Choosing. Skarphedinn answered : "Yea ;  
 But generous foes on Gunnar came,  
 To win by fire they thought foul shame.  
 Far other these. Bent on our bane  
 No means they'll spare their end to gain."

Then Helgi spake : " Brother, 'twere ill  
 To cross our wise old father's will."  
 " Nay," quoth Skarphedinn ; " the wise man *fey*  
 May prove unwise. But I obey.  
 Fox-like to stifle ill suits my breath ;  
 Yet burn we together, I fear not death."  
 So entered they, lured to their doom,  
 The house that soon should be their tomb.

## 8.

" Now are they ours !" said Flosi glad :  
 " Men soon to die choose counsels mad.  
 With all our speed press we straight on,  
 Beset and throng the door, let none  
 Break forth. And compass every side,  
 Lest other issue forth be tried,  
 Postern or wicket. 'Twere our bane,  
 Vengeance were sure, our work were vain,  
 Should one alone of the brothers three  
 Or Kari their sister's lord go free."

## 9.

So Flosi with his best in front  
 Charged onward, where, to bear the brunt,  
 Two champions in the doorway stood,  
 And first Skarphedinn's axe drank blood.  
 At him with mighty spear-thrust dashed  
 Bold Hroald, Auzur's son. Down flashed  
 The Battle-ogress blade, and hewed  
 The spear-head off ; then, quick renewed,  
 A second blow beat down the shield  
 And cleft his brow : he tottering reeled,  
 And backward at full length lay dead.  
 " Small chance had that one," Kari said.

## 10.

Fierce was the onslaught, stern the play  
 Of thrust and blow : to force their way  
 Th' assailants strove, but no advance  
 Could make, for frequent shaft and lance  
 Flew forth, and many quailed before  
 That dauntless pair who kept the door,  
 By Grim and Helgi backed. Nor found  
 They who close hemmed the house around,  
 Inlet or opening ; firm and sure  
 The stronghold doth their rage endure.

## 11.

At last spake Flosi : " From our foes  
 We win but wounds ; one slain we lose  
 Whom least we would. By sword and spear  
 Methinks we force not entrance here.  
 And some who egged us on the most  
 Are dull with blow though loud in boast.

Two choices have we, to return,  
Or house and all within to burn.  
Death were the issue sure of one ;  
The other were a deed ill done  
By Christian men, a grievous deed,  
Yet must we do it in our need."

## 12.

So they gather wood, and a pile they make  
Before the doors, and fire they take  
And set thereto ; but the women-folk  
Throw whey or water, and quench in smoke,  
Fast as the foemen light, till one—  
Kol was he namèd, Thorstein's son—  
Espied of vetches dry a stack  
Against the house close to the back  
Upon the hill-slope. "Light we this,  
To pass the fire we cannot miss  
Into the lofts above the hall ;  
Soon will the cross-trees burn and fall."  
He spake : 'twas done ; and, ere they know,  
The roof above is all aglow.

## 13.

Then 'gan the women to wail and to weep,  
But Njal spake comfort, and bade them keep  
Good courage all. "This storm once past,  
Ye shall," he said, "find rest at last.  
Trust Him who still to save is near."  
These spake he and other words of cheer.  
But yet more widely overhead  
The creeping flames their ruin spread.

## 14.

Now to the door went Njal, and cried,  
"Can Flosi hear ?" "Yea," he replied.  
"Wilt from my sons atonement take ?"  
Said Njal ; "or wilt thou for my sake  
Let any men go forth ?" But he :  
"Thy sons for no price shall go free ;  
Till they be dead I stir not, I ;  
This ends our dealings, when they die.  
But with women and children we wage no strife,  
They and the house-carles may go with life."

## 15.

"Now go, Thorhalla, thou, and they  
To whom 'tis given, go while ye may."  
So Njal. "We part, thy son and I,  
Not as we thought ; yet will I try,"  
She said, "if haply a loyal wife  
May vengeance win for a husband's life."  
But Astrid, wife of Grim, "E'en yet  
Thy lord may 'scape : such foes are met  
Rightly by fraud ; come, Helgi, thou  
Come forth with me : with cloak, I trow,

And kerchief on thy head for dress,  
 Thou'lt pass for woman in the press."  
 Such guile misliked him, but their prayer  
 Prevailed at last, and forth they fare.  
 But Flosi marked, "Tall is that dame  
 And broad of shoulders, take the same  
 And hold her." Helgi cast the cloak,  
 Hewed down one foeman with a stroke,  
 Then stricken by great Flosi's blade  
 With severed head in dust was laid.

## 16.

Again to th' entrance Flosi came,  
 "Good father Njal," he cried, "'twere shame  
 That thou shouldst guiltless burn; I give  
 Thee egress free,—come out and live."  
 "Not so," said Njal, "for I am old,  
 To venge my sons nor fit nor bold,  
 But will not live disgraced." "Thou, then,  
 Housewife," cried Flosi once again;  
 "Come out, Bergthora, for no sake  
 Would I thy life thus cruel take."  
 "Nay, Njal was husband of my youth,"  
 Said she; "I promised in all truth  
 One fate we both would alway share."  
 So turned they back, that faithful pair.

## 17.

"What counsel now?" Bergthora said.  
 "We will lie down upon our bed,"  
 Said Njal; "for rest I long have craved."  
 "But first," said she, "thou must be saved,  
 Dear grandchild Thord, nor here be burned."  
 "Dear minnie mine," the boy returned,  
 "Thou promisedst that 'gainst my will  
 Ne'er should I leave thee. Life were ill  
 After you dead: far rather I  
 Choose me with Njal and thee to die."

## 18.

She bore him with a gentle smile  
 Toward the bed; and Njal the while  
 Spake to his steward: "Bear in mind  
 How we do place us, so thou'lt find  
 Our bones hereafter; I nor turn  
 Nor flinch for reek or smart or burn.  
 See'st thou yon ox-hide? O'er us spread  
 That covering as we lie abed.  
 This done, go forth, and make good haste  
 To save thee living while thou mayst."  
 So down they lay, the loving pair,  
 With the lad between: they breathed a prayer,  
 Made sign of cross, nor stir nor word  
 Thereafter from that couch was heard.  
 "Age is soon weary," Skarphedinn said,  
 "Our father and mother go early to bed."



## 19.

Fiercer and fiercer the red flames roar,  
 Burning fragments bestrew the floor,  
 Hotter and hotter the stifling air,  
 But a brave heart still those brothers bear,  
 Skarphedinn and Grim, and Kari withal ;  
 And fast as the firebrands sparkling fall,  
 Scornful they fling them abroad on their foes,  
 Who pitiless wait the cruel close.  
 No more they shoot on the men within ;  
 " On them with weapons no fame we win,"  
 Said Flosi ; " stand we but idle by,  
 Fire gains us a sure sad victory."

## 20.

Now nigh the hall-end fell a beam,  
 Slanting across. Of hope a gleam  
 Saw Kari : " Climb we by this," said he,  
 " Then leap, and haply we may go free.  
 For hitherward is blown the smoke,  
 And that may well our venture cloke.  
 And leap thou first." " Brother, not so ;  
 Upon thy heels I'll following go."  
 " That were unwise ; this weakened wood  
 To bear thee then will scarce hold good ;  
 But I, though I be balked of this,  
 Some other outlet will not miss."  
 So Kari ; but Skarphedinn said  
 Unmoved, " Go thou, and venge me dead."

## 21.

Then Kari ran up the beam that spanned  
 From floor to wall, and bore in hand  
 A burning bench, and flung outside  
 His burden. The nearest scattered them wide,  
 As it fell in their midst, and Kari aglow  
 In clothes and hair they might not know,  
 As down from the wall he nimbly leapt :  
 Then stealthily with the smoke he crept  
 And gained a stream, there plunging quenched  
 The flames upon him, and issuing drenched  
 Sped on smoke-screened, till in hollow ground  
 Safe hiding awhile and rest he found.

## 22.

Skarphedinn up the frail bridge sped  
 With unlike hap ; for 'neath his tread  
 The burned beam snapt ; yet did he fall  
 Upon his feet, and at the wall  
 Leapt grappling, and had well-nigh scaled  
 The top, when crackling timbers failed  
 And with him toppled. " What must be,"  
 He said, " 'tis easy now to see."

## 23.

Two brothers alone in life remain,  
 Skarphedinn and Grim. Awhile the twain  
 Together trode the fiery floor,  
 Till Grim sank down to rise no more.  
 Then sought Skarphedinn the gable end,  
 Where soon the roof down crashing penned  
 His prisoned steps. Nor thence he stirred,  
 Nor sound nor groan of pain was heard ;  
 There stern and soldier-like he stood  
 Beside his axe, that in the wood  
 Of gable wall was driven deep,—  
 Erect he met his deathful sleep.

## 24.

'Tis dawn. Behold a dreary scene !  
 Where life and health and stir have been,  
 There crumbling walls half-burned and bare  
 Gape roofless to the chilly air.  
 The floor within, the ground without,  
 With relics charred are strown about,  
 Embers still glowing, ashes gray,  
 While here and there in garish day  
 The paler flames with fitful greed  
 On fuel fresh unsated feed.  
 Sad scene ! Too well the vengeful crew  
 Have done the deed they sware to do.  
 Stillness is here, but not of peace ;  
 Blood-feuds by bloodshed do not cease.  
 Burners, beware ! the seed ye sow  
 Shall to a heavy harvest grow ;  
 At Njal so slain, the good and wise,  
 All Iceland loud for vengeance cries.

## 25.

Anon men searched the ruined hall,  
 And gathered bones for burial.  
 Of nine that perished remains they found,  
 And duly laid in hallowed ground.  
 Skarphedinn stood, e'en as he died,  
 At the hall-end, and by his side  
 His axe : scarce burned by fire his corse—  
 The planks had screened the flames' full force.  
 Where Njal and dame Bergthora lay,  
 Deep ashes first they dug away,  
 Then 'neath them saw the tough ox-hide,  
 Shrivelled by fire it was and dried ;  
 But when they lifted it, the pair  
 Lay all unburned and fresh and fair,  
 They and the lad : and, wondrous sight,  
 Njal's face and body shone so bright,  
 Men said such marvel ne'er had been,  
 Never in death such beauty seen.  
 A token sure of better days  
 To come ere long, and milder ways,

When truer faith o'er Iceland spread  
Should mercy set in vengeance' stead,  
Nor Njal have perished all in vain,  
A gentle wight ungently slain.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

\*\*\*  
AN ADVANCE SHEET.

Quapropter cælum simili ratione fatendumst  
Terramque et solem lunam mare, cetera quæ  
sunt,

Non esse unica, sed numero magis innumerali.  
—LUCRETIVS.

MANY years ago I lived for some time in the neighborhood of a private lunatic asylum, kept by my old fellow-student, Dr. Warden, and, having always been disposed to specialize in the subject of mental disease, I often availed myself of his permission to visit and study the various cases placed under his charge. In one among these, that of a patient whom I will call John Lynn, I came to feel a peculiar interest, apart from scientific considerations. He was a young man of about twenty-five, handsome, gentlemanlike, and to a superficial observer apparently quite free from any symptoms of his malady. His intellectual powers were far above the average, and had been highly trained; in fact, the strain of preparing for a brilliantly successful university examination had proved the cause of a brain fever, followed by a long period of depression, culminating in more than one determined attempt at suicide, which had made it necessary to place him under surveillance. When I first met him he had spent six months at Greystones House, and was, in Dr. Warden's opinion, making satisfactory progress toward complete recovery. His mind seemed to be gradually regaining its balance, his spirits their elasticity, and the only unfavorable feature in his case was his strong taste for abstruse metaphysical studies, which he could not be prevented from occasionally indulging. But a spell of Kant and Hartmann, Comte, and Hamilton, and Co., was so invariably followed by a more or less retrograde period of excitement and dejection, that Dr. Warden and I devoted no small ingenuity to the invention of expedients for diverting his thoughts from those pernicious volumes, and our efforts were not unfrequently rewarded with success.

My acquaintance with him was several

months old, when, one fine midsummer day, I called at Greystones House after an unusually long absence of a week or more. The main object of my visit was to borrow a book from John Lynn, and accordingly, after a short conversation with Dr. Warden, I asked whether I could see him. "Oh, certainly," said the Doctor; "I'm afraid, though, that you won't find him over flourishing. He's been at that confounded stuff *Skleegel*, and *Ficty*, and *Skuppenhoor*"—my friend is no German scholar, and his eccentric pronunciation seemed to accentuate the scornful emphasis which he laid upon each obnoxious name—"hammer and tongs ever since last Monday, and you know that always means mischief with him. To-day, however, he has apparently taken to Berkeley and Herbert Spencer, which is a degree better, and he was talking about you at luncheon, which I thought rather a good sign; so perhaps he may come round this time without much trouble."

Having reached John Lynn's apartments, however, I did not feel disposed to adopt the Doctor's hopeful view. For though he appeared outwardly composed and collected—epithets which, indeed, always sound a warning note—there was a restlessness in the young man's glance, and a repressed enthusiasm in his tone, whence I augured no good. Moreover, I found it quite impossible to steer our conversation out of the channel in which his thoughts were setting; and this was the atomic theory. I did my best for some time, but to no purpose at all. The atoms and molecules drifted into everything, through the most improbable crevices, like the dust of an Australian whirlwind. They got into Sport, and Politics, and the current piece of parochial gossip—which really had not the remotest connection with any scientific subject—and the latest novel of the season, albeit the time of the modern metaphysical romance was not yet. So at length, abandoning the bootless struggle, I resolved to let him say his say, and the consequence

was that after some half-hour's discourse, which I will not tempt the reader to skip, I found myself meekly assenting to the proposition of the infinitude of the material universe, and the aggregation and vibration of innumerable homogeneous atoms as the origin of all things, from matter to emotion, from the four-inch brick to the poet's dream of the Unknown.

"Now, what has always struck me as strange," quoth John Lynn, who at this point leaned forward toward me, and held me with a glittering eye, which to the professional element in my mind subconsciously suggested the exhibition of sedatives—"what strikes me as strange is the manner in which scientists practically ignore an exceedingly important implication of the theory—one, too, that has been pointed out very distinctly by Lucretius, not to go farther back. I refer to the fact that such a limitless atomic universe necessarily involves, in conformity with the laws of permutations and combinations, the existence, the simultaneous existence, of innumerable solar systems absolutely similar to our own, each repeating it in every detail, from the willow-leaves in the sun to the petals on that geranium-plant in the window, while in each of them the progress of events has been identically the same, from the condensation of gaseous nebulae down to the prices on 'Change in London at noon to-day. A minute's rational reflection shows that the admission's inevitable. For, grant that the requisite combination doesn't occur more than once in a tract of a billion trillion quintillions of square miles, what's that, ay, or that squared and cubed, to us with infinite space to draw upon? You'll not overtake the winged javelin. But, of course, this isn't all. For it follows from the same considerations that we must recognize the present existence not only of inconceivably numerous earths exactly contemporaneous with our own, and consequently arrived at exactly its stage of development, but also of as many more, older and younger, now exhibiting each successive state, past and future, through which ours has already proceeded, or at which it is destined to arrive. For example, there are some still in the palæolithic period, and others where our Aryan ancestors are driving their cattle westward over the Asiatic steppes. The battle of Marathon's going on in one set, and Shakespeare's writing Hamlet's is life

worth living? in another. Here they've just finished the general election of eighteen hundred and ninety-something, and here they're in the middle of the next big European war, and here they're beginning to get over the effects of the submergence of Africa, and the resurrection of Atlantis—and so on to infinity. To make a more personal application, there's a series of earths where you at the present moment are playing marbles in a holland bib, and another where people are coming back from my funeral, and saying that that sort of thing is really an awful grind, you know."

"Oh, well," I said, in a studiously bored and cold-waterish way, "perhaps these speculations may be interesting enough—not that they ever struck me as particularly so. But what do they all come to? It seems to me quite easy to understand why scientists, as you say, ignore them. They've good reason to do that, with so much more promising material on hands. Why *should* they waste their time over such hopeless hypotheses—or facts, whichever you like?"

"Then, conceding them to be facts, you consider that they can have no practical significance for science?" said John Lynn, with a kind of latent triumph in his tone.

"Not a bit of it," I promptly replied. "Supposing that this world is merely one in a crop all as much alike as the cabbages in a row, and supposing that I *am* merely one in a bushel of Tom Harlowes as strongly resembling each other as the peas in a pod, what's the odds so long as these doubles—or rather infinitibles—keep at the respectful distance you suggest? If they were to come much in one's way, I grant that the effect might be slightly confusing and monotonous, but this, it would appear, is not remotely possible."

"But I believe you're quite mistaken there, Dr. Harlowe," he said, still with the suppressed eagerness of a speaker who is clearing the approaches to a sensational disclosure; "or would you think a fact had no scientific value, if it went a long way toward accounting for those mysterious phenomena of clairvoyance—second sight, call it what you will—the occurrence of which is generally admitted to be undeniable and inexplicable? For, look here, assuming the facts to be as I have stated, the explanation is simply this: the clairvoyant has somehow got a glimpse into



one of these *facsimile* worlds, which happens to be a few years ahead of ours in point of time, and has seen how things are going on there."

"Really, my good fellow," I interposed, "considering the billions and quintillions of miles which you were talking about so airily just now, the simplicity of the explanation is scarcely so apparent as one could wish."

"However, it's an immense advance, I can tell you, upon any one that has hitherto been put forward," he persisted with unabated confidence. "Why, nowadays there's surely no great difficulty in imagining very summary methods of dealing with space. Contrast it with the other difficulty of supposing somebody to have seen something which actually does not exist, and you'll see that the two are altogether disparate. In short, the whole thing seems clear enough to me on *à priori* grounds; but, no doubt, that may partly be because I am to a certain extent independent of them, as I've lately had an opportunity of visiting a planet which differs from this one solely in having had a small start of it—five years, I should say, or thereabouts."

"Oh, by Jove! he's ever so much worse than I thought," I said to myself, considerably chagrined; and then, knowing that to drive in a delusion is always dangerous, I went on aloud: "What on earth do you mean, Lynn? Am I to understand that you are meditating a trifling excursion through the depths of space? or has it already come off?"

"It has," he answered curtly.

"May I ask when?" with elaborate sarcasm.

"Yesterday. I'd like to give you an account of it—and if you'd take a cigar, perhaps you'd look less preposterously: We understand - all - about - that - sort - of - thing - you - know. You really don't on the present occasion, and it is absurd, not to say exasperating," quoth John Lynn, handing me the case with a good-humored laugh.

I took one, feeling somewhat perplexed at his cheerfulness, as his attacks had hitherto been invariably attended by despondency and gloom; and he resumed his statement as follows:—"It happened in the course of yesterday morning. I was sitting up here doing nothing in particular; I believe I supposed myself to be reading

a bit of the *De Natura Rerum*, when suddenly I discovered that I was really standing in a very sandy lane, and looking over a low gate into a sort of lawn or pleasure-grounds. Now, let us take it for granted that you've said I simply dropped asleep—I didn't all the same. The lawn ran up a slope to the back of a house, all gables, and queer-shaped windows, and tall chimney-stacks, covered with ivy and other creepers—*clematis*, I think, at any rate there were sheets of white blossom against the dark green. It's a place I never saw before, that I'm pretty certain of; there are some points about it that I'd have been likely to remember if I had. For instance, the long semicircular flights of turf steps to left and right, and the flower-beds cut out of the grass between them into the shape of little ships and boats, a whole fleet, with sails and oars and flags, which struck me as a quaint device. Then in one corner there was a huge puzzle-monkey nearly blocking up a turnstile in the bank; I remember thinking it might be awkward for any one coming that way in the dark. Looking back down the lane, which was only a few yards of cart-track, there were the beach and the sea close by; a flattish shore with the sand-hills, covered with bent and furze, zigzagging in and out nearer to and farther from high-water mark. There are miles of that sort of thing along the east coast, and, as a matter of fact, I ultimately found out that it can have been no great distance from Lowestoft—from what corresponds with our Lowestoft, of course, I mean. And I may observe that I never have been in that part of the world, at least not nearer than Norwich.

"Well, as you may suppose, such an abrupt change of scene is a rather startling experience; and I must frankly confess that I haven't at present the wildest idea how it was effected" ("Hear, hear," said I), "any more than you can explain how certain vibrations in the air are at this moment producing sounds causing in your brain other vibrations, which we would call a belief that I am either raving or romancing. But the strange feeling—which in itself proves that it wasn't a dream, for who ever is surprised at anything in one's—wore off before long, and I began to make observations. As for the time of day, one could see by the shadows and dew on the grass that it was morning,

a considerably earlier hour than it had been here when I quitted Greystones abruptly ; and the trees and flowers showed that it was early summer. Nobody was visible about the place, but I heard the scraping of a rake upon gravel somewhere near, whence I inferred the vicinity of a gardener. After standing still for what seemed a considerable length of time—I had forgotten to put on my watch, and so could only guess—I resolved upon committing a trespass to the extent of seeking out this man, in hopes of thus gaining some clew to the maze of mystery at the heart of which I had suddenly been set, and as a preliminary I framed several questions ingeniously designed to extract as much information as possible without betraying my own state of bewildered ignorance. But when I tried to carry out this plan, it proved quite impracticable. The gate at which I stood was unlatched, the banks on either hand were low and apparently most easily scalable, yet I found it by no means possible to effect an entrance into those pleasure grounds. My attempts to do so were instantly frustrated, repulsed, in a manner which I am totally unable to describe ; some strange force, invisible and irresistible as gravitation, arrested every movement in that direction, almost before it had been telegraphed from brain to muscle. In short, a few experiments demonstrated the fact that while I could proceed unchecked to right or left along the shore, I was absolutely prohibited from taking a single step farther inland. How far my limits extended to seaward, I naturally did not fully investigate, having once ascertained that the water's edge did not bring me to the end of my tether. It was a sort of converse of King Canute and the waves. Here I was between the deep sea and—I will not say the Devil—but, at any rate, a manifestation of some occult Power, such as mankind, during a certain stage of development, is prone to identify with that personage. I had been, as it were, set down in a fixed groove, out of which I could no more pass than I could now transcend the three dimensions of space.

“ Having clearly recognized this state of things, I next bethought me of making my presence audible, with a view to attracting thither the possible guide, philosopher, and friend, whom I might not go to seek. This expedient, however, failed

even more promptly than the other ; I couldn't utter a sound. Then, like old Joe, ‘ I took up a stone and I knocked at the gate,’ and such is the strength of association, that I continued the process for some time before it dawned upon me that my hammering produced no noise whatever. It is true that soon afterward a ridiculous-looking small terrier came trotting round the corner ; but his bored and indifferent air only too plainly proved his arrival to be *non propter hoc*. I vainly endeavored to attract his attention, whistling phantom whistles, and slapping my knees, and even going to the lengths of flourishing defiant legs ; but the mountain could not have been more disregardful of Mahomet than he of me. And, as if to show that this arose from no natural imperturbability of disposition, he presently saw fit to bark himself hoarse at a flock of sparrows. Altogether it seemed sufficiently obvious that in these new scenes—where and whatever they might be—I was to play the part merely of a spectator, invisible, inaudible, intangible ; and, furthermore, that my opportunities for looking on were subject to rigorous circumscription, approaching that experienced by the boy who peers under the edges of the circus-tent and sees the hoofs of the horses. Still, unsatisfactory as I might consider this arrangement, I had no resource save to acquiesce therein ; nor could I under the circumstances think of anything better to do than to keep on loitering about the gate, waiting for whatever might happen next.

“ What happened next was that a glass-door in the house opened, and out of it came two ladies, in one of whom I recognized, as they walked toward me down the slope, my eldest sister, Elizabeth. There was nothing in her appearance to make me for a moment doubt her identity, though it did strike me that she looked unusually grave and—yes, decidedly older—and seemed to have lost the pleasant freshness of coloring which mainly constitutes what the Irish call ‘ pig-beauty.’ I was then inclined to attribute this impression to the queer old-fashioned-looking dress she wore ; but I must now suppose her attire to have been whatever *is to be* the latest novelty for that particular summer. The other girl puzzled me much more, for although there was certainly something familiar to me in her aspect, I couldn't fit any name to her uncommonly pretty face

and figure; and it wasn't until I heard my sister call her 'Nellie' that the truth occurred to me—it was Helen Rolleston. She, you know, is a sort of cousin of ours, and my mother's ward and has lived with us most of her life, so there was nothing surprising in finding her and Elizabeth together. The curious and, except upon one hypothesis, unaccountable part of the matter is, that whereas I saw her a few months ago in the guise of an angular, ink-fingered school-girl of fifteen or sixteen at most, yesterday she had shot up to twenty or thereabouts, had, I believe, grown several inches, and had undoubtedly turned into a "come out" young lady. I must say that she had improved very much during the transformation: I should never have thought Miss Nellie had the makings of such a pretty girl. Not that it's a style I particularly admire; too tall and dark for my taste, and I should be inclined to predict her ultimate development into a fine woman—rather an aversion of mine, but distinctly handsome all the same.

"Well, they went about picking flowers for a long time, without coming near enough for me to overhear what they were saying, which I was extremely anxious to do. But at last they came down the path running along inside the boundary-bank, and sat down to sort their roses and pinks on a garden-seat, behind which I found no difficulty in taking up a position well within eavesdropping distance. I'd begun by this time to suspect how matters stood, and was consequently rather uneasy in my mind. One can't find oneself suddenly plumped down five years or so ahead of yesterday, without speculating as to how things—and people—have gone on in the meanwhile. So much may happen in five years. The situation produces the same sort of feeling that I fancy one might have upon finding oneself intact after a railway accident, and proceeding to investigate who among one's fellow passengers have held together, what number of limbs they still can muster, and so on. Of course I was not sure that I would learn anything from their conversation; they might have talked for an hour without saying a word to enlighten me; but, as good luck would have it, they were evidently discussing a batch of letters received that morning from various members of the family, about whom I was thus enabled to pick up many more or less disconnected facts. It ap-

peared, for instance, that my sister Maud was married, and living in South Kensington. My brother Dick, who has just got a naval cadetship, was in command of a gunboat somewhere off the Chinese coast. Walter seemed to be doing well on the horse-ranche in the Rockies, which he's hankering after at present—all satisfactory enough. The only thing that made me uneasy was that for some time neither of them mentioned my mother, and it really was an immense relief to my mind when at last Elizabeth said:

"I see, Nellie, that we haven't got any sweet-pea, and the mother always likes a bit for her table;" and Nellie replied:

"We must get some before we go in. Her cold seems to be much better this morning."

"Oh yes, nearly gone. There's not the least fear, I should think, that she won't be able to appear on Thursday. That would be indeed unlucky; why, a wedding without a mother-in-law would be nearly as bad as one without a bridegroom, wouldn't it, Nellie?" Nellie laughed and blushed, but expressed no opinion, and Elizabeth went on: "Talking of that, do you expect Vincent this morning?"

"I don't quite know. He wasn't sure whether his leave would begin to-day or on Wednesday—that is to-morrow. He said that if he got it to-day, he would look in here on his way to Lowestoft."

"Oh, on his way; rather a round-about way from Norwich, I should have thought. Do you know, Nellie, I'm glad that you'll be quartered in York next winter. I believe there's much more going on there than at Norwich, and you can ask me to stay with you whenever you are particularly gay. There, now, you've mixed up all the single pinks that I had just carefully sorted from the double ones—what a mischievous young person you are!"

"From these last remarks I inferred two facts respecting Vincent, my youngest brother, now at Rugby, neither of which would I have been at all inclined to predict. For one of them was that he had entered the army, whereas he has so far displayed no leanings toward a military career. I should say that his tastes were decidedly bucolic, and, moreover, I can't imagine how on earth he is to get through the examinations, as his only books are cricket-bats and footballs, which won't help him much even for the Preliminary.

But I think there are still fewer premonitory symptoms of the second fact—that he was about in the immediate future to contract a matrimonial alliance with Helen Rolleston. Why, the idea's absurd. I remember that in the days of their infancy, being nearly contemporaries, they used to squabble a good deal, and at present I believe they regard one another with a feeling of happy indifference. In Vincent's last letter to me he said he was afraid that he would find the house awfully overrun with girls when he went home, which was, if I'm not mistaken, a graceful allusion to the circumstance that Nellie's holidays coincide with his own.

"However, likely or unlikely, I had soon conclusive proof that such was actually the case, as Vincent himself arrived, not easily recognizable, indeed, having developed into a remarkably good-looking young fellow, got up, too, with a regard for appearances not generally conspicuous in hobblederoys of seventeen. The discreet way in which Elizabeth presently detached herself from the group and went to gather sweet-pea, would alone have led me to suspect the state of affairs, even if the demeanor of the other two had not made it so very plain before they walked round a corner beyond the range of my observations. But they were scarcely out of sight, when there appeared upon the scene a fourth person who took me utterly by surprise, though, of course, if I had considered a little, it was natural enough that I—I mean he—should be there. All the same, it gives one an uncommonly uncanny sensation, I can tell you, to see oneself walk out of a door some way off, stand looking about for a minute or two, and then come sauntering toward one with his hands in your pockets—I'm afraid my pronouns are rather mixed, but you must make allowances for the unusual circumstances which I am describing. No doubt my feelings resembled those of the old fellow—Zoroaster, wasn't it?—who 'met his own image walking in a garden,' and if so, he can't be congratulated upon the experience; one gets more accustomed to it after a bit, but at first it's intensely disconcerting. I'm not sure whether in such cases we see ourselves as others see us: I should fancy so, for I noticed that I looked extremely—I must hope abnormally—grumpy; I don't think I was improved either by the short beard he had set up,

not to mention several streaks of gray in my hair. Just then I saw Elizabeth crossing the grass to speak to me—I don't mean to myself, you know, but to him—and I heard her say: 'You're a very unfeeling relative! Have you forgotten that this is my birthday, or do you consider twenty-four too venerable an age for congratulations?' (This, by the way, fixes the date exactly: it must have been the twenty-third of June, five years ahead from tomorrow.) I regret to say that in reply he only gave a sort of grunt, and muttered something about anniversaries being a great bore; and I remember thinking that if I were she I'd leave him to get out of his bad temper myself—I say, these pronouns are really getting quite too many for me."

"Your own name is rather a convenient length; why not use it?" I observed; and he adopted the suggestion.

"Well then, Elizabeth and John Lynn strolled aimlessly about for a while, but soon went into the house, and after that I saw nobody else, except occasionally the gardener, for what seemed a very long period. I had nothing at all to do, and the time dragged considerably. The strip of beach on which I could move about was hot and glaring, and disagreeably deep in soft sand; yet, for want of better occupation, in the course of the afternoon I walked more than a mile along it in a northerly direction, until I came to a dilapidated-looking old boat-house, built in a recess between two sand-hills, and just beyond the line I couldn't cross. Having reached this point, and perceiving no other objects of interest, I slowly retraced my steps toward the pleasure-grounds gate. By this time it must have been four or five o'clock, and the weather, hitherto bright and clear, showed a change for the worse. An ugly livid-hued cloud was spreading like a bruise over the sky to the south-east, and sudden gusts began to ruffle up the long bent grasses of the sand-hills on my right hand.

"When I came near the gate, several people were standing at it, apparently watching two men who were doing something to a small sailing-boat, which lay off a little pier close by. Elizabeth and Nellie, and my other sister Juliet, were there, and Elizabeth was explaining to an elderly man, whom I have never succeeded in identifying, that Jack and Vincent intend-



ed to sail across to Graston Spit—she pointed over the water to a low tongue of land at no great distance—which would be Vincent's shortest way to Lowestoft. 'In that case,' said he, 'the sooner they're off the better, for it looks as if we might have a squall before very long, and the glass is by no means steady to-day.' Whereupon ensued a short feminine fugue on the theme of: 'Perhaps it would be wiser for them to give up the idea—I hope they won't go—Jack could drive him to the station, you know—Don't you think it would be much wiser if—' in the midst of which they both arrived, and naturally scouted the suggestion that they should abandon their sail, John Lynn, whose temper seemed to have somewhat improved, asserting that they would have a splendid breeze, and that he would be back again in an hour or so. Accordingly they hurried over their adieux, and lost no time in getting off, taking no man with them.

"They had been gone perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when the 'splendid breeze' made its appearance in the shape of a furious squall, which came hissing and howling on with remarkable suddenness and violence, and brought the girls, who were still out of doors, running with dismayed countenances to look over the gate to seaward. The sweeping gusts bore to me fitful snatches of anxious colloquies, the general drift of which, however, seemed to be toward the conclusion that the boat must have got over before the wind sprang up, and that Jack would, of course, wait there until it went down. As the blasts moderated a little, they were accompanied by driving sheets of large-dropped rain, which again sent the girls scurrying indoors, and I was left to my solitary peregrinations and reflections. These latter ran much upon the boat and its occupants, who must, I thought, be having a rather nasty time of it, unless they had really landed before the squall; for both wind and tide were against them, and a surprising sea had got up already. I consider myself to know something about the management of a boat, and I supposed that my strange double or fetch might be credited with an equal amount of skill; otherwise their prospects certainly looked blue enough, as Vincent has had little or no experience of nautical matters. I reviewed the situation, standing where the shallow foam-slides seethed to my feet, and I

found myself contemplating a catastrophe to that John Lynn with a feeling which I can't either describe or explain. After a while, I began to pace up and down the beach, now in this direction, and now in that, and I must have continued to do so for a considerable length of time, as light was thickening when on turning a corner I again came in sight of the old boat-house, to which I had walked before. Almost at the same moment my eye was caught by some dark object to seaward, elusively disappearing and reappearing between the folds of gray vapor drifting low upon the water. They were very blinding and baffling, but a longer rift soon showed me plainly that it was a small boat in sorry plight, in fact filling and settling down so fast that her final disappearance would evidently be a question of a very few minutes. There was nobody in her, and I thought to myself that if any one had gone overboard in that sea, he must assuredly have preceded her to the bottom. And I felt equally convinced that she was no other than the boat in which I had seen the two Lynns embark.

"This opinion proved to be both right and wrong: she was the Lynns' boat, but the Lynns had not gone to the bottom. On the contrary, they were just then safely emerging from imminent danger of so doing. For I now became aware of a human form, which, at not many yards' distance, was making slow and struggling progress through the swirling surf toward the water's edge, and had already reached a place shallow enough to admit of wading. As I ran forward, not to assist, having long since ascertained that I could by no means demonstrate my presence, but merely to investigate, it turned out to be John Lynn, half carrying and half dragging along Vincent, who was apparently insensible. I had an awful scare, I can tell you, for he flopped down on the sand when I—when John let him go, in such a lifeless limp sort of way that I thought at first the lad had really come to grief. However, I suppose he had only been slightly stunned; at any rate, in a minute or two he sat up, and seemed none the worse. But when he got to his feet, it was evident that he had somehow damaged one of his ankles—sprained it badly I should say—and he could hardly attempt the feeblest hobble. 'Here's a sell,' he said, 'especially as we don't seem to have

landed near anywhere in particular.' All this time the rain was coming down in torrents, and it was blowing so hard that you could scarcely hear yourself speak. 'It's a good step—more than a mile,' I heard the other say. 'Do you think you could get as far as the old boat-house? You see it there opposite to us. Then you'd be under shelter, while I run back and find some means of conveying you home.' This suggestion seemed sensible—though I say it who, I suppose, shouldn't—and they made their way haltingly to the boat-house, which, judging by the cobwebby creaking of the door, had not been entered for many a long day, and into which I was, of course, unable to follow them.

"Presently John Lynn came out alone, and set off running toward the house at a really very creditable pace, considering the depth of the sand and the weight of his drenched garments. I had found a tolerably sheltered station under the lee of a sand-bank, and I decided to wait where I was for his return; but I had to wait much longer than one might have expected. The twilight turned into dusk, and the wind dropped, and the sky cleared, and a large full-moon came out, all in a leisurely way, but there was no sign of anybody coming near us. I couldn't account for the delay, and abused John Lynn a good deal in consequence of it. I know my wits sometimes go wool-gathering, but I'm certain I should never have been such an ass as to leave another fellow sitting wet through for a couple of hours—enough to give him his death, I said, for one always takes a pessimistic view of things when one's being kept waiting. Of course it was possible that he might have found all our womankind in hysterics—though from what I know of them I shouldn't think it particularly probable—but, even so, he should have managed to send somebody. Vincent, too, was evidently getting impatient, for I heard him shout 'Jack' once or twice, and whistle at intervals in a way which I knew betokened exasperation.

"At last John Lynn came posting round the corner, apparently in no end of a hurry, but not a soul with him, though he'd been away long enough to have collected half the county. As he ran up to the boat-house, I saw him taking out of his pocket something which gleamed in the moonlight, and was, I'm pretty sure, the

top of a flask, so he'd at any rate had the sense to bring some spirits. I wanted to find out whether any more people were on their way, and forgetting for the moment that the boat-house wasn't in my reach, I went after him to the door. And there two queer things happened. In the first place, I got a glimpse, just for an instant, but quite distinctly, of—you, Dr. Harlowe; and immediately afterward an extraordinary feeling of horror came over me, and I began to rush away, I don't know why or where, but on—on—until the air suddenly turned into a solid black wall, and I went smash against it, and somehow seemed to wake up—sitting here at this table."

"That's the first sensible remark you've made to day," I said in the most soothingly matter-of-fact tone that I could assume; "only why do you say *seemed*? I should think it was perfectly obvious that you did really wake up—or is there more to follow?"

"Then I dreamt it all?" said he.

"All of it that you haven't evolved out of your internal consciousness since then, in thinking it over," I replied with decision.

"Oh, well," said my young friend with a certain air of forbearing superiority, "as it happens, I dreamt it no more than you did. But if you prefer it, we'll call it a dream. At any rate, it wasn't a bad one. I should feel rather uncomfortable now if it had ended disastrously; however, as far as one can see, nothing worse seemed likely to come of it than Nellie's being obliged either to postpone her wedding for a week, or to put up with a hobbling bridegroom. Then, as to those disagreeable sensations at the conclusion, I dare say they would be quite explicable if one knew the details of the process by which one is conveyed back and forward; some phase, no doubt, of disintegration of matter. But you said, didn't you, that you wanted to borrow *Walt Whitman*? Here he is—mad Martin Tupper flavored with dirt, in my judgment; however, you may like him better."

During the remainder of our interview John Lynn conversed upon miscellaneous topics with such perfect composure and rationality, that I began to think less seriously of his relapse. I reflected that, after all, many thoroughly sane people had been strongly affected for a time by vivid and

coherent dreams, and I felt no doubt that in his case the impression would wear off in a day or two. As I went out, I communicated these views to Dr. Warden, who was disposed to agree with them.

This proved to be my last conversation with John Lynn. For that very evening I was unexpectedly called away by business, which obliged me to spend several months in America; and upon returning, I found that he had left Greystones House cured, and had gone abroad for a long tour. After which, I heard nothing more about him; so that the days' "petty dust" could accumulate with undisturbed rapidity over my recollections of the man himself, and our acquaintanceship, and his curious dream.

In the early summer five years later—my diary fixes all dates—I happened to be wandering along the eastern coast, and arrived one evening at a remote little seaside place in Norfolk, which rather took my fancy with its many gabled farmhouses and comfortable *Cock and Anchor*. The next morning, the twenty-third of June, was, I remember, brilliantly fine, and tempted me out with my photographing gear—a much more cumbersome apparatus than at the present day. My negatives turned out better than usual, and as it was a new fad with me, I became so deeply absorbed in my attempts that I allowed myself to be overtaken, a good way from home, by a violent storm of wind and rain, which came on suddenly between five and six o'clock. I had an extremely unpleasant walk home with my unwieldy camera and other paraphernalia; and having got into dry clothes, and ascertained that several of my most promising plates had been destroyed, I did not feel enthusiastically benevolent when the landlord appeared in my room with a statement to the following effect: A young man had just drav over in the dog-cart from Sandford Lodge—Mrs. Lynn's place below—wantin' Dr. Dixon in the greatest hurry to the old lady, who was took awful bad—for her death they thought; but Dr. Dixon had had a call seven miles off Stowdenham ways, and couldn't be got for love or money. "And so, sir," proceeded my landlord, "believing as you be a medical gentleman, I made bold to mention the suckumstance to you, in case as how you might think of doin' summat for the poor lady."

Common humanity, of course, compelled me so to think, albeit human nature—that equally common, but very different thing—mingled some heterogeneous elements with my thoughts; and the consequence was that I at once set out again through the rain, which still fell thickly.

The young man in the dog-cart was excited and communicative of mood, and upon the way told me several facts explanatory of the state of affairs in the household toward which he was swiftly driving me. The family, he said, had been at Sandford Lodge for about a couple of years, and were well liked in the neighborhood; everybody'd be sorry to hear of their trouble, and, to be sure, it was a terrible thing to have happened; it was no wonder the mistress was taken bad at bein' told of it sudden. Why, hadn't I heard them talkin' about it up above? Sure, the two gentlemen had been out sailin' that afternoon in their little boat, and was caught in the squall and capsized, or else she ran on a rock, it wasn't sartin which, but anyway she'd gone down clever and clean. And Mr. Jack had somehow managed to swim ashore; but his brother, Mr. Vincent, a fine young gentleman in the army, there wasn't a sign of him—and he about gettin' married to one of the young ladies just the day arter to-morrow. But with the tide runnin' out strong as it was then, the corpse might never happen to come ashore at all. Indeed, they were in an orful takin' altogether down at the Lodge, and just before he come away, they'd found the mistress lyin' all of a heap in the landin', and couldn't get her round again by any means. So it 'ud ha' been a bad job if he'd had to come back without Dr. Dixon or nobody.

By this time our short drive was nearly at an end. "Coming this road," said a young man, "the quickest way to the house is round by the back." So saying, he drove a few hundred yards down a deep-rutted sandy lane debouching on the seashore close to an iron gate, at which he pulled up. "There's a turnstile in the bank to your left, sir," he said as I alighted, "and then if you go straight on up the lawn, you'll find the porch-door open, and there's safe to be some one about."

I followed his instructions, feeling a curiously strong impression of familiarity with the place at which I had arrived—the sandy bank, the gate, the slope run-

ning up to the creeper-draped gabled house, standing out darkly against the struggling moonbeams. A common enough illusion, I reflected, but it was now without doubt unusually powerful and persistent. It was not dispelled even by my pricking my hand severely in brushing past a puzzle-monkey, which brandished its spiny arms in front of the turnstile; and the sensation strengthened as I walked up the steep lawn, threading my way up flights of turf steps, among flower-beds cut fantastically into the semblance of a fleet of boats and ships, with sheets of white blossoms glimmering for spread sails, and scarlet ones gleaming for flags. I felt convinced that I had never seen the device before; and yet it certainly did not seem new to me. At the door I was met by two girls, who looked stunned and scared, but who reported that their mother had recovered from the long fainting-fit which had so much alarmed them. They brought me upstairs to the room where she was sitting; and the first sight of the miserable face which she turned toward me served to heighten my perplexed state of what may be called latent reminiscence. For I was at once struck by its marked resemblance to a face which I had in some past time frequently beheld, but which I now completely failed to single out from among a hurriedly summoned mental muster of my friends and acquaintances. And so thick a fold of oblivion had lapped over my recollections of the persons and events which would have given me the right clew, that although I knew I was speaking to a Mrs. Lynn, I could make no instructive application of the fact.

I found the interview dreary and embarrassing. Mrs. Lynn was so far recovered that her health called for but little professional discourse, and yet I feared to appear unsympathetic if I hastened away abruptly. Accordingly I sat for some time, delivering myself intermittently of the common commonplace, "and vacant chaff well meant for grain," which is deemed appropriate to such occasions. At length I bethought me of terminating the scene by producing a visiting-card, which I handed to Mrs. Lynn, murmuring something about a hope that if I could at any time be of any service to her she would—But before I was half through my sentence, she started and uttered an exclamation, with her eyes fixed upon the name

and address. "Harlowe—Greystones," she said; "why, it must be you who were so kind to poor Jack when he was with Dr. Warden!"

As she spoke, a ray of recognition shot into my mind. Could it be I—yes, certainly it could be no one but John Lynn's mother—of course I remembered John Lynn. Indeed there was as strong a likeness between her and her son as there can be between an elderly lady and a young man. I was, however, still unable to recall the occasion upon which he had, as I now began to feel dimly aware, given me a somewhat minute description of this place and its surroundings; and then had not the driver told me that the family had lived here for only two years? My perplexity was but partially removed.

Mrs. Lynn appeared to be strangely agitated by her discovery of my identity. She sat for a minute or two glancing from the card to me, her lips moving irresolutely as if upon the verge of speech into which she dared not launch forth. Then she looked quickly round the room, which was empty, her daughters having been called away, and thereupon, with the air of one snatching at an opportunity, she turned to me and said: "Dr. Harlowe, I must tell you something that has been upon my mind for a long time." She continued, speaking low and rapidly, with many nervous glances toward the door, and sudden startled pauses upon false alarms of interruption: "Perhaps you may have heard that my youngest son Vincent is going to be married." (The tense showed that she had not yet learned to associate him with "the tangle and the shells.") "Their wedding was to have been the day after to-morrow, his and Helen Rolleston's. She's my ward, who has lived with us all her life; and they've been engaged for nearly a year. Well, Dr. Harlowe, my son Jack—you know Jack—has been at home too for three or four years, and some time ago I began to fancy—it was scarcely more than a fancy, and I've never said a word about it to any one—a feeling on his part of attachment toward Nellie. I hoped at first that I might be quite mistaken, but latterly I've thought that hardly possible. What I believe is that it sprang up gradually and insensibly as it were, and that he never realized how matters stood until the time of his brother's engagement. And since then I think—I fear—he has at



times—just occasionally—shown some jealous feeling toward Vincent—and those two used always to be such good friends. Not often at all, and nothing serious, you know ; I'm sure none of the others have ever noticed anything of the kind ; and indeed it may be only my own imagination ; it's an idea that, under the circumstances, one might easily take up without any real reason."

"Very true," I said, because she looked at me as if wishing for assent.

"But that's not what I particularly want to tell you," she hurried on. "Tonight, soon after he came back from that miserable boat, I was in here, when I heard Jack running upstairs, and I went to the door to speak to him, but before I could stop him, he had passed, and gone into his room. Just outside it he dropped something, and I picked it up. It was this!" She took out of her pocket a small gold horseshoe-shaped locket with an inch or so of broken chain attached to it. One side of its case had been wrenched off at the hinge, showing that it contained a tiny photograph—a girl-face, dark-eyed and delicately featured.

"That's Nellie," said Mrs. Lynn, "and it belongs to Vincent ; he always wore it on his watch-chain. So if he had really been washed away, as they said, I don't understand how Jack came to have it with him. I don't see how he could have got it, do you, Dr. Harlowe?" queried this poor mother, leaning forward and laying a hand on my sleeve in her eagerness for an answer.

"He might have been trying to rescue his brother—to pull him ashore, or into the boat, and have accidentally caught hold of it in that way," I suggested. "It looks as if it had been torn off by a strong grip."

"Do you think that may be how it was?" she said with what seemed to me an odd mingling of relief and disappointment in her tone. "When I had picked it up, I waited about outside Jack's door, and thought I heard him unlocking and opening a drawer. Presently he came out, in a great hurry evidently, for when I spoke to him he only ran past, saying, 'I can't stop now, mother.' He had some shiny, smooth-looking thing in his hand, the passage was so dark that I couldn't see exactly what. I went into his room, and the first thing I noticed was the drawer of

the writing-table left open. I knew it was the one where he keeps his revolver, and when I looked into it, I saw that the case was empty. The revolver is gone ; he must have taken it with him. Just then I suddenly got very faint, and they say I was unconscious for a long time. One of the maids says that she saw Jack running down toward the beach, about an hour ago. I believe numbers of people are there looking out. I said nothing to any one about the revolver—perhaps I ought to have done so. What can he have wanted with it? I've been thinking that he may have intended to fire it off for a signal, if the night was very dark. Don't you think that is quite possible?"

"I don't know—I can't say," I answered, without, indeed, bestowing any consideration upon Mrs. Lynn's somewhat unlikely conjecture, for at this moment a whole sequence of recollections stood out abruptly in my mind with a substantial distinctness, as if my thoughts had been put under a stereoscope.

"Can you tell me whether there is a boat-house at some little distance from here along the shore? An old boat-house that hasn't been used of late, standing back near some sand-hills—perhaps a mile along the shore—in a rather ruinous state, built in a hollow between two banks," I went on, impatiently adding what particulars I could, in hopes of prompting her memory, which seemed to be at fault.

"Yes, yes, there is one like that," she said at last, "in the direction of Mainforthing ; I remember we walked as far as it not very long ago."

"Some one ought to go there immediately," I said, moving toward the door.

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, following me, "is there any chance that the boys—!" But I did not wait to explain my reasons, which, in truth, were scarcely intelligible to myself.

Hurrying down the lawn, and emerging on the beach, I fell in with a small group of men and lads, of whom I demanded in which direction Mainforthing lay. To the right, they told me by word and gesture, and one of them added, pointing in the opposite direction, where a number of dark figures, some with lanterns, were visible, moving along the margin of the far-receded tide, "But it's more that a way they think she must ha' been when she went down." I explained that my object

was to find the old boat-house, whereupon they assured me that I would do so easy enough if I kept straight along by the strand for a mile and a bit, and two or three of them accompanied me as I started.

The stretches of crumbling, moon-bleached sand seemed to lengthen out interminably, but at last round a corner I came breathlessly upon my goal. The door of the boat-house was wide open, and the moonlight streamed brightly through it full in the face of a youth who, at the moment when I reached the threshold, was standing with his back to the wall, steadying himself by a hold on the window-ledge beside him, and looking as if he had just with difficulty scrambled to his feet. He was staring straight before him with a startled and bewildered expression, and saying, "Jack—I say, Jack, what the deuce are you up to?" in a peremptory remonstrant tone. And not without adequate cause. For opposite to him stood John Lynn—altered, but still recognizable as my former acquaintance—who held in his hand a revolver, which he was raising slowly, slowly, to a level as it seemed with the other's head. The next instant I had sprung toward him, but he was too quick for me, and, shaking off my grasp on his arm, turned and faced me, still holding his weapon. "Dr. Harlowe! You here?" he said, and had scarcely spoken the words

when he put the barrel to his temple, and before the echoes of the shot had died on the jarred silence, and while the smoke-wreaths were still eddying up to the boat-house roof, he lay dead at our feet with a bullet in his brain.

The coroner's jury of course returned their customary verdict, perhaps with better grounds than usual. Upon my own private verdict I have deliberated often and long, but without arriving at any conclusive result. That crime upon the brink of which John Lynn had undoubtedly stood—was it a premeditated one, or had he taken the revolver with some different intention, and afterward yielded to a sudden suggestion of the fiend, prompted by his brother's helpless plight? This question I can never hope to answer definitely, though my opinion inclines toward the latter hypothesis. Upon the whole it seems clear to me that by his last act my unhappy friend did but "catch the nearest way" out of a hopelessly complicated maze of mortal misery. Furthermore, I cannot avoid the conviction that but for his narration to me of his strange dream or trance experiences, a fratricide's guilt would have been superadded to the calamities of his mind distempered, and his passion "by Fate bemocked."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

##### A PANORAMA OF RECENT EVENTS.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of University College, Oxford; Vice-President of the Royal Historical Society. Vol. III. From 1848 to 1878. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Mr. Fyffe's ideal is no easy one, as indicated in the plan and scope of these volumes. As the ages have advanced great events have crowded more thickly; interests have become vastly more complex; and society, revolutionized from the bottom, offers to contemplation problems much more difficult to gauge properly, with due relation to concurrent issues, as well as to questions of the past. Beginning with the French Revolution, which properly makes the basis of modern European history, the social and political interests of the world

have expanded in geometrical progression, both as to number and intricacy, to an extent which belittles previous epochs. The latter, from their very distance, as well as from their greater simplicity, are more picturesque, but do not so readily lend themselves to our sympathies.

The period which Mr. Fyffe treats in the present volume is one of surpassing importance. In it blossomed for good or evil forces which had been long lying inactive or repressed. It represents the culmination of impulses and struggles which we are still feeling in our daily lives, and which are most intimately linked with all things that enter saliently into our human record. To relate so great an epic in very limited space with clearness, and, in sketching the external form of things, to place due emphasis on those inner causes which have contributed more notably to make things

what they are, without combining the narrative with a great mass of detail is the aim of these volumes, and in the present one we think the author has succeeded even better than in its predecessors. Mr. Fyffe has but little of that superb charm of style which lend such fascination to writers like Macaulay and Green, but in his consistent purpose of offering a lucid chronicle of events one can easily admire his strong and direct touch, the clearness with which he perceives things, and his skill in unravelling an intricate web. The talent of the historian supereminently is clarity of vision and the consequent ability to separate essentials from non-essentials in telling the story of events. Our author carries this gift to good results, that make him a reasonably safe guide in following the events of the nineteenth century.

The revolutionary stir of 1848, though greatly inferior in violence to the cataclysm which was its remote cause, was much more general in the national effects produced throughout Europe. England and Russia were the only great countries which did not respond to its influence, the former because the forces of freedom and discontent had constitutional outlets, the latter because an iron despotism at the top was met by a stupid and brutal condition of the masses, which left them ignorant of wrongs. Prussia, Austria, the smaller German States, France and Italy, were rocked in desperate convulsions that threatened to overturn governments and reconstruct political society. The reasons that caused failure in this end are an essential portion of history, and Mr. Fyffe indicates them with precision. The attempts to secure reform, if not constitutional change in Prussia and Austria; the revolt of Hungary under Kossuth, and the futile endeavor of Italian patriotism under Charles Albert to unloose the clutch of Austria, are sketched with clean-cut vigor of outline. Most Americans know these things only vaguely, and a half hour with Mr. Fyffe's volume will make an intelligent reader sufficiently familiar with the essentials of the important events closing the first half of our century.

The rise and fall of Louis Napoleon make one of the most interesting features of recent history. The skill with which this imperial harlequin closed the eyes of France and other nations to his own ignoble aims and insignificance as a ruler, and the histrionic genius that for a score of years made him successful in posing as the centre of European affairs, are almost without a match. He became sub-

servient in the course of events to a series of great results, and destiny used him as an efficient tool. The Crimean War would probably have not ended in muzzling Russia on the Black Sea, had it not been Napoleon III.'s interest to make France forget his infamous treachery in a fresh intoxication of military glory; Italy would not have gained her unity and independence as soon had it not been that the selfish policy of the French ruler dictated alliance with Victor Emmanuel; and German unity would probably have still been in the future but for the desperation of an imperial impostor conscious of the quaking of the ground under his feet at home, and his game of "double or quits" in gratifying the enthusiasm of a warlike nation. Our historian traces these striking episodes with so penetrating an understanding of the varied elements entering into them, that one's knowledge is easily and fully refreshed in his masterly summary. The history of Europe is brought down to the year 1878, and closes with the Turco-Russian war, the last of the great conflicts which have wasted the blood, energy and treasure of Europe. The story is told as far as possible concurrently, and by this synchronism the reader acquires a much more distinct notion of the relations of things, the close interweaving of events which makes the history of each European people in this age of the world in part the history of every other nation. It is a convenient book for reference, as well as an interesting work for continuous reading, and has many qualities to recommend it to the intelligent book-buyer. The index to each volume is very full and greatly adds to its usefulness.

#### A GUIDE FOR THE YOUNG.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION. A series of Practical Papers for Boys. By George H. Manson, author of "Work for Women." New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

The press reeks with ready-made panaceas to medicine the ignorance and uncertainty of young people starting in life. The profusion of advice given is really almost bewildering. When we consider that parents, with their large experience of the world, are almost as much at sea as their sons are, and find the problem of selecting an occupation for a boy the most perplexing of all questions, one is the more impressed by the difficulties. There is no doubt that thousands of people are square pegs in round holes, and would have

succeeded far better probably in a different employment. Yet it is almost impossible in most cases to make any accurate forecast. It is only the few who display such a strong talent for a certain line of work, as to afford an infallible guide. A certain taste, too, may exist without being accompanied by superior ability. Again, the genuine drift of the powers may not be shown till a later period. It is not probable that any cast-iron rules can ever be found which will cover even the majority of cases. In the future, as in the past, there will be myriads of misfits in life, and success will be in large measure a matter of accident. Mr. Manson does not pretend to offer any advice beyond those general injunctions which the experience of the world has found to be trustworthy. Speaking of the many books on the subject, our author says: "I have read many of these works, and doubtless my young readers have perused volumes of that kind; but I have failed to find any new or short road to that goal for which we are all striving." He aims to give an inside view of various trades and businesses, which in the nature of things would be helpful to an earnest lad, who would ordinarily have a very shallow notion of the real difficulties he had to meet. One thing is to be said. It is the very ignorance and inexperience of youth which enter into the boldness and dash so often a most potent element of success. One cannot help thinking that if the young man entering on a profession fully realized the difficulties, discouragements, and repeated failures to be overcome prior to achieving success, he would be unwilling to begin. Enthusiastic pursuit is either the result of great knowledge or of absolute ignorance, except in those humdrum lines of business open to everybody. Yet even here the very competition, growing out of the crowds seeking prizes, exacts superior ability. The rewards are only for the few. Nineteen-twentieths of humanity must always be contented with earning a simple living as a reward even of hard work, and the satisfaction of keeping out of the poorhouse. It is a blessed fact, we say again, that youth is ignorant; and it is doubtful whether any amount of judicious admonitions, framed on the cold-blooded injunctions of reason and experience, would even materially solve the difficulty. The book before us steers clear of pretending to do too much. It considers the conditions which embarrass the pursuits of the merchant, the lawyer or other professional man, the banker, the mechanic in various lines, etc., with good sense

and knowledge of the facts. It lays emphasis on the importance of steady habits, industry, perseverance, docility, and the other stock moral qualities, and fills its purpose with sufficient fulness. But, after all, one is tempted to sigh, *Cui bono?* We trust, however, that Mr. Manson's book will prove a beacon light to some perplexed youth, and if it impresses on his mind that even talent is less important than pluck, patience, and industry, the writing of it will not have been, what most books are in this age of the world, sheer waste of time, paper, and ink.

#### SCIENCE SUMMARIES.

EPITOMES OF THREE SCIENCES. Comparative Philology; Psychology; and Old Testament History. By H. Oldenberg, J. Jastrow, and C. H. Cornhill. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

This triad of essays has the authority of expert scholars and thinkers, but one can hardly help wondering why they should have been grouped together, in spite of their being more than remotely connected with each other, unless it was necessary to get enough matter to constitute a sizable book. As compact and able digests of the condition of knowledge on these very important and interesting subjects, however, perhaps the book needs no excuse. The author of the preface labors learnedly, but perhaps not necessarily, to prove that the essays have a close organic relation and shed light on each other and on the incessant striving of the human mind to satisfy itself on the great problems of religious belief. All science and all knowledge, however, enter into the same arena, and if the outreaching of cognition and speculation around the whole vast circle of thought fails to find its ultimate in wrestling with the fascinating mystery, What is the soul and what will become of it after the physical phenomenon called death? it only shows that men do not dare to press thinking to a conclusion. Even such men as Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, representative agnostics of the age, practically confess that it is this which, after all, lends the greatest impulse to thinking, and which injects the most passionate stimulus into intellectual endeavor as embodied in the pursuit of knowledge. Numerous passages might easily be quoted to show that these primates of the intellectual world are compelled to hover about the flame like moths, even at the risk of burning their wings. Of the essays included in this little book, the work of leading and well-known



scholars ("The Study of Sanscrit," by Professor H. Oldenberg; "Aspects of Modern Psychology," by Professor Joseph Jastrow; and the "Rise of the People of Israel," by Professor C. H. Cornhill), it is not necessary to say much at this juncture, except that they are eminently worth reading, though all too short and scanty to do more than superficial justice to the subjects. The editor of the *Open Court*, a Chicago magazine devoted to free-thinking and liberal discussion on religious and philosophical themes, appears to have been impelled, in grouping the essays in a book, to advance thinking on the line of his own views, which are announced in his preface:

"Many are the conflicts between belief and science, if belief means imperfect knowledge; belief always has to give way to and must attempt to develop into scientific knowledge. Yet there can never be a conflict between faith and science, if faith means man's fidelity to, his confidence in, his love for the moral ideal. Every progress of science gives us new knowledge, and will accordingly alter some of our beliefs; but it will never alter our moral aspirations—or, if it alters them the change will be for the better; it will purify them, it will make them nobler and more humane. . . . There is a new religion dawning on mankind, in which belief will become unnecessary, because faith will have taken the place of belief. The old religions are in a state of transition; their dogmas are now recognized as unbelievable monstrosities, irreconcilable with science. A superficial observer might declare that science will destroy all religion. Yet it is not so. Science is hostile to religion and to the antiquated dogmas of religion only because it is about to create a new religion, and the new religion will not come to destroy but to fulfil the old religions."

All this is very noble and sonorous, but we must confess we cannot fully grasp the author's meaning, unless he means to imply that the only true religion is a pure and lofty morality, and that into this will ultimately be merged every religion which thinks and formulates. Discussion has no value, especially on philosophical themes, unless words are used with precision of definition, as ordinarily accepted by intelligent men. Worcester defines religion primarily as "an acknowledgment of our obligation to God as our Creator, with a feeling of reverence and love, and consequent duty and obedience to Him." In other words, religion, though it includes one's

duty to his fellow-man (i.e., morality), does this only as the greater includes the lesser, and means essentially far more. Religion, then, implies God as its postulate. Perhaps, however, our preface-writer means merely that the true religion will have no theories of man's origin, the nature of his relations to God, his responsibilities to God and the effective method of meeting those responsibilities, the future of man's existence as a supra-mundane being, and the effects on that future of his life in this world. All these and many similar problems are involved in the postulate of God. Now, if one thing is shown by the history of civilization above all others, it is that man is compelled by his mental constitution to formulate his beliefs, and to strive to establish some broad logical ground on which to base his sense of responsibility. Without this mastering force entering into the various lines of process civilization would never have emerged from barbarism. Carried into religion, this impulse results in dogma or theology, and as long as religion in any genuine sense exists, so long will theology be inevitable. Religion without formula would be to all thinking men flaccid and boneless, as vague and unsubstantial as the clouds that float in the sky, and with no hold on human acceptance. Even assuming that all dogma has thus far been erroneous, it is none the less true that theology is essential, for man is driven to it by as much necessity as he is forced to breathe, or to eat, or to sleep. It is by the theological process, indeed, that he arrives at the conclusion that theology is unnecessary, and his syllogism involves a contradiction in terms.

The editor responsible for this volume may possibly deprecate any criticism of his prefatory remarks as not called for by a book which should stand on its own basis. Its present significance, however, is that the special value of the essays is supposed to be hostility to the theological side of religion. We do not discover that this is, in any proper sense, the fact by a casual reading of the papers, which, as has been intimated before, though learned authors, are necessarily from brevity far from compassing any adequate study of the subjects. We cannot confine a gallon in a pint flagon.

#### SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

PHILOSOPHY IN HOMOEOPATHY. Addressed to the Medical Profession and to the General Reader. By Charles S. Mack, M.D., Profes-

sor of *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics in the Homœopathic Medical College of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Chicago: *Gross & Delbridge*.

This volume is made up of fragments, some of them lectures originally delivered in the medical college of which the author, we assume, is one of the shining lights. Dr. Mack's purpose appears to be to offer a defence of the medical school to which he is attached. At this late day, when homœopathy has as many adherents as any of its rival systems of medicine, one can hardly fancy a defence is necessary. "Who excuses, accuses." Perhaps Dr. Mack may have a lurking suspicion that however lucid and logical to his own superior intellect, there is something monstrous and absurd, if not in the logical basis of his system, at least in its therapeutical principle, which attributes infinite potency to infinitesimal subdivision or dilution of the atom or the drop. It is useless to discuss this matter now. The straw was threshed out long since. After all, the question, Does the treatment cure? is the only one which men care to concern themselves with nowadays. No patient will deny virtue to the quadrillionth dilution of a drop of aconite if it saves his life, and the fact can be proved to his satisfaction. Dr. Mack makes an elaborate defence of his system, and shows no little ingenuity in reasoning that two and two sometimes make five. Homœopathic believers will delight in having their faith so ably fortified, and as for opponents—well, they will smile and remain unconvinced, as would probably be the case if an angel came from Paradise charged with the mission of conversion. We do not need to go to the pages of "Gil Blas" to have illustrated for us the fact that among obstinate persons the medical man takes the palm in his sublime confidence that his opponents are always wrong.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

On June 18th Messrs. Sotheby sold the MSS. left by Wilkie Collins. These include not only the original drafts of most of Wilkie Collins's published works, but also the MS. of plays and Christmas stories in which he collaborated with Dickens, and some verses which Dickens wrote for these plays. The catalogue was illustrated with three facsimiles.

In the exhibition of the works of Suabian authors, just held at Stuttgart in connection

with the congress of the Neu-Philologen, the "Schiller Abtheilung" formed the principal point of attraction. It contained, among a number of original manuscripts of the poet, several reports on his progress during his stay at the Karls-schule, in one of which the Duke Karl Eugen remarked "that it would be well for the student Schiller to stay another year at the academy. In the meantime it will be possible to subdue his fiery temper; and if he continues to be industrious, he may yet become *ein grosser Subjectum!*"

REV. A. H. SAYCE has resigned, as from the end of the present year, the deputy professorship of comparative philology at Oxford, to which he was appointed in 1876, on Professor Max Müller's retirement from the active duties of the chair.

In a recent report on the yearly publications in Bengal the officiating Director of Public Instruction recorded his opinion that English education has hitherto but little influenced the Bengali mind. There have been no original publications in any department of learning. Journalism and politics, not always of a respectable character, seem to wholly occupy the educated talent of young Bengal.

THE Government of India has decided to discontinue the annual grant hitherto devoted to the search for and purchase of rare Sanscrit MSS., but the decision will not take effect until 1892. A regular staff of native searchers have been employed during the past ten years, and these have visited most of the large temples throughout India, examining and cataloguing the vast collections of works hoarded up in those fane. The private libraries of many native gentlemen have been likewise carefully sifted and their contents recorded. Out of the MSS. thus examined no fewer than 2400 have been purchased by the Government, and rendered accessible to the public at Bombay and Calcutta. The most valuable "finds," as our readers are doubtless aware, have included numerous old Jain MSS., now being submitted to the scrutiny of competent scholars in Bombay. Although the search and purchase grants are to cease, the Indian Government has agreed to continue the allowance of 9000 rupees per annum for the publication of texts and translations of the Sanscrit and Persian works discovered.

Messrs. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, hope to commence next autumn the publication of a new quarterly, a critical review of current theological and philosophical literature, on

the lines of Harnack and Schürer's *Theologische Literatur-Zeitung*. The editor will be Professor S. D. F. Salmund, D.D. The new journal will embrace not only theological literature, but philosophical, so far as it is related to religious and theological questions. It will give a chronicle of the publications which are issued in these departments from quarter to quarter. It will notice the more important articles which appear in other magazines and journals, both home and foreign, and will review the notable books of the quarter.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces a reprint of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Rights of Women," the original edition of which was issued nearly a hundred years ago. Mrs. Fawcett has contributed a critical introduction to the new edition, in which she discusses the social condition of women then and now.

MESSRS. FIELD & TUEB are going to bring out "London City: Its People, Streets, Traffic, Buildings, History," by Mr. W. J. Loftie. It will be enriched with at least 250 illustrations of London city as it is to-day, engraved in Paris from original drawings by Mr. W. Luker, Jr., and will be printed on special paper.

In a letter of recent date, Mr. George Kennan writes: "I have just learned that my articles in the *Century* have been translated into Bulgarian and published at Rustchuk. They are now out in German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and Bulgarian." It has been stated, on excellent authority, that Mr. Kennan's articles have been read by the Czar of Russia, though in general the numbers of the *Century* which contain the Siberian papers continue to be refused admission to Russia until the obnoxious articles have been expunged by the press censor.

THE *Athenæum* has a sarcasm at the expense of the United States in the following comments on a new publishing enterprise:

"Though the United States can boast of more histories than history, yet another large work is projected with the title 'The Makers of America.' Mr. Mabie is to edit it. The contributors include President Adams of Cornell University, Professor Sumner of Yale, Mr. Bayard Tuckerman, Mr. James Schouler, Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Barrett Wendell. These gentlemen will describe the explorers, inventors, theologians, authors, soldiers, and statesmen who have distinguished themselves as 'Makers.' It is not yet settled who will deal with the publishers who, by appropriat-

ing the works of English authors, have made fortunes and given their country the leading place among piratical states."

PROFESSOR DILLMAN and Professor Kuenen, representing the committee appointed at Christiania to make arrangements for the next international congress of Orientalists, have addressed a formal letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, in which they accept the proposal to hold the congress in England in September, 1891, leaving it to Sir Henry to decide whether the meetings shall take place in London, or partly also at Oxford. It seems, therefore, that the differences which at one time threatened to cause a serious schism among Oriental scholars are now on the way to a harmonious settlement; and that the congresses will continue to be held under the same conditions as formerly.

THE *Athenæum* contributes some interesting comments on the history of copyright law:

"The American House of Representatives is not only averse to international copyright, but is professedly ignorant of the conditions under which copyright exists. No member of that body seems to be aware that, under the common law of England—which the colonists in their dependent state regarded as their birthright, and which American jurists, since the colonists became independent of the mother country, style the inheritance of American citizens—copyright in printed books or in unpublished manuscripts is perpetual. Till the statute of Anne there was no limit to the term of the author's enjoyment of the product of his brain, and his heirs or assigns could succeed to his privilege. This perpetual copyright still exists and is recognized in the case of letters in manuscript, and the person who has printed a letter without the formal permission of the writer or proprietor can be compelled by a court of law to cease the publication. Few Americans know this, and as few know that at present, while any American can obtain copyright in England, no English author can secure copyright in America. The first State in America to grant copyright by statute was Connecticut. In 1783 the Assembly of that State passed an Act entitled 'For the Encouragement of Literature and Genius,' according to which every inhabitant of the United States who had written a book or pamphlet should have 'the sole liberty of printing and vending the same.' A condition was made about the price being reasonable, corresponding to the condition in the statute of Queen Anne."

## MISCELLANY.

## ADMIRAL BLAKE AND THE ALGERIAN PIRATES.

—In 1655 the audacity of the pirates received a check at the hands of Admiral Blake, who, having bombarded Tunis, proceeded to Algiers, where his prestige enabled him to make a bargain for the ransom of all English captives at a fixed price. Does it not make one's blood boil to reflect that England should have consented to treat with such a crew? But the insults heaped upon us, as well as other nations, by these barbarians with complete impunity almost surpass belief. We read of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen being carried off and subjected to the most shameful indignities. No rank was safe from outrage. In 1659, the Earl of Inchiquin was proceeding as Ambassador to Portugal, accompanied by his son Lord O'Brien and suite. They were taken by a corsair when off the Tagus, and the whole party, ambassador and all, sold for slaves in the market-place of Algiers. Surely the British Lion was roused to wrath at last? Not at all. After many petitions to the Crown from the bereaved Countess, and considerable haggling on the part of the Government, the Earl and his son were ransomed for £1500; what became of the suite history does not relate. Mr. Pepys, in his most instructive "Diary," written about this time, relates that he went to the "Golden Fleece" tavern to meet Captain Mootham and Mr. Danes, who had been in slavery at Algiers, and how "they did make me fully acquainted with their condition; how they did eat nothing but bread and water, and how they were beaten upon the soles of their feet and their bellies at the liberty of their master."

In 1682 an even more disgraceful treaty was concluded between Charles II. and the Dey of Algiers, by which we agreed to pay a ransom for English slaves, provided the Algerines were willing to let them go. Incredible as it appears, this shameful treaty was renewed by George II. in 1739. Is it surprising that when the European Powers were willing to make such treaties as this, when every maritime nation was paying them an annual tribute, the Algerines in their ignorance came to believe themselves the masters of the world? Their arrogance and their demands exceeded all bounds; treaties were continually broken as soon as made, or evaded by treachery and duplicity. Their piratical raids became the scourge of Southern Europe, and no man was

safe within miles of the sea. Not only did they make slaves of all who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, but it was the constant habit of the Dey, on any nation attempting reprisals or delaying its tribute, to condemn the consul and all other subjects of that power who happened to be within reach to the galleys, or to some more barbarous fate. On these prettexts hundreds of innocent persons were done to death, many being burnt alive. On two separate occasions, being menaced by a French squadron, the French Consul, together with some twenty other unfortunates, were contemptuously thrown toward their countrymen from the mortars on the batteries. On August 16th, 1747, a detachment of the Hibernian regiment was captured while proceeding from Majorca to Spain. The party consisted of a lieutenant-colonel, six captains, and ten other officers, the colors of the regiment, and sixty privates; also Mrs. Jones (formerly Mrs. Joseph Tiehborne, of Sharfields) with her two young children; also her daughter by her first marriage, now nineteen years old and married to Captain O'Reilly, a lady much esteemed for her virtue and beauty; and her maid-servant. The captives were all taken to Algiers and sold into slavery, from whence they never more returned; but a lurid gleam comes to us through the impenetrable veil which obscures their fate. "Mrs. Jones one day happening to appear at the door of her master's house, with her youngest child, a Turkish soldier came up and importuned her, threatening her with death if she resisted. She retreated to a loft, accessible only by a ladder, which she pulled up after her. The Turk seized the child, and when she still refused compliance, wounded it with his sword in the arm. She shrieked for help, and he wounded it in the other arm. At last he cut off one hand and threw it at her, upon which she seized the half of a broken millstone that lay in the room, threw it down upon the Turk and broke his leg. He then cut off the child's head, and discharged his pistols at her without effect. She watched her opportunity, and with the other half of the millstone dealt him a blow that rendered him insensible. She then descended and despatched him with his own sword, put her mangled child in a basket, and went and delivered herself to the Dey." The sequel of this sad story is unknown, but all previous experience leads one to conclude that a cruel death was the only fate awaiting a slave who had dared to kill or even strike a Turk.





## Sound-English versus Volapük.

pe atenshon and lian.  
tu mek yur panz glisn  
and mitalik wer klenz,  
sapolio iz imens.

it haz manifold yusez,  
bot hwet bits dhi dyus iz  
dhi veri lo praisez  
dhe charj fur dhi slaisez.

hwet iz sapolio? it iz e solid, handsom kek ev skauring sop hwich haz no ikwal fur el klining perposez eksept dhi lendri. tu yuz it iz tu valyu it. hwet wil sapolio du? hwai, it wil klin pent, mek vilkleths brait and giv dhi florz, teblz, and shelvz e nyu apirans. it wil tek dhi gris ef dhi dishez and ef dhi pets and panz. yu kan skaur dhi naivz widh it and mek dhi tinz shain braitli. dhi wash-been, dhi bath-tob, ivn dhi grizi kitchen singk wil bi az klin az e nyu pin, if yu yuz sapolio.

*The above is written according to the rules of "Sound-English, a Language for the World," invented by Prof. A. Knoflach. Sold by all booksellers; sent for 25 cents in postage stamps by G. E. Stechert, 828 Broadway, New York.*



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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**CREMATING A BURMESE QUEEN.**—One of the wives of King Mindone Min has just been burned. About nine o'clock the procession, which was nearly a mile long, started. White umbrellas, the special symbol of Burmese Royalty, were numerous, and the priests mustered in strong force. The shrines and other ornamental structures were ablaze with gold leaf, the bands of music were numerous, and the cartloads of presents for the priests would have sufficed to stock a bazaar with almost every conceivable article of food and wearing apparel, besides crockery, kerosene oil, fans, and furniture. The Princess, as chief mourner, walked in front of the coffin, preceded by her retinue of fifty white-robed women, walking in pairs; before them girls strew the path with roses. The Princess, like her attendants, was dressed in pure white, and she wore no jewels whatever. She and her maids of honor bore in their hands the white rope attached to the coffin. The latter was slung from a pole and carried by bearers. Over it was thrown a splendidly decorated pall, piled high with bright flowers. The scene of the cremation was on the slope of the Shoay Dagon Pagoda, near Bahan, where an inclosure had been erected round the funeral pile, upon which the gilt coffin was laid to the sound of weird music. By desire of the Princess the coffin was opened to enable her to take a last look at her mother. The pile was then set fire to, and, after the body had been entirely consumed, the ashes were taken away to be cast on the broad bosom of the Irrawaddy.—*Rangoon Gazette.*

**A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.**—It is reported from Christiania that Dr. Nansen has petitioned for a Government subsidy of 200,000 crowns for a new North Pole expedition to set out in February, 1892, round Asia and the Behring Strait. In the mechanical workshop of Akers a plan of the whaling ships used at Tonsberg and Sandefjord has been made for Dr. Nansen as the most practical; the crew is to be at most twelve men, more or less scientifically educated. The captain will

be Otto Svirdrup, who has made the voyage to Greenland before. The ship will be only 170 tons burden, but will be coaled and provisioned for five years. At the last station before the Behring Strait coals will again be taken in. The total funds required are about 300,000 crowns, of which sum Dr. Nansen will obtain by private means 100,000 crowns.

**ELECTRIC HAND LAMP.**—A fireman's electric hand lamp is now being introduced by the well-known fire-engine makers Messrs. Merryweather & Sons, of Greenwich and Long Acre. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case, similar to a fireman's ordinary lamp, and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. The battery trough consists of six cells, and the carbon and zinc elements are carried on an ebonite plate capable of being moved vertically, so that when the light is not required the elements may be withdrawn from the exciting fluid and kept in a position by pinching screws. The electrolyte used is a special solution of bichromate of potash with sulphuric acid. The battery may be quickly recharged by unscrewing a pair of screws and dropping the bottom trough out of the case. The spent liquid is then thrown away, and a fresh charge poured into the trough, this operation occupying no longer than is necessary for replenishing an oil lamp. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided, and the lamp, which has a duration of from two to three hours, forms an important adjunct to the outfit of a fire brigade. The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas works, gunpowder and chemical factories, etc. The advantages claimed for this lamp are its portability, facility in charging, capability of resting the battery when the light is not required, and its safety. The lamp is shown, among other articles, at the Royal Military Exhibition.—*Electrical Review.*

**COURTLY ADROITNESS.**—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his time. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jump-

ing close-legged against the wall. A less skillful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. The Duke entered briskly and cried, "I'll wager one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence." Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and was six months afterward Marshal of France.

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Of her stout sire, the brave Professor?

Agneta Ramsay made good start,

But here's a shining she successor!

Many a male who failed to pass

Will hear it with flushed face and jaw set.

But Mr. Punch brims high his glass,

And drinks your health, Miss P. G. Fawcett!

**ANALYSIS OF A METEOR.**—Mr. George F. Kunz has had an opportunity of examining pieces of the meteor which was observed in Iowa on May 2d last. The meteor was accompanied by a noise likened to that of heavy cannonading, was seen by daylight as a bright ball of fire leaving a trail of smoke, and exploded about eleven miles north of Forest City, Winnebago County. There have been found, up to the present time, one mass weighing one hundred and four pounds and several smaller fragments. They are all angular with rounded edges. Mr. Kunz pronounces the meteorite a typical chondrite. The stone is porous. The skin is rather thin, opaque black, and very scoriaceous. A broken surface shows the interior color to be gray, spotted with black, brown, and white, the last showing the existence of small specks of meteoric iron. On one broken surface was a very thin sea of a soft black substance, evidently graphite. An analysis of a fragment at Iowa College, Grinnell, gave the following results: Silica, 47.03; iron oxide, 29.43; oxide aluminium, 2.94; lime, 17.58; magnesia, 2.96; total, 99.94.

**PALEOLITHIC FLINT IMPLEMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—For the fifth time within the United States a paleolithic flint implement has been found in strata of the glacial period. The discovery was made by Mr. W. C. Mills, secretary of the Archaeological Society of Newcomerstown, O., in the gravel of the glacial terrace in the valley of the Tuscarawas River. Mr. G. F. Wright, to whom the implement was submitted, and who subsequently examined the ground, says that it was connected beyond question with the period when the terrace was in process of formation, and that it adds "another witness to the fact that man was in the valley of the Mississippi while the ice of the glacial period still lingered over a large part of its northern area."

**A FLYING MACHINE.**—We must admit that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying machine. No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of machine, fuel and directing brain, is half so effective. And yet this machine, thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds. I said "weight of machine, fuel and directing brain." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer, the flying machine must carry its engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is one hundred and fifty pounds. The limit of the flying animal is fifty pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying machine, with its necessary fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than three or four hundred pounds. Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together: 1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond fifty pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it. 2. The animal machine is far more effective than any we may hope to make; therefore, the limit of the weight of a successful flying machine cannot be more than fifty pounds. 3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, cannot be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying machine, self-raising, self-sustaining, self-propelling, is physically impossible? —*Popular Science Monthly*.



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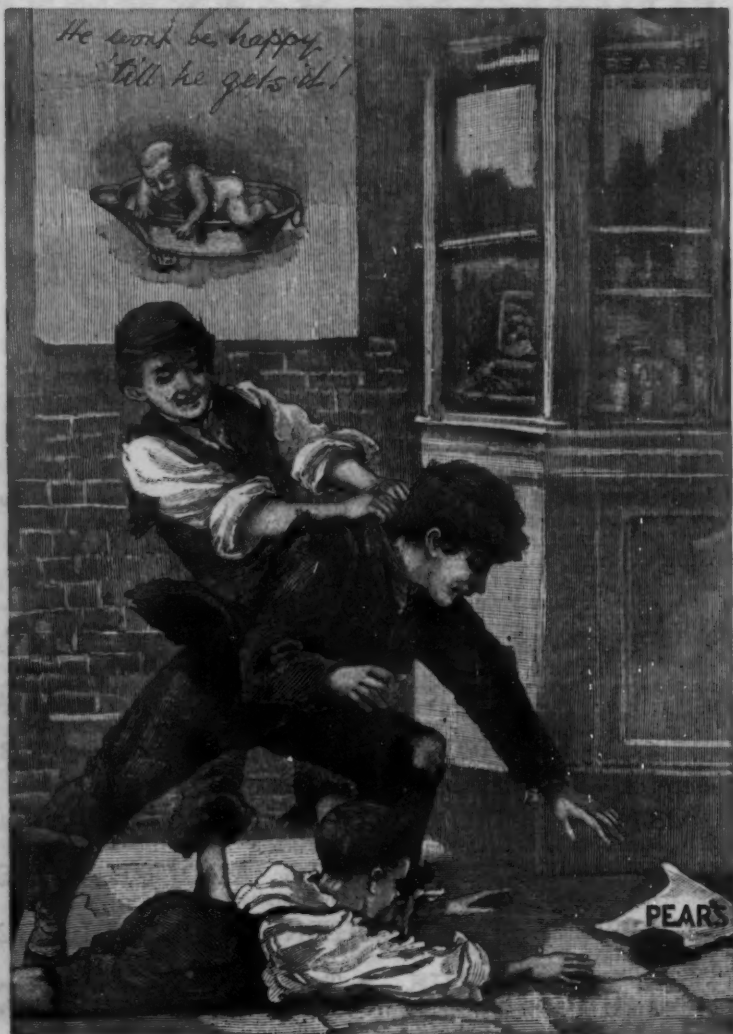
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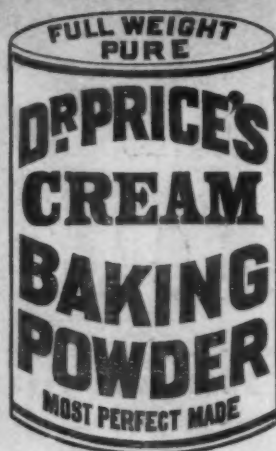
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